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Aladdin Found Himself Outside the Cave.

# THE CHILDREN'S BEST STORY BOOK

A COLLECTION
OF FAIRY TALES THAT ARE FAVORITES

OVER THREE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE
SAALFIELD PUBLISHINC COMPANY
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Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp
Black Beauty
Cinderella

Elves and the Shoemaker, The
Fir Tree, The
Gingerbread Boy, The

Golden Goose, The
Hans in Luck
Hansel and Gretel

Henny Penny
Jack and the Beanstalk
Little Black Sambo

Little Red Hen, The
Mother Goose Rhymes
Night Before Christmas, The

Princess on the Pea, The
Puss-in-Boots
Robinson Crusoe

Rumpelstiltzkin
Snow-White and Rose-Red
Three Bears, The

Three Billy Goats Gruff, The
Three Little Pigs, The
Three Spinners, The

Tin Soldier, The
Ugly Duckling, The
Wolf and the Seven Young Goslings, The

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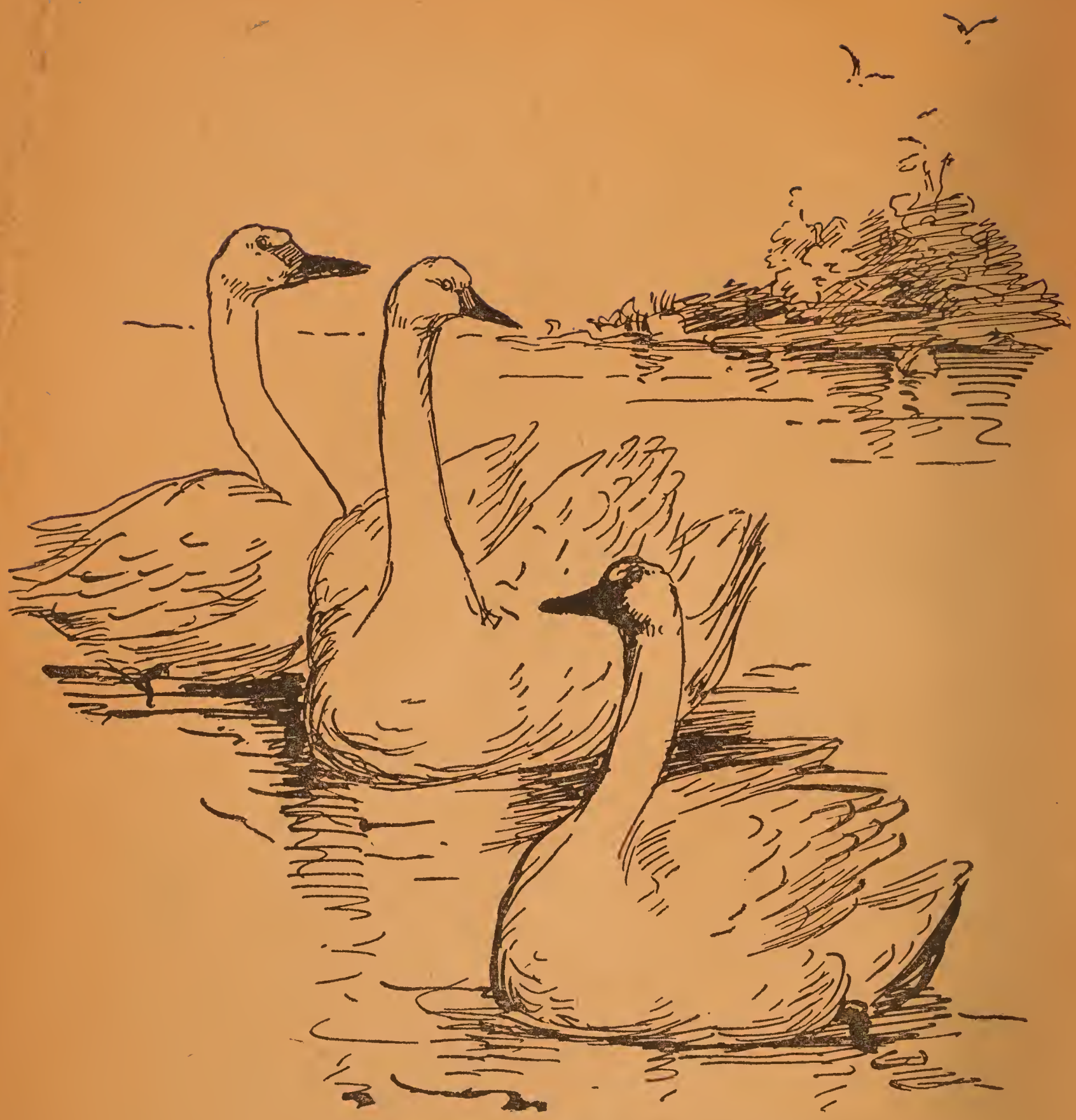
# THE STORY OF THE UGLY DUCKLING



One day as the sun was setting there came a great flock of splendid birds out of the bushes. They were pure white with long necks; they were swans.

# THE UGLY DUCKLING

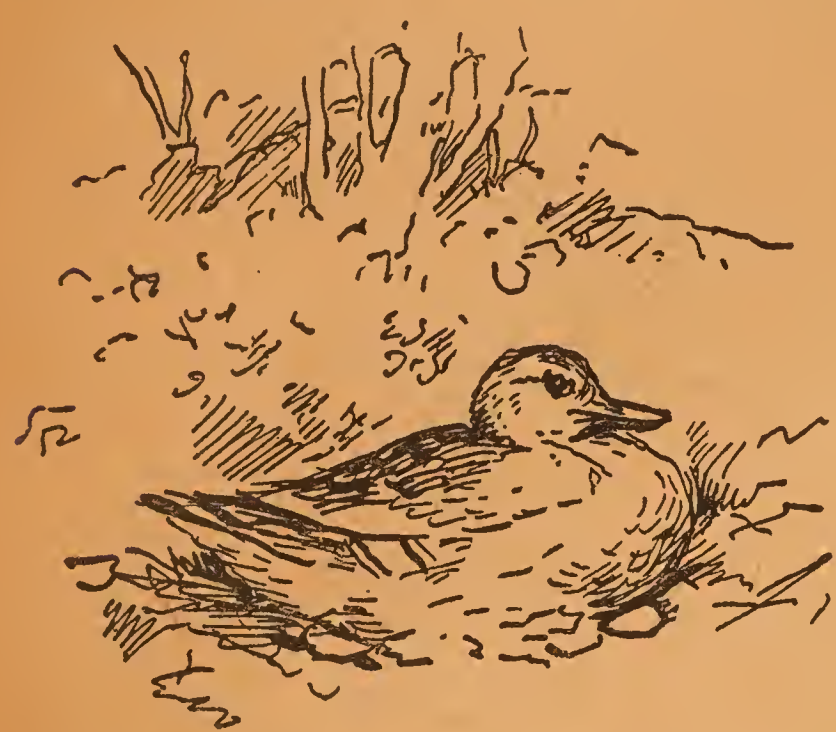
In the lovely country it was summer-time. The cornfields were ripe. The oats were green. The hay stood in its tall stacks, and the storks walked about on their long red legs.

Yes, it was a fair, fair country. In the midst of all this beauty and sunshine there stood an old farm with deep canals around it. Near the water was a high wall with bushes growing tall; it was like a deep wood among those bushes and there, upon her nest, sat a duck to hatch her young ones.

Day after day she kept at her task and ere the little ones came she was very tired. She was lonely too

for no one came to see her. The other ducks would rather swim on the canals than talk to her.

But at last one of the eggs cracked. How eagerly the duck now watched her nest! Another and another egg did the same.



"Peep! Peep!" cried each little duck as it put forth a soft, downy, yellow head.

And "What a big, big world!" they all exclaimed, for surely the nest was larger than the egg shell.

"Do you think that this is all the world?" asked the proud mother. "Why, this is not much! The world runs way up there across the garden. I have never been so far, but it is quite true for all that."

"Now are you all here?" she asked as she carefully looked about. "No. That large egg is still not hatched. How long is that to last, I wonder?"

But she sat down again.

"How goes it?" asked an old Duck who had heard the news about the new family and had waddled down to see for herself.

"This one egg lasts a very long time," replied the patient mother. "It will not burst. But just

look at the little ducks! Are they not sweet? They all look exactly like their father, the dears! But he, the bad fellow, does not come to see me."

"Let me see the egg that will not burst," said the old Duck. "Ah, it is a turkey egg! I was once fooled that way. I had great trouble, for turkeys are afraid of the water. They will never venture on it. You had better leave that egg and go and teach your other children how to swim."

"I'll stay a little longer," answered the mother. "I have sat so long that a few more days now will not matter."

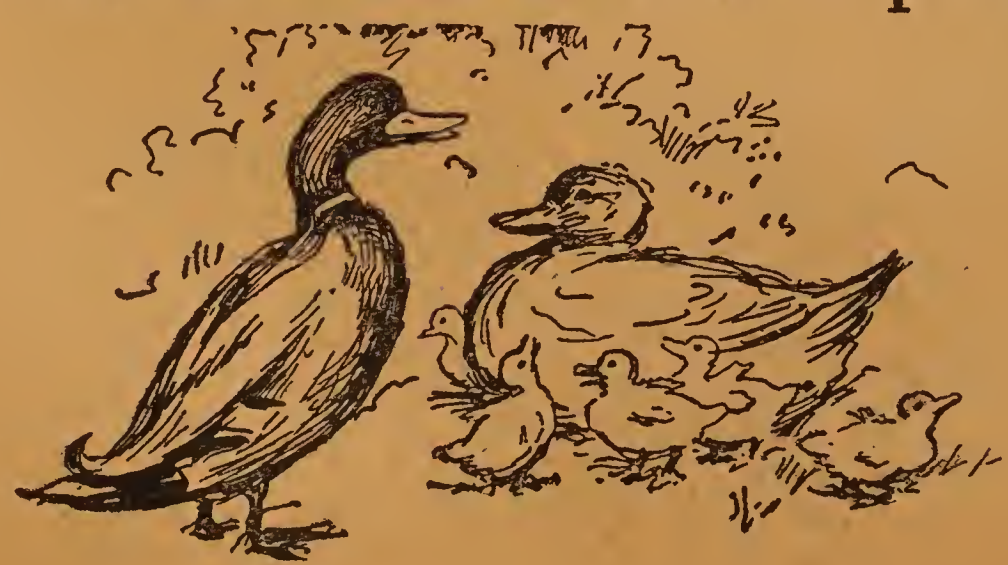
"Just as you please," said the old Duck coldly as she walked off.

At last the egg burst.

"Peep! Peep!" said the little one, and out it crept from the shell.

It was very ugly.

"It is not like the others!" wailed the mother. "Can it be a turkey chick? We will soon find out. It shall go into the water if I have to push it in!"



The next day was bright and fair. The mother duck went early to the pond with all her little ones, and it was indeed a pretty sight.

"Splash!" into the water she went.

"Quack! Quack!" she called. That meant "Come! Come!" as every one of the little ducks knew and in they followed one after the other. The water closed over them—but what did they care? Their legs went as easily as could be. It was great sport!

And the ugly little duck was there too, swimming with the rest.

"It is not a turkey chick!" exulted the mother duck. "It is my very own child. And if you look at it the right way it is not very ugly. Come, my dears, I will take you to the barnyard and show you the

great world. Now keep close to me. Some one might tread on you. And look out for cats!"

There was a hot battle going on in the barnyard. Two parties were fighting desperately for a fish's head, and in the end the cat got it all.

"That's the way of the world!" cried the mother duck, and she sharpened her beak. Ah! how she wanted the fish head!

"Use your legs!" she commanded her family. "Hurry about and bow your heads to the old Duck over there. She's the grandest of them all. She has Spanish blood in her, and that is why she is so fat. And do you see that she has a red rag around her leg? That is something fine—the greatest thing a duck can have. It means that her owner does not want to lose her. Don't turn in your toes! A well-bred duck always turns them out like father and mother. Now bend your necks and say 'Rap!'"

And they did so; but the other ducks cried coldly:

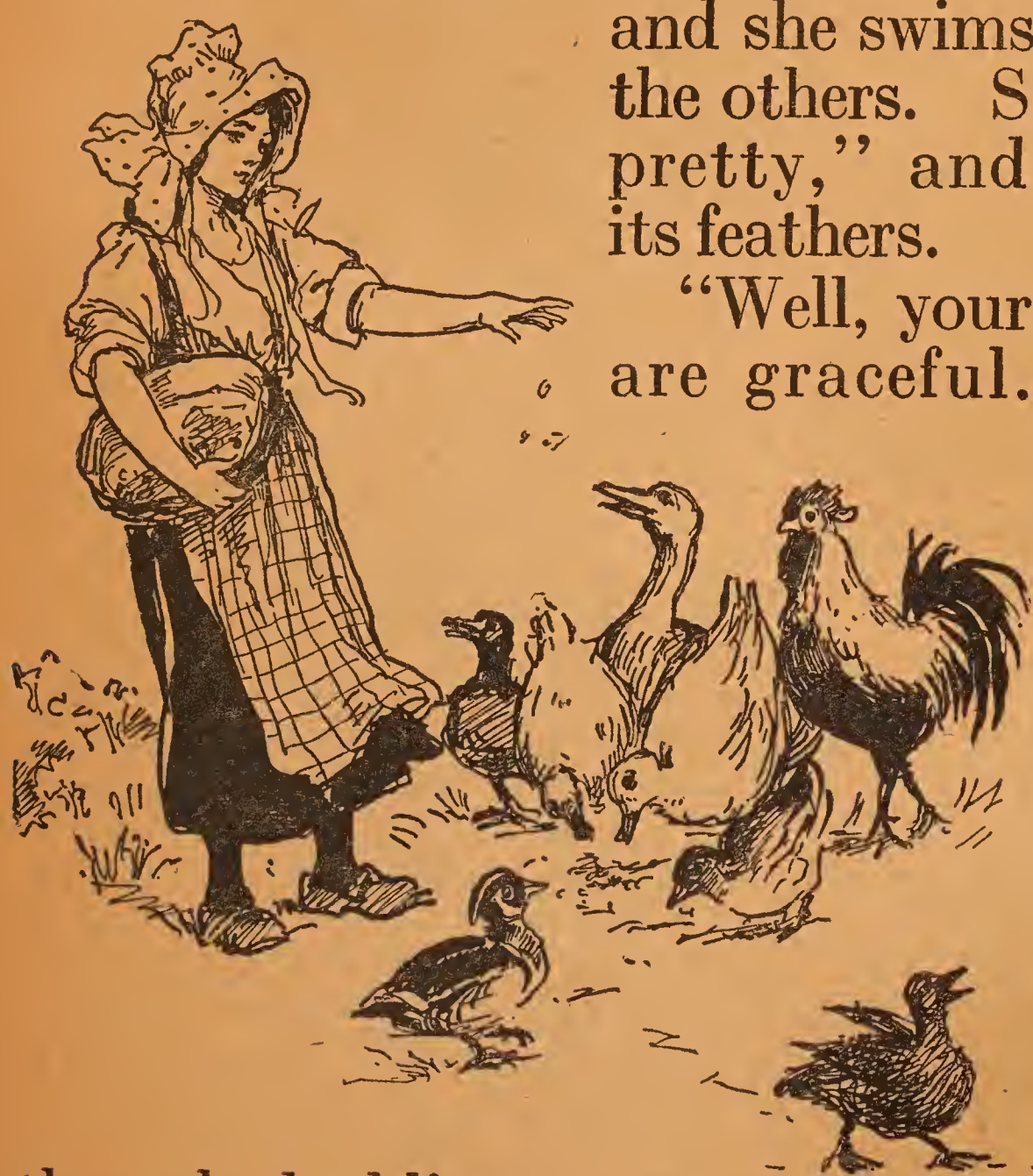
"Were there not enough ducks here without all these? And look at that ugly one over there! We won't stand that!" and one flew up and bit the poor little gray thing in the neck!

"Oh, shame!" cried out the mother duck. "She is doing no harm!"

"But she's too large and queer," cried the duck who had bitten it, "and so we will tease her!"

Just then the old duck with the rag on her leg said slowly: "Those are pretty children that the mother has there, all but one; that one is a failure. I wish she could make it pretty like the rest."

"That I cannot do, my lady," said the poor mother. "She is not pretty but she is very sweet, and she swims just as well as the others. She may grow pretty," and she smoothed its feathers.



"Well, your other children are graceful. Make yourself at home and the next fish head you see, take it. But do not eat it—you may bring it to me!"

Soon after they went home, and all along the way the ugly duckling was pushed and hurt and jeered.

That was the first day. And as time went on things steadily grew worse and worse.

Her own brothers and sisters were cruel to her and at every turn she was made to suffer. Even her mother wished that the ugly child was far away. As she grew big she flew over the fence, and the little birds were afraid of her. If she went into the barnyard the girl who fed the fowls kicked her with her foot.

"It is because I am so very ugly," cried the poor little thing in despair, and one day she flew away to the wild ducks who lived out on the wide moor. Here she lay sad and tired.

When the wild ducks saw her, they said, "What sort of a duck are you?"

And then when the poor thing tried to make a bow as best she could, they only jeered at her effort to be polite.

"You are very ugly," they laughed, "but we do not mind if you do not marry into our family."

Marry! Poor little duckling, she had not thought of such a thing. She only wanted to find a home where she could rest and have a quiet drink from the river.

So she stayed two days. Then a pair of very saucy ganders came by. They were young and wanted to have a good time.

"You are so ugly that we like you," said they.

"Will you come with us and be a bird that flies from place to place? Near here there are some lovely wild geese. We are quite sure that one of them would say 'Rap!' to you if you asked one to marry you."

"Piff! Paff!" a shot rang out. One of the young ganders fell dead.

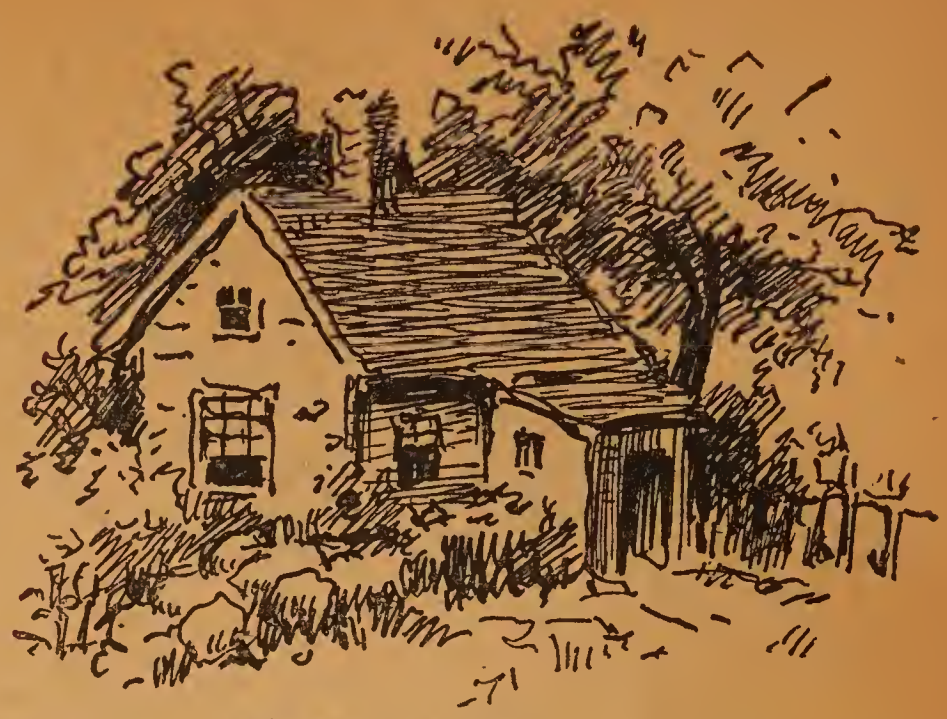
"Paff! Piff!" spoke another gun. And the second saucy young gander fell as the first.

A great hunt was going on. The water was red with blood. The ugly duckling had never been so frightened. She put her head under her wing, and when she had gathered enough courage to look out again, what do you think she saw?

A frightful great dog, with his tongue hanging far out!

He tried to snap at her, but she knew the land was no place for her. Into the water she went, and the dog ran on.

"I am so ugly," cried she, "that even the dog runs away!"

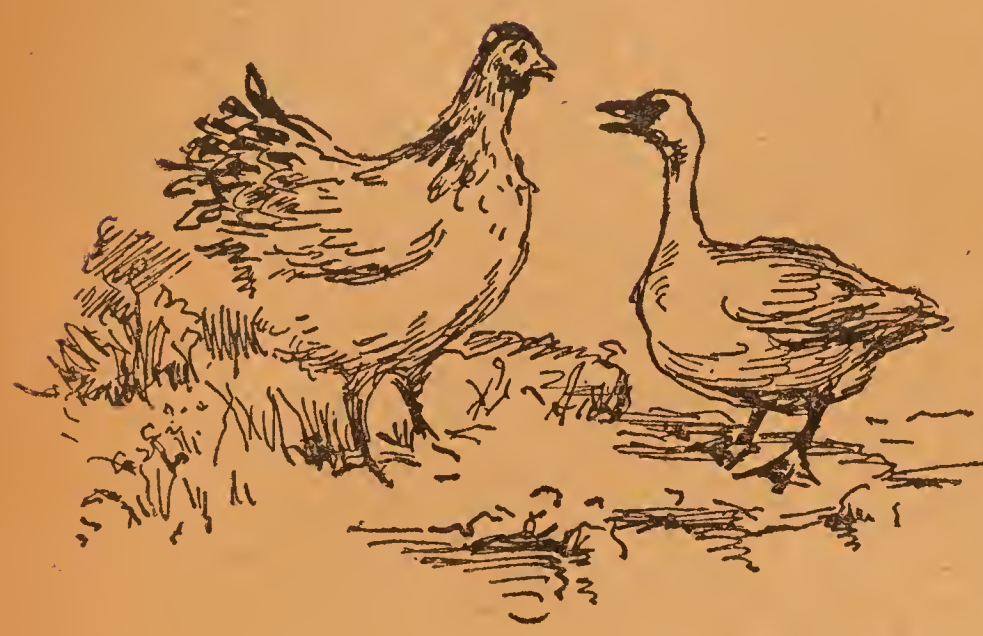


So she lay still at the water's edge, hidden by some overhanging bushes. She listened intently as the shots grew further and further apart. Finally they ceased altogether. When she had assured herself that the hunt was really over, she climbed up the bank and walked sadly on. The sun sank lower and lower in the west. Another day was almost done. When it had dipped below the horizon and even the last of its beautiful afterglow had faded and night was indeed near the ugly duckling came to a poor hut. She saw that the one door stood partly open. With the night there had come a storm and as the wind was blowing wildly, the duckling crept into the hovel to find both shelter and rest.

Now in this poor hut there lived a woman with her cat and her hen. The cat she called Sonnie! He could arch his back, and he could purr, and he could make sparks fly from his eyes.

The hen had short legs but a long name. The woman called her Chick-a-biddy-short-shanks. And as she laid good eggs and many of them, the woman loved her as her own child.

Now when the cat and the hen saw the poor duckling the cat purred and the hen clucked.



The old woman could not see very well, and for a time she did not see the duck. When she did she was glad for, as she had no duck of her own, she thought it was quite a prize.

But the hen and the cat did not like to have anyone share their home, selfish creatures that they were, and were so cross that the duckling sat lonely enough in her corner.

One day she longed so to have a swim that she told the hen all about it.

"What a queer thought!" scoffed the hen. "If you had more to do you would not have time to be thinking of such silly things."

"But it is lovely to swim on the water," insisted the duckling. "It is fine to dive down to the bottom."

"You must be crazy," replied the hen. "I am sure you are crazy. At any rate, you had better ask the cat about it. He is the wisest creature I

know roundabout here. Ask him if he likes to swim on the water. Ask the old woman. I do not think they would care to go diving down to the bottom of the water."

"You don't know what I mean!" cried the duckling in despair.

"No, we do not," answered the hen. "But who does, pray? You had better be thankful you have enough food and a warm home, and stop talking so silly."

"I think I will go away," at last the duckling thought, "away into the great wide world."

And she went. She soon found the water and swam and dived. Oh, it was good! But it was the same story—every bird and beast hurt her, or was afraid of her.

Then came the autumn. The leaves fell. The clouds hung gray and low. At last the snowflakes whirled through the chill air.

One day as the sun was setting there came a great flock of splendid birds out of the bushes. They were pure white with long necks; they were swans.

They gave a long, low cry, spread out their beautiful strong wings and flew away to warmer lands.

So high, so high they went! And the ugly duckling felt very queer as she watched them go. She turned round and round in the water, and then she too gave a long, low cry. It almost made her afraid, that cry she uttered.

She could not forget the lovely white birds, and

she knew that soon she would see them no more.

She dived to the bottom of the river, and when she came up she was almost beside herself with grief. She knew not the name of the wonderful birds, nor where they had gone, but she did know that she loved them every one.

She did not envy them. She could not be like them. But oh! she loved them. Poor little ugly duckling!

The winter grew cold! The duckling had to swim around a great deal to keep the water from freezing in the river. But in spite of all her efforts each night the hole in which she swam grew smaller and smaller and smaller. She had to keep her legs going all the time until at last, quite worn out with her efforts, she sat still and the water froze about her. But early in the morning a man passing by saw the poor duckling and he broke the ice and carried her to his home. The children wanted to play with her but that made her afraid and she flew into the milk pan and the flour. At which the mother struck at her with a stick and that made her still more afraid. But just then the

door was flung open. The poor duckling flew out and dropped half dead upon the snow.

I will not try to tell you how dreadful that long, cold winter was to the poor duckling. It would make your hearts far too sad to hear.

Then spring came. The sun shone warm, the larks sang as they pierced the sky, and the duckling could flap her weak wings.

Each day her wings grew stronger and soon, without knowing just how it happened, she found herself in a lovely garden where bright flowers blossomed and shed their perfume on the warm air, and a canal ran near by.

This was fine indeed! And then one day there came three dear white swans and they swam on the canal.

The duckling knew them. Had she not thought of them every day the long winter through? She said sadly, "I will fly to them and tell them how I suffer. They may kill me because I am so very ugly, but I do not care. I would far rather die than be beaten and left to live another winter."

The duckling flew out on the canal and the three swans saw it and came with spread wings.

"Kill me!" cried the poor duckling as she bent her head.

What did she see? She saw herself in the water, and lo! no longer was she a gray ugly duckling, hateful to look upon—she was a swan!

It did not matter if she were born in a duck yard; she had come out of a swan egg.

The swans came nearer, and touched her with their beaks. Into the garden came some little children and they threw bread to the swans. The youngest child cried, "There is a new swan!" and all the rest shouted, "Yes, a new one, and it is the sweetest of all! So young! So pretty!"

She was so happy she did not know what to do; all the old trouble was gone and from her glad heart she cried, "I never dreamed of so much joy when I was an ugly duckling!"

# THE TIN SOLDIER

There were twenty-five tin soldiers once on a time. They were all brothers, for they had all been made out of one old spoon. They had muskets, and they all looked right in front of them. Their clothes were red and blue, and I tell you they were a fine lot.

The first words they ever heard as the lid was taken off their box were "Tin Soldiers!" A little boy had spoken the words, and he clapped his hands in joy.

It was his birthday, and when he had looked at them he put them on the table.

All the Tin Soldiers were alike but one. There had not been enough tin to finish him so he had only one leg. But he stood on that as well as the others did on two legs, and this soldier was to be greater than all the other twenty-four.

On the table were many toys besides the soldiers, and the best was a paper castle.

If one looked in the windows one could see the hall, and in front of it were some trees and a lake made of a bit of glass.

Wax swans swam on the lake; it was all very pretty, but the sweetest of all was a small lady who stood by the castle door.

She was made of paper, but she had a dress of thin lace and a ribbon around her waist, and on the ribbon was a paper rose as big as her face.

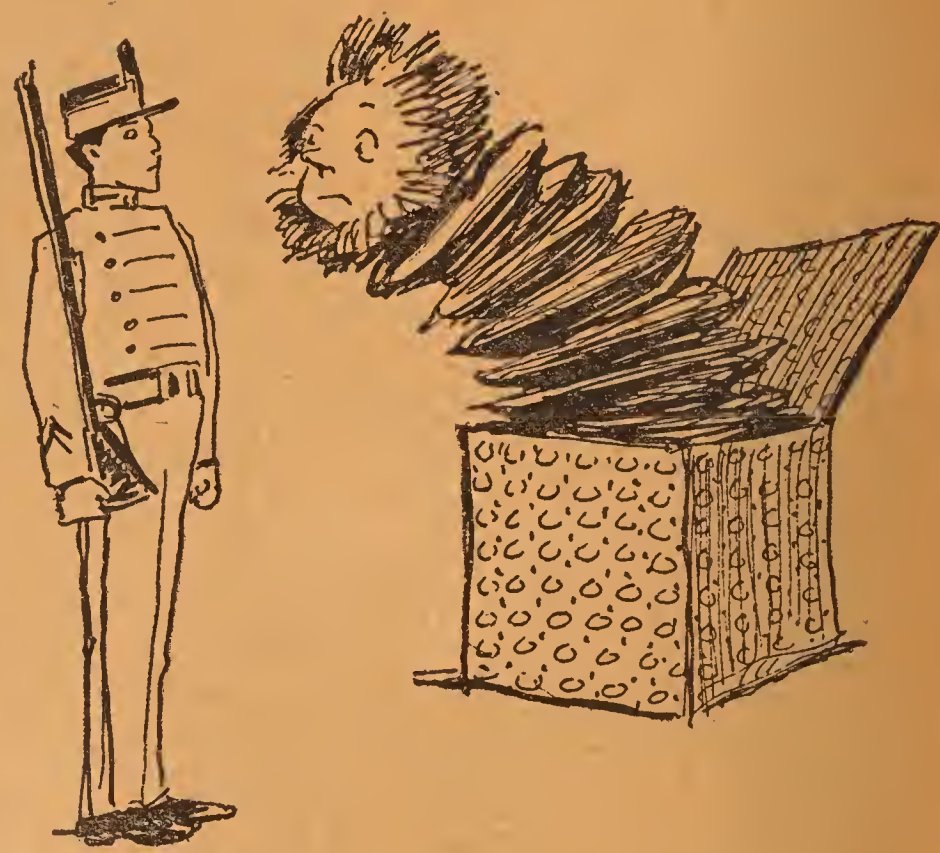
The little lady held her arms up for she was a dancer, and she held one leg so high that the Tin Soldier could not see it at all, and he thought that she had but one leg.

"She would be just the wife for me," he thought, "but she is too grand. She lives in a castle, and I have only a box, and so many of us live in the box! It really is no place for her."

But he felt he must know her. He lay down behind a box and watched her all day. There she stood on one leg; she did not seem to get tired at all.

At night the toys began to have their fun. They played war; they gave balls and paid visits.

The Nut Cracker jumped up and down. The Pencil ran about on a piece of paper, and they all made so much noise that the bird in its cage woke up and began to talk. The only ones who could not join the fun were the Tin Soldiers and the Dancing Lady. (You know the soldier with one leg was not in the box with his brothers, but was hid behind another box.)



The clock struck twelve—and bounce! The lid flew off the box behind which was the Soldier, and as true as I tell you out of the box came a Goblin. You see it was a trick!

"Tin Soldier," said the Goblin, "do not stare so at what does not concern you."

The Soldier did not seem to hear.

"Just you wait until tomorrow!" said the Goblin.

The next day when the children came the Tin Soldier was put in the window, and I do not know whether it was the Goblin or the wind who caught him, but heels over head the poor Soldier fell from the third story to the street.

The nurse and the little boy came down at once to look for him. If he had only cried out, "Here I am!" they would have heard him, but he was too brave to cry.

Then it began to rain and soon the streets were full of water. Two boys came by and one cried, "Oh, look! There's a Tin Soldier!"

And they made a paper boat and sailed him down the gutter.

Oh, dear! how high the waves were in that gutter! Still the Tin Soldier stood firm and looked right in front of him, just like a true Soldier does in danger.

All at once the boat went into a dark place.

"Where am I going now?" thought he. "This is the Goblin's fault. Ah! if the little lady was in the boat with me I would not mind the dark."

But just then a Water Rat jumped out in front of the boat. "Give me your passport!" said he. The Soldier held his gun close and said not a word.

But the stream grew stronger. The Tin Soldier could see the light beyond and he heard a great noise that would have made even you afraid. Only think right ahead was a deep river, and for that little Soldier in his tiny boat that was an awful thing. The boat sailed on and the Soldier stood stiff and not even an eye winked.

The boat turned around three times. The water came in. The Tin Soldier stood up to his neck in it; then it closed over his head. He thought of the sweet lady, and a song came to him as he sank:

"Farewell, farewell, thou warrior brave,
For this day thou must die!"

The boat broke in two parts, and just at that moment a great fish snapped the Tin Soldier.

Well, it was dark in the fish's body! And it was small too. The Tin Soldier could only lie straight and not turn around. The fish swam to and fro, but before long he was caught on a hook, and then light shone on the Tin Soldier and some one cried, "The Soldier!" It was strange but the cook at the little boy's house had bought the fish and when she cut it open she saw the Soldier and took him to the room above to show to the children.

It was the same dear room, and the children and toys, but best of all there was the Dancing Lady! The Soldier almost cried when he saw her, but they looked at each other and said not a word.

Then one of the boys without any reason took the poor Soldier and flung him into the fire. I am sure it was the Goblin who made him do it.

The Soldier stood still in the awful heat; the color of his coat melted away. He looked at the dear little lady and she looked at him. He felt as if he were melting but he stood firm.

Then the wind caught the Dancing Lady, and she flew through the air like a bird and came right in the fire near the Tin Soldier. A flash, and she was gone into the blaze!

The Tin Soldier melted in a lump at first and then he melted into the shape of a heart. The little lady was all gone, only the rose she had worn was left, and that was black as the coal.

# THE PRINCESS ON THE PEA

There was once a Prince who wanted to be married, but no one quite suited him. You see he wanted a *real* Princess, not just one who was a King's daughter. He wished her to be a Princess through and through, and it was just as hard to find one then as it is now.

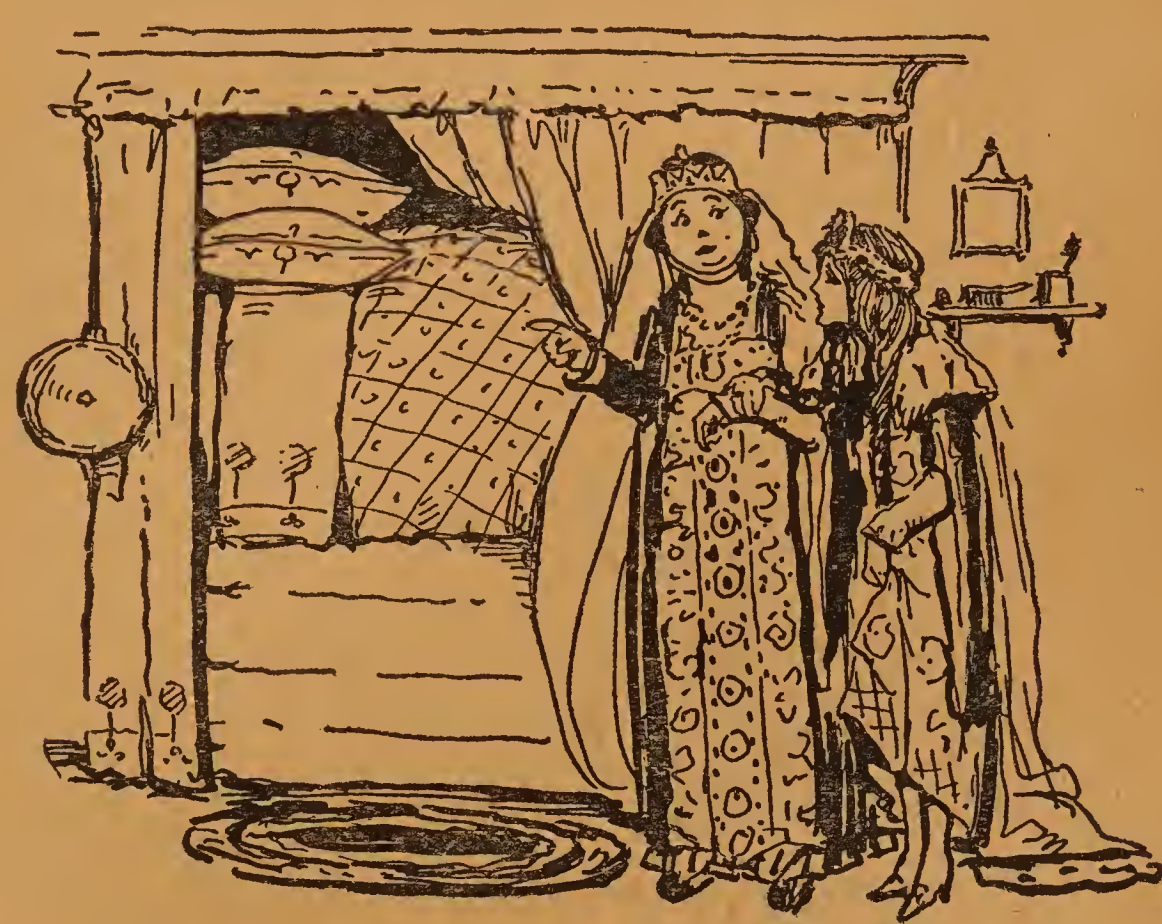
He went all over the world, and he saw many, many a Princess, but there was something wrong about each one. At last he went home quite sad because he thought there were no more real Princesses.

One night when he and his father and mother sat in their castle a great storm came up. The wind blew, the rain fell in torrents and the old castle shook and swayed. All at once there was a loud knock on the door, and the old King went and

opened it himself. And there upon the steps stood a Princess!

The King knew her to be one at once. She was wet and tired and looked forlorn, I can tell you. She said that she was a real Princess and so the Queen said she might come in out of the storm.

"We shall see if she is a real Princess," said the Queen. "I have a sure way of finding out."



While the others were at supper she went to make the bed where the Princess was to sleep.

Now, first she put three little hard peas on the bed spring. She then laid twenty mattresses on and twenty feather beds on top of all.

And that was the bed for the Princess.

The next morning when they were all at breakfast the Queen said, "Well, my dear, did you sleep well last night?"

"Oh, no!" replied the Princess. "I did not sleep at all. I do not know what was in my bed, but it was something so hard that my body is all black and blue. It has hurt me very much."

Now the Queen was sure that here was a real Princess at last. If she could feel those peas through all those mattresses there could be no mistake. So the Prince married her and they had a fine wedding and were happy as could be.

The three peas were put where all the people could see them, and they may be there now if they are not lost!

# THE FIR TREE

Far in the deep woods there once grew a pretty Fir Tree. It was a bright place. The sun shone on the tree, the breeze kissed it and near it grew other fir trees, some young, some old.

But the little Fir Tree was not happy. He did not care for wind or sun. He wanted to be tall! He thought of it all the time. When the boys and girls sat neath his shade and said, "What a dear little tree!" he was much vexed.

Year by year the Tree grew. A long shoot was sent out each year and by that you could tell how old the Tree was.

"I want to be tall!" he cried. "I want to be tall! Then the birds will nest in my branches and my crown shall look out at the great world!"

When snow came a little hare just for fun would run and jump over the Tree. That was hard to bear. Think of a hare jumping over you! The thought of that made the Tree forget the song of birds, the sun and the bright clouds.

Men came in the Fall and cut the tall trees down. The crash made the Fir Tree shake with fear. There they lay quite dead. Poor trees! Where were they

to go? Far, far from the deep woods, but where?

One Spring when the birds had come back, the Tree said, "Know you where the tall trees have gone, my friends? Did you meet them?"

A big stork replied, "Yes, I saw them! As I flew here I met some ships. Those ships had great masts. Those tall masts were your friends, I think; they smelled like fir. You may be proud of them, they sailed so finely."

Then the Fir Tree said, "Oh, that I were tall so I might sail the sea! What is the sea? Tell me, what does it look like?"

"It would take too long to tell you," said the stork, and away he flew.

When Christmas drew near, a great many young trees were cut down, some not as tall as the Fir Tree. Then horses drew them from the woods.

"Where do they go?" asked the Fir Tree. "They are not as tall as I."

"We know," cried the birds. "We saw them in the town. There they grow in a warm room. No more cold or snow. Bright things are hung on them, and gay lights shine from their boughs."

"Oh, I wish that I might go too!" sighed the Fir Tree. "I long to go and see the world! If I am tall next year it may be they will take me. I must grow and grow!"

So through the cold and the heat the Tree grew.

Christmas drew near again. Some one saw the Fir Tree and cried: "See that fine tree!" and then the great ax struck on him and with a groan he fell to the ground. A sharp pain was all he felt. He forgot his joy.

He saw his old friends, the dear sun and wind. He knew he would never see them more, and at last his heart was sad. Poor little Tree!

The next he knew, two men took him from the cold and dark into a bright room. There were toys and boys and girls, and there was a lady who hung gay things upon his branches.

"To-night," they said, "we will light the Tree."

The Fir had not thought of anything so fine. "Oh, that the trees would come from the wood to see me!" he thought. "This is life! This is joy!"

Night came. The candles were lighted. Oh, what a blaze of light! Then the doors of the room were flung back, and in came the boys and girls laughing in their delight. "Tell us a tale," cried they to a man who stood near.

Then he told them about Humpty Dumpty.

"Ah, me!" thought the Tree. "Is this true? Who knows, I too may fall down stairs, win a throne and wed a princess!"

Poor, poor Tree! You see how vain and silly he had grown. He thought about the story all night. In the dim dawn the maids came into the room.

"More joy," thought the Tree. But he was wrong. They took him with rough hands and bore him to a dark attic and there left him alone.

"It is cold!" cried the Fir Tree, "and it is so lonely here!"

"It is cold," squeaked the mice, "but it is nice here. Tell us what you know."

"I know of the woods, where the sun shines and the wind blows." Then he told them of the night in the warm room.

"Those dear times may come again. Humpty Dumpty fell down stairs, yet won the princess."

Then the Fir Tree thought of the sweet Birch Tree in the dear old

woods. What a princess she would be for him, to be sure!

One day a maid came to the attic and when she saw the Tree she took it down stairs and out into the light and air.

"Quir-ri-vir-ri-vit!" sang the birds. "My love is come!"

He knew what they meant. "I shall live!" he sang back. But no, he was thrown on a heap of weeds and boys and girls tore his branches and cried, "See the ugly old tree!"

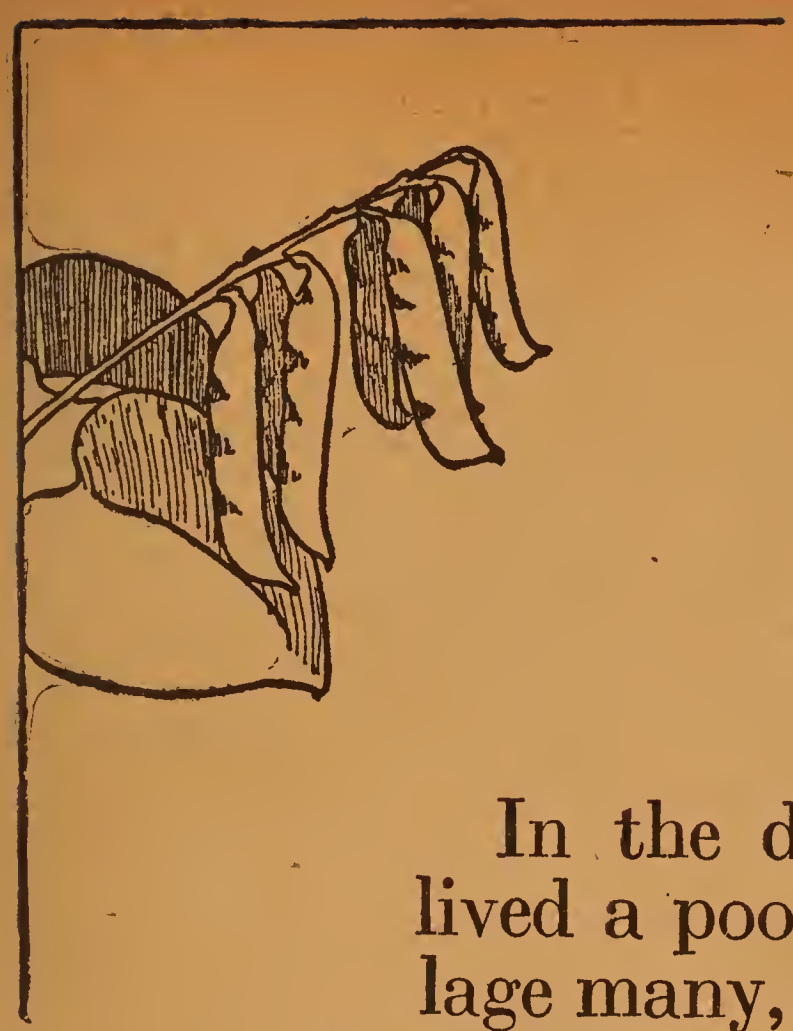
"Oh, if I had only been content with the sun and air and birds! Too late! All is gone of my old glad life!" he thought.

All tales must end, and so the Fir Tree was burnt, and all was past.

"As I flew here I met some ships. Those ships had great masts. Those tall masts were your friends, I think; they smelled like fir. You may be proud of them."

# THE STORY OF JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

The harp being enchanted, called out loudly, "Master! Master!" The giant awoke and quickly pursued Jack, but he had drank so much he could scarcely stand. Jack ran as fast as he could and gained the beanstalk.



# JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

In the days of King Alfred there lived a poor woman in a country village many, many miles from London. She had been a widow for some years and had an only son named Jack, whom she indulged in every wish. In consequence Jack did not pay the least attention to anything she said, but was an idle, careless, extravagant lad. This was not because he had a bad disposition but because his mother had never checked him. By degrees she spent all she had—scarcely anything remained but her cow.

One day the poor woman met Jack with tears in her eyes. For the first time in her life she could not help scolding him. "Oh, you cruel boy! At last you have brought me to beggary and ruin. I have not money enough to buy bread for another day. Nothing remains but to sell my poor cow. It grieves me to part with her—but we must not starve!"

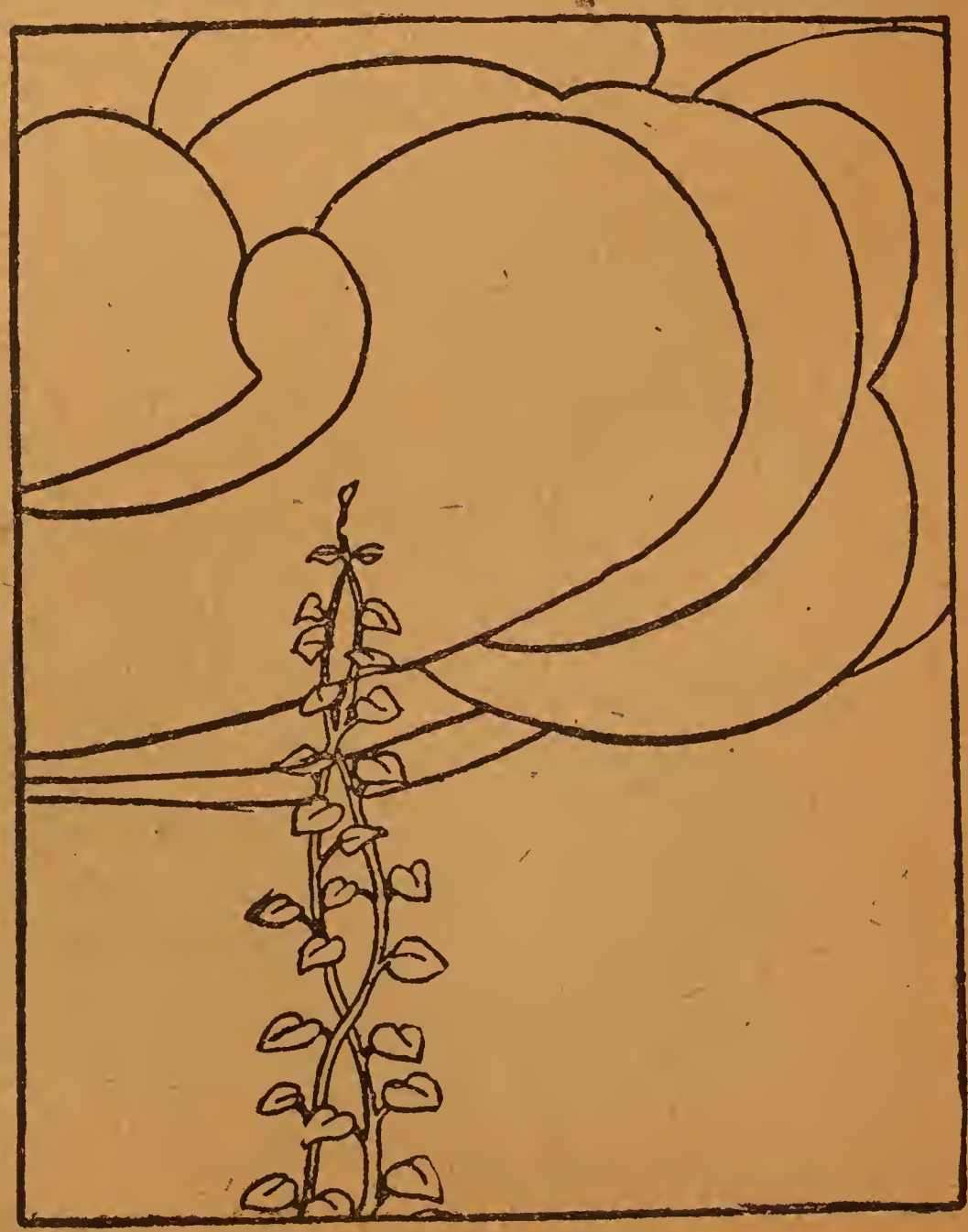
For a few minutes Jack felt sorry, but that was soon over, and he began to tease his mother to let him sell her cow at the next village. At last she consented.

As Jack was going along, he met a butcher, who inquired why he was driving the cow from home. Jack replied that he was going to sell her. Now the butcher held some curious beans in his hat; they were of various colors and attracted Jack's attention. "I'll give you my beans for her," he said, and so the bargain was quickly made, and Jack exchanged his mother's cow for a few paltry beans.

Jack made his way home, calling aloud for his mother before he reached the cottage, thinking to surprise her.

When she saw the beans and heard Jack's story her patience forsook her. She threw the beans out of the window in her anger and they flew in all directions, some falling in the garden. Then, throwing her apron over her head, she cried bitterly. Having nothing at all to eat, they went supperless to bed.

Next morning Jack woke early, and seeing something uncommon darkened his window, he ran downstairs and out to the garden. There he found that some of the beans had taken root and sprung up surprisingly. The stalks were of immense thickness and entwined so they formed a ladder like a chain in appearance. Gazing upward, he could not see the top. It seemed lost in the clouds. He tried the beanstalk and found it firm and not to be shaken.



He quickly de-

termined to climb to the top in order to seek his fortune, and ran to tell his mother, never doubting but she would be as pleased as he.

She declared he should not go; said it would break her heart if he did—entreated, then threatened, but all in vain.

Jack set out, and after climbing for some hours reached the top of the beanstalk, fatigued and quite exhausted. Looking around, he found himself in a strange country. Not a tree, not a shrub, not a house, not a living creature was to be seen. Here and there were scattered fragments of stone and at unequal distances small heaps of earth were loosely thrown together. It did not promise much in the way of a fortune, he thought.

Jack seated himself upon a block of stone and thought of the sorrow he had caused his mother

in climbing the beanstalk against her will and after a while he began to fear he must die of hunger. However he walked on, hoping to find a house where he might beg something to eat. Presently he saw in the distance a handsome young woman and as she came nearer he saw she was elegantly dressed and had a small wand in her hand, on the top of which was a peacock of pure gold.

While Jack was looking at this charming person with great surprise, she came up to him and with a sweet smile asked how he came to be there. Jack told her all about the beanstalk. She asked if he remembered his father and he told her he did not; that there must be some mystery about him because when he asked his mother about his father, she would tell him nothing but always wept.

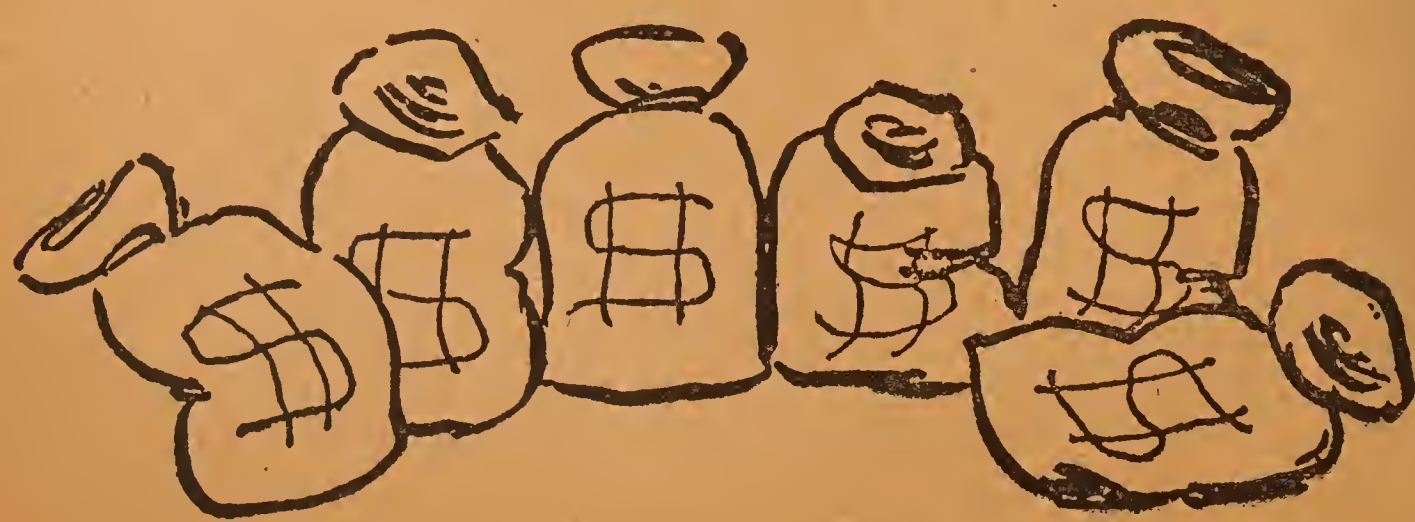
He could not help noticing that she never answered his questions, and that she even seemed afraid of speaking, as if there was some secret con-

nected with his father's history which she dared not tell.

The young woman answered: "I will tell the whole story; your mother must not do so. But before I begin I require your solemn promise to do exactly what I command. I am a fairy, and if you do not perform exactly what I desire, you will be destroyed."

Jack was frightened at her threats, but promised to do all she bade him, and then the fairy said:

"Your father was a rich man. He was very good to the poor and constantly helped them. It was one of his rules never to let a day pass without doing some good to some one. On one particular day of each week he kept open house, and invited only those who were poor but had once lived well. He always sat at the head of the table himself, and did all in his power to make his guests comfortable. The rich and the great, however, were never invited.



His servants were all happy, and greatly loved both their master and mistress. Your father, though only a private gentleman, was as rich as any prince, and being both rich and good was soon known far and wide.

A giant lived a great many miles off, and he was altogether as wicked as your father was good. He was envious, covetous and cruel, but he knew how to conceal those vices.

He was poor and wished to get rich, no matter how. Hearing your father spoken of, he decided it would be a good plan to make friends with him and get into his good graces. So he moved into your neighborhood and pretended he was a gentleman who had just lost all his possessions by an earthquake, and had found it difficult to escape with his life.

Your father believed his story and pitied him. He gave him handsome rooms in his own house, and he and his wife were treated like guests of importance. Little he thought that the giant, while receiving his bounty and pretending to be grateful for it, was plotting to make evil return for all his kindnesses.

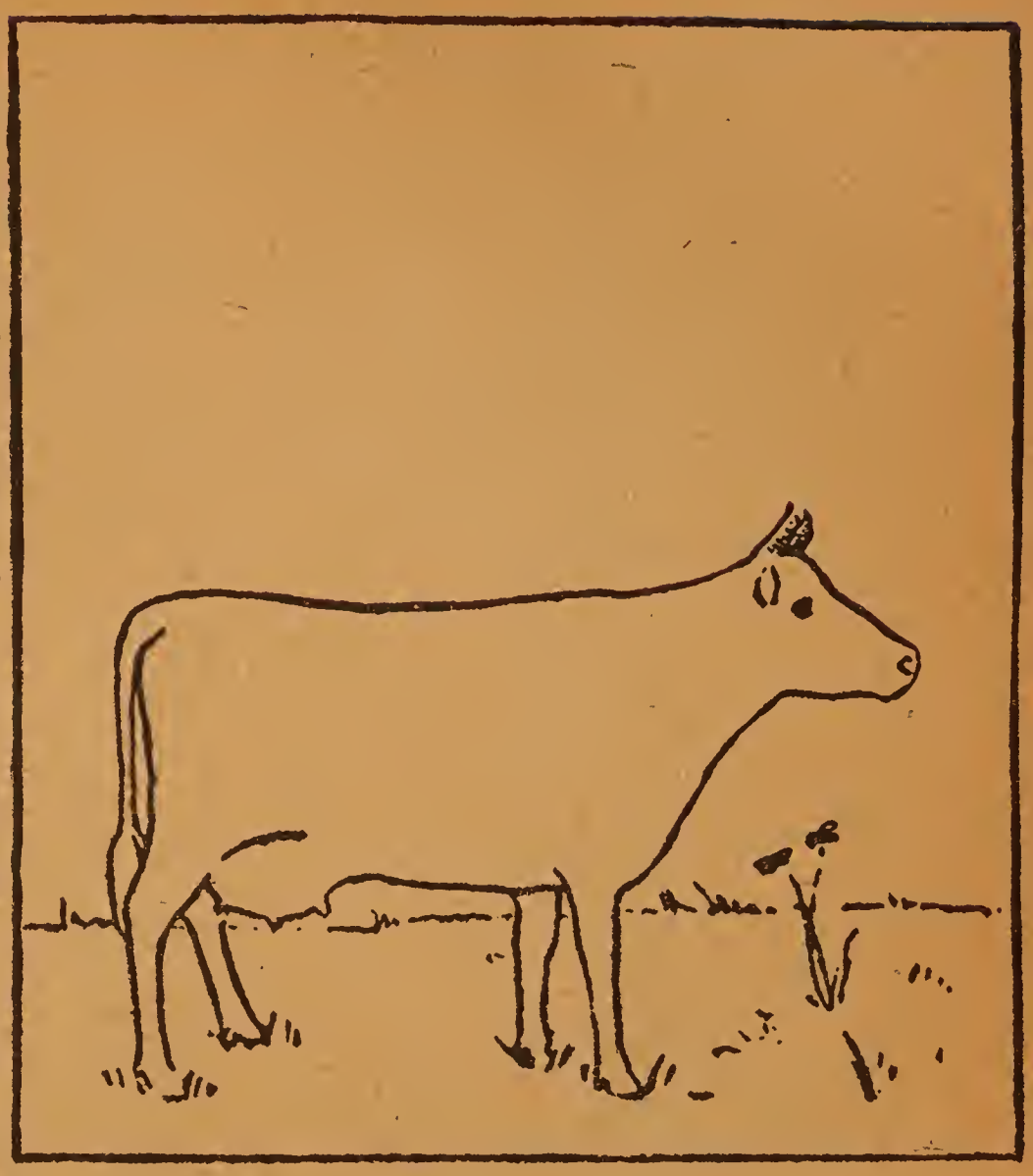
Things went on in this way for some time, the giant daily growing more impatient to carry out his plan. At last came his chance. Your father's house was some distance from the seashore, but with the aid of a glass the coast could be seen distinctly. One day the giant was using the telescope. The wind was very high and he saw a fleet of ships in distress off the rocks. He hurried to your father, telling him about the ships and asking him to send all the servants he could spare to help the sufferers.

Every one was sent off at once except the porter and your nurse. The giant then joined your father in the study and appeared to be delighted—as indeed he was. Your father recommended a favorite book and was handing it down when the giant

took his opportunity and stabbed him, and he instantly fell down dead. The giant left the body, found the porter and nurse and at once killed them, for he was determined to have no living witnesses of his crimes.

You were then only three months old. Your mother had you in her arms in another part of the house and did not know what was going on. She went into the study but how shocked she was to find your father a corpse. She was stupefied with horror and grief, and could not move from the spot. The giant who was seeking her found her in that state and was about to serve her as he had your father but she fell at his feet and begged him to spare both your lives. Remorse seemed to fill the villain's heart for a moment. He granted your lives, but first made your mother take a most solemn oath never to tell you who your father was or to answer any questions about him, telling her if she did he would certainly find it out and put you both to death.

Your mother took you in her arms and fled with all possible haste. She was scarcely gone when the giant repented that he had allowed her to escape. He would have pursued her instantly but he had to provide for his own safety as it was imperative that he should be gone before your father's servants returned. Having gained your father's full confidence, he knew where to find all his treasure. He soon loaded himself and his wife with it, set the house on fire in several places, and when the servants came, the house was burned to the ground. Your poor mother, forlorn, alone, forsaken, wandered with you a great many miles from her home. At last she settled in the cottage where you were brought up and it was owing to her fear of the giant that she never spoke to you of your father. She could not forget his threat of death if she disobeyed him.

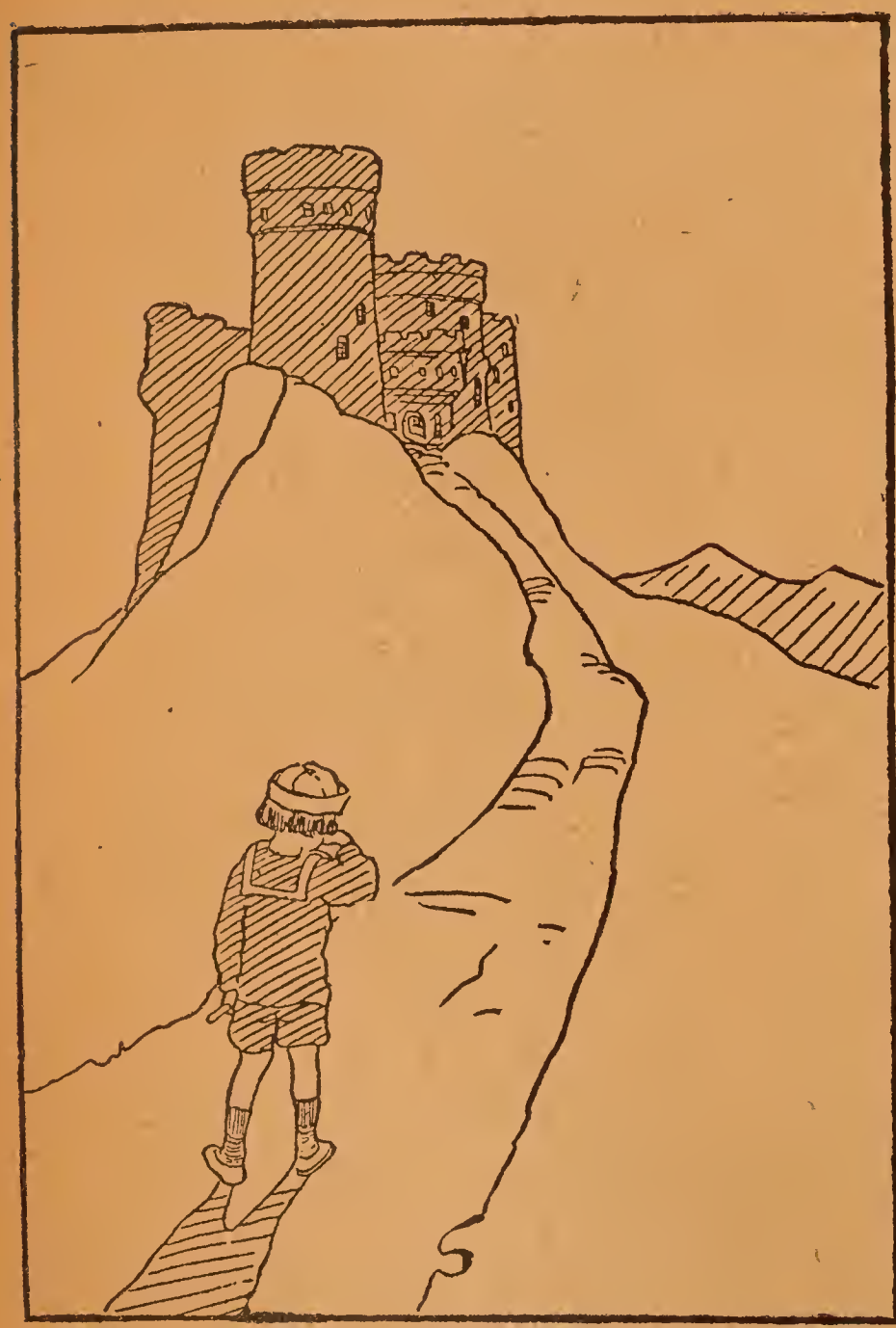


At your father's birth I became his guardian; but fairies have laws to which they are subject as well as mortals. A short time before the giant went to your father's house, I did something wrong and to punish me my power was taken away for a time—a most unfortunate thing as I could not help your father when he needed me.

The day you met the butcher as you were driving your mother's cow to the village to sell, my power was restored to me. It was I who made you take the beans in exchange for the cow. By my power the beanstalk grew to so great a height and became a ladder. I need not tell you now that I gave you the strong desire to climb that ladder, and to seek your fortune, even though your mother did all she could to prevent your going. It was I who urged you on, who gave you no peace of mind.

Now the giant lives in this country and you are

the one appointed to punish him for all his wickedness. You will encounter difficulties and dangers, but you must persevere in avenging the death of your father or you will enjoy neither prosperity nor happiness. As to the giant's possessions, you may seize all you can, for everything he has is yours because it belonged to your father. One thing I desire: do not let your mother know you are acquainted with your father's history until I see you again. Go along the direct road and you will soon see the house where your cruel enemy lives. So long as you do as I order you, I will protect you; but remember if you disobey my commands, a most dreadful punishment will be yours."



When the fairy had concluded, she disappeared, leaving Jack to pursue his journey. He walked on until after sunset. Then he espied a great mansion. This sight revived his drooping spirits; he redoubled

his speed and soon reached it. A plain-looking woman was at the door and he accosted her, begging her to give him a bit of bread and a night's lodging. She expressed the greatest surprise at seeing him, saying it was quite uncommon to see a human being near their house. It was well known that her husband was a cruel giant and that he would never eat anything but human flesh if he could possibly get it and that he thought nothing of walking fifty miles to procure it, usually being gone the whole day for that purpose.

This terrified Jack, but still he hoped to escape the giant, and therefore he again begged the woman to take him in for one night only and hide him where she thought he would be safe. At last she was persuaded, for she was both kind and generous, and she took him into the house.

"I'll do what I can to keep you safely until morning," she said, as she led the way, "but if you knew my husband you would not ask to stop here even for the night."

First they entered a fine large hall, magnificently

furnished. Then they passed through several great rooms all in the same style of grandeur, but they were quite forsaken and desolate. A long gallery came next, very dark—just light enough to show that instead of a wall there was a grating on one side which parted off a dismal dungeon from whence issued the groans of those victims the cruel giant kept in confinement.

Poor Jack was half dead with fear; and would have given the world to have been with his mother again. He began to fear he should never see her again, and gave himself up for lost. He did not even trust the good woman but thought she had let him into the house for no other purpose than to lock him in the dungeon too.

At the farther end of the long gallery there was a

very large kitchen, and a roaring fire was burning in the grate. The good woman told Jack to sit down, and she gave him plenty to eat and to drink. Jack soon forgot his fear and was just beginning to enjoy himself when there was a loud knocking at the street door, which made the whole house shake. The giant's wife ran to hide Jack in the oven, and then hastened to let her husband in.

Jack heard him say to her in a voice like thunder, "Wife, I smell fresh meat!"

"Oh, my dear," she replied, "it is nothing but the people in the dungeon."

The giant appeared to believe her, and walked into the very kitchen where Jack was hiding, more terrified than he had ever been.

At last the giant seated himself quietly by the fireside while his wife prepared supper.

Little by little Jack got over his fright sufficiently to look at the giant through a small crevice. He was astonished to see what an amazing quantity he devoured and thought he would never have done with eating and drinking. At last when supper was over, the giant asked his wife to bring him his hen. A very beautiful hen was brought and placed on the table before the giant. Jack's curiosity was very great to see what would happen and soon he saw that every time the giant said "Lay!" the hen laid an egg of solid gold. The giant amused himself a long time with his hen and meanwhile his wife went to bed. At last the giant fell asleep by the fireside and snored like the roaring of a cannon.

At the break of day Jack, finding the giant still asleep, softly crept out of his hiding place, seized the hen and ran off with her.

He had some difficulty finding his way out of the house, but at last reached the road in safety. He found the beanstalk and descended both better and quicker than he thought he could.

His mother was overjoyed to see him. He found her crying bitterly for she had concluded he had come to some sad end because of his rashness. Jack was impatient to show his hen, as you may guess.

"And now, mother," he said, "I have brought home that which will make us rich quickly, and I hope to make up for the sorrow I have caused you."

The hen laid as many golden eggs as they desired. They sold them and in a little time they were as rich as they cared to be.

For some months Jack and his mother lived very happily, then Jack desired to travel. He remembered the fairy's

commands and feared if he delayed she would punish him as she had threatened. Jack longed to climb the beanstalk and pay another visit to the giant in order to carry away some more of his treasures. For during the time he had been in the giant's mansion and while hidden in the oven he had learned from the talk between the giant and his wife that he had many wonderful things in his house.

Jack thought of his journey day after day, but could not bring himself to speak to his mother about it, sure she would try to prevent him going.

However, one day he boldly told her he must take a journey up the beanstalk. She begged him not to think of it, and used every means at her command to keep him from carrying out his purpose.

She told him the giant's wife would surely know him again and that the giant wished nothing better

than to get him in his power that he might put him to a cruel death in order to be revenged for the loss of his hen. Finding all his arguments useless, Jack pretended to give up the point, though fully resolved to go. He had a dress made which would disguise him, and found something which would color his skin. He thought no one would know him in this dress.

A few mornings later he arose very early, colored his skin and, unseen by anyone, climbed the beanstalk the second time. He was very tired when he reached the top, and very hungry too. Having rested for some time, he made his way to the giant's mansion. It was late in the evening when he reached the castle and as he came nearer he saw the woman standing at the door, just as she had when he arrived before.

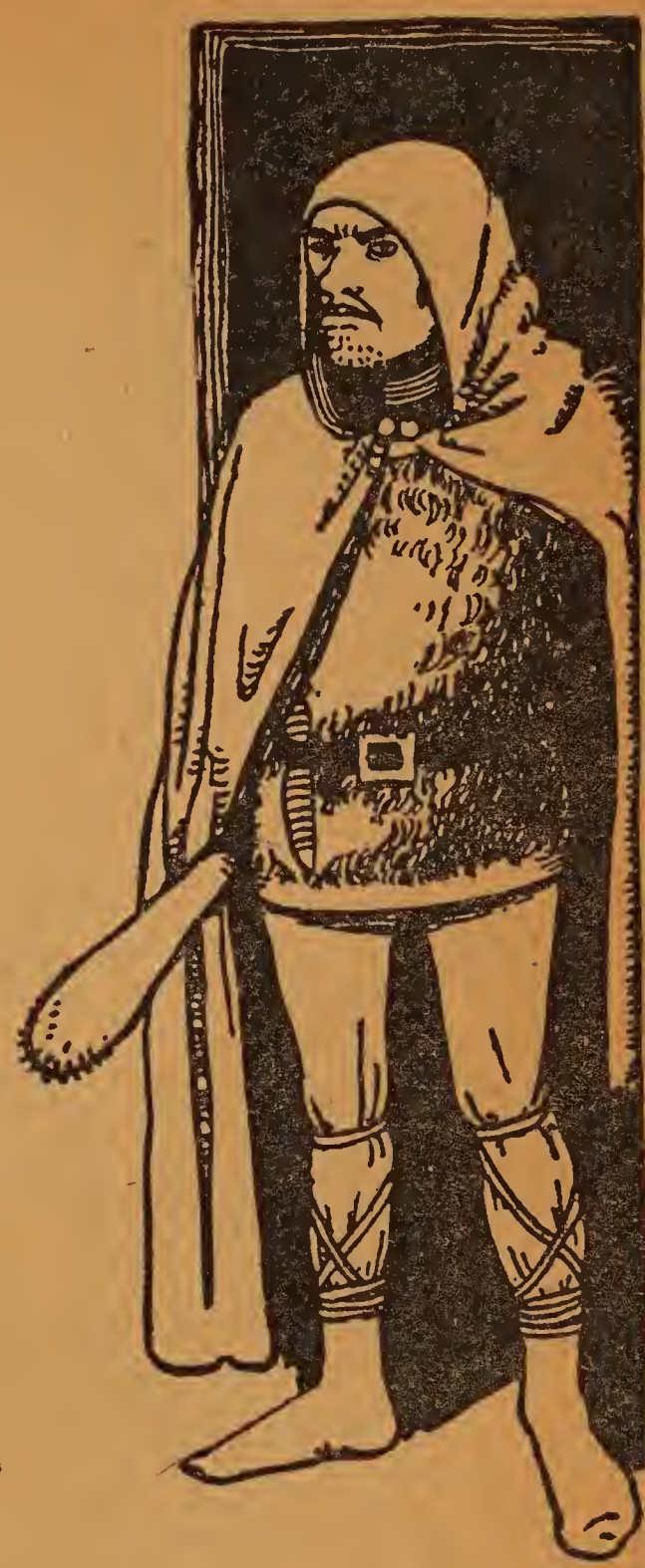
Jack addressed her, telling her a pitiful tale and asking that she give him some food and drink as well as a night's lodging.

She told him (what he already knew) about her husband being a powerful and cruel giant; how one night she admitted a poor, hungry, friendless boy half dead with traveling; that the ungrateful fellow had stolen one of the giant's treasures and ever since that her husband had been worse than before, continually blaming her for the misfortune.

Jack knew at once he was listening to a story in which he himself was the chief actor. He did his best to persuade the woman to admit him, but he found it a very hard task. At last she consented and led the way, Jack observing everything just as it had been the time before. There was the great hall as richly furnished, and the large rooms one after another, and the long gallery with the iron grating shutting off the dungeon.

She took him into the kitchen and after he had eaten she hid him in an old lumber closet.

The giant returned at the usual time, and walked in so heavily that the house shook.



He seated himself by the fire, and soon exclaimed, "Wife, I smell fresh meat!" The wife replied that it was the crows who had brought a piece of raw meat and left it on the top of the house. While supper was preparing, the giant was ill-tempered and impatient, frequently lifting his hand to strike his wife for not being quick

enough. However, she was always so fortunate as to elude the blow. He was also continually upbraiding her for the loss of his wonderful hen.

The giant at last having eaten enough to satisfy his voracious appetite, said to his wife:

"I must have something to amuse me; either my bags of money or my harp."

After a great deal of ill-humor and having teased his wife for some time he commanded her to bring down his bags of gold and silver. As before, Jack peeped out of his hiding place and presently saw the giant's wife bring two very large bags into the room. One was filled with gold and the other with silver pieces. Indeed, the coins made a merry clink, clink each time the bags were moved, so Jack thought as he looked and listened.

They were both placed before the giant, who began scolding his poor wife for staying so long.

She replied, trembling with fear, that they were so heavy she could scarcely lift them, adding that she nearly fainted on the stairs bringing them down, owing to their weight. This exasperated the giant so that he lifted his hand to strike her, but she escaped and went to bed, leaving him to count his treasure for amusement.

The giant took his bags and after turning them over and over to see that they were as he left them, he began to count their contents. First the bag containing the silver was emptied and the contents placed on the table. Jack viewed the glittering coins with delight, most heartily wishing them in his possession. Little thinking he was so closely watched, the giant counted the silver over several times. Then, satisfied that all was safe, he put it in the bag again, which he made very secure, using utmost care in wrapping the string and tying it in a knot drawn very tight. This done, the giant

pushed it away with a deep sigh of satisfaction.

The other bag was opened next. If Jack had been pleased at sight of the silver, how much greater his delight at the heap of glittering gold! He was so bold as to think of gaining both bags, but suddenly recollecting himself he began to fear the giant would sham slumber the better to entrap anyone who might be concealed. The giant counted over the gold until weary, and then put it up even more securely than he had the silver, if such a thing was possible. Then he leaned back in his chair by the fireside and fell asleep. He snored so loud that Jack compared it to the roaring of the sea when the tide comes in and the wind is high. At last Jack concluded he was asleep, stole out of his hiding place and approached the giant. But just as he laid his hand on one of the bags, a little dog

he had not noticed, started from under the giant's chair and barked at Jack furiously. Jack now gave himself up for lost. Instead of trying to escape, he stood still, expecting the giant to awake every instant. Strange to say, however, the giant slept on. Jack began to have his wits about him, and on looking around saw a large piece of meat which he tossed to the dog. He instantly seized it and ran off into the lumber closet Jack had just quitted. Relieved of his noisy enemy, Jack boldly seized the bags and throwing them over his shoulder ran out of the kitchen. Reaching the street door safely, he found it daylight and quickly made his way to the top of the beanstalk. The money bags were really so heavy he could scarcely carry them, but he soon reached the bottom and at once ran to find his mother. To

his great wonder the cottage was deserted. He ran from one room to another; no one was there. He hurried to the village and an old woman directed him to a neighbor's house where he found his mother ill with a fever. Jack was greatly shocked, blaming himself for her illness. On being told of her son's safe return, his mother improved, and gradually recovered, and they lived happily and comfortably in the cottage. With the money Jack brought back the cottage was rebuilt and well furnished.

For three years Jack talked no more of the beanstalk, but he could not forget it, although he never mentioned it because he feared it would make his mother unhappy. She too, would not mention it because it would remind her son of taking another journey.

In spite of all the comforts Jack had at home, he often thought of the beanstalk. He remembered the fairy's threats if he disobeyed, and he could not be happy. He grew thoughtful, and often arose at dawn and gazed at the beanstalk for hours together. His mother tried to discover the cause, but Jack knew the consequence should she succeed and did his utmost to conquer his desire to climb the beanstalk the third time.

At last he found he could not and he secretly prepared to go. The longest day of the year he arose as soon as it was light, climbed the beanstalk and reached the top with some little trouble.

When he arrived at the giant's mansion in the evening he found the wife in the doorway as usual.

Jack had disguised himself so completely she did not recognize him, but it took much pleading of hunger and poverty for her to admit him. But at last she consented and hid him in the copper.

When the giant returned he roared, "I smell fresh meat!" and started to search the room.

Jack was terrified and wished a thousand times he was home. When the giant put his hand on the copper lid, the fright nearly killed poor Jack, but the giant never moved the lid and finally seated himself by the fire.

The giant ate a hearty supper and then called for his harp. Jack peeped under the lid and saw the most beautiful harp that could be imagined. He determined to have it.

The harp was placed on the table and its wonderful music soon lulled the giant to sleep. Jack stepped out and seized the harp, but being enchanted it called out loudly, "Master! Master!"

The giant awoke and quickly pursued Jack, but he had drank so much he could scarcely stand. Jack ran as fast as he could and gained the beanstalk, and the moment he was down called for a hatchet.

Just at the instant the giant was beginning to descend, Jack cut the beanstalk off close to the root, which caused the giant to fall headlong into the garden. The fall killed him, and the world was released from its cruel enemy.

Jack's mother was delighted when she saw that the beanstalk was destroyed. At this moment the fairy appeared. She explained everything about Jack's journeys up the beanstalk, and charged Jack to be a dutiful son and to follow his father's good example for it was the only way to be happy.

Jack begged his mother's pardon for all th sorrow he had brought to her, and promised to be dutiful and obedient in the future.

AND THIS IS THE STORY OF

JACK

AND

THE

BEANSTALK

A little girl called Goldilocks

They were the Big Bear, the Middle-Sized Bear, and the Little Bear

# THE THREE BEARS

In a country far away there once lived a little girl called Goldilocks, because her hair shone like gold. She was a little romp, and sometimes she even ran away without her mother's leave.

One day she started off and went into the woods to gather the wild flowers that grew there and into the fields to chase the butterflies that danced so gaily in the bright sunshine. She ran on and on, taking little heed of the way until she found herself in a lonely spot, and just ahead of her there stood a snug little house. It was the house in which three bears lived, though they were not at home just then.

They were the Big Bear, the Middle-Sized Bear, and the Little Bear.

The door was ajar. Goldilocks pushed it wider, and found the room empty. So she boldly walked in. What did she find in the kitchen but the three bowls of porridge, just as the three bears had left them to cool. She tasted the largest bowl, which belonged to the Big Bear.

It was too hot.

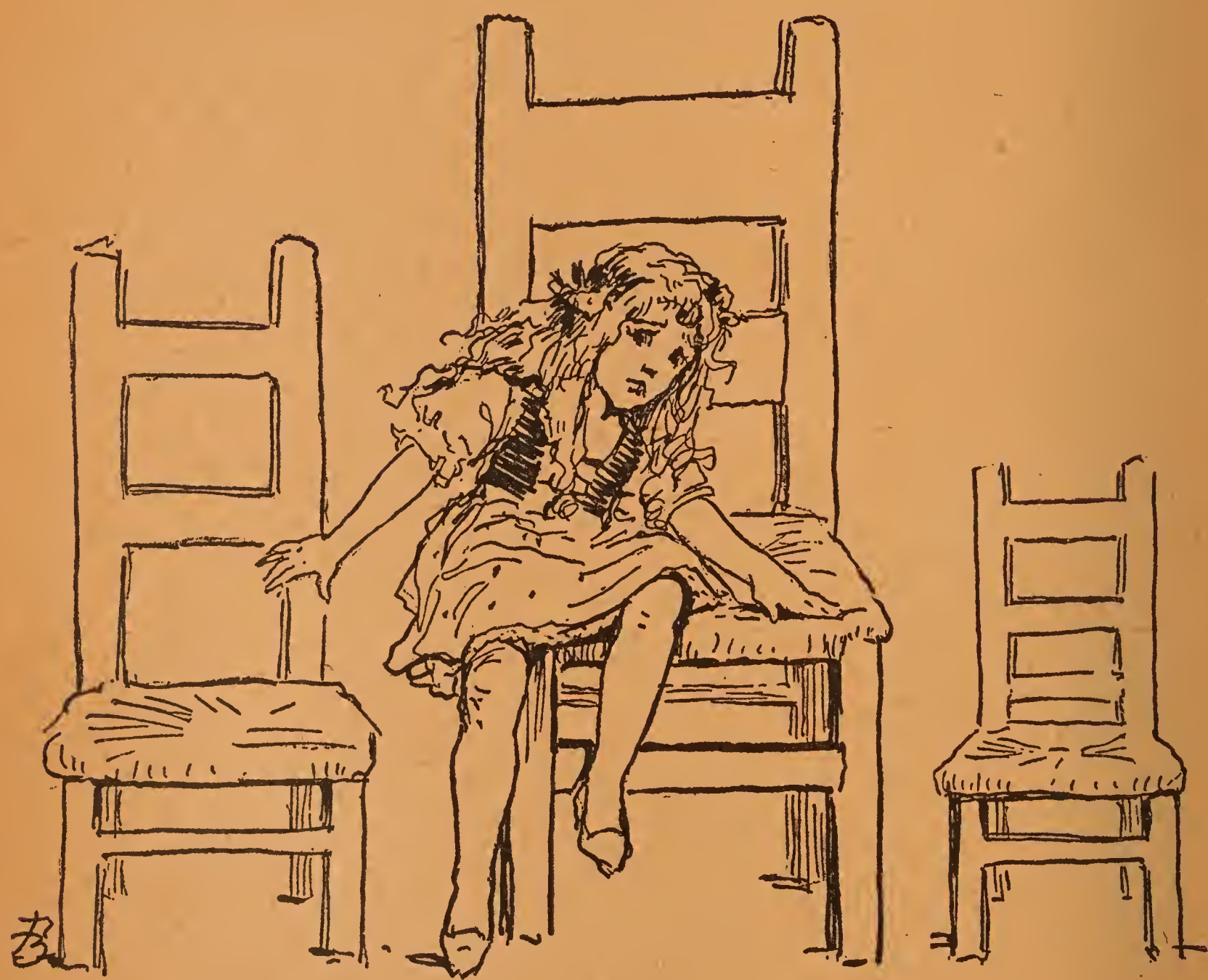
Then she tasted the middle-sized bowl, which belonged to the Middle-sized Bear.

It was too cold.

Then she tasted the smallest bowl, which belonged to the Little Bear,
and as
it was
just right
she ate
every bit
of the
porridge in
that bowl.

She went into the parlor, and there stood three chairs.

She tried the biggest chair, which belonged to the Big Bear. It was too high.



She tried the middle-sized chair, which belonged to the Middle-sized Bear. It was too broad.

Then she tried the little chair, which belonged to the Little Bear. It was just right, and she sat in it so hard that she broke it!

Now by this time Goldilocks was very tired, so

she climbed the stairs to the chamber, where she found three beds.

She tried the largest bed, which belonged to the Big Bear. It was too soft.

She tried the middle-sized bed, which belonged to the Middle-sized Bear. It was too hard.

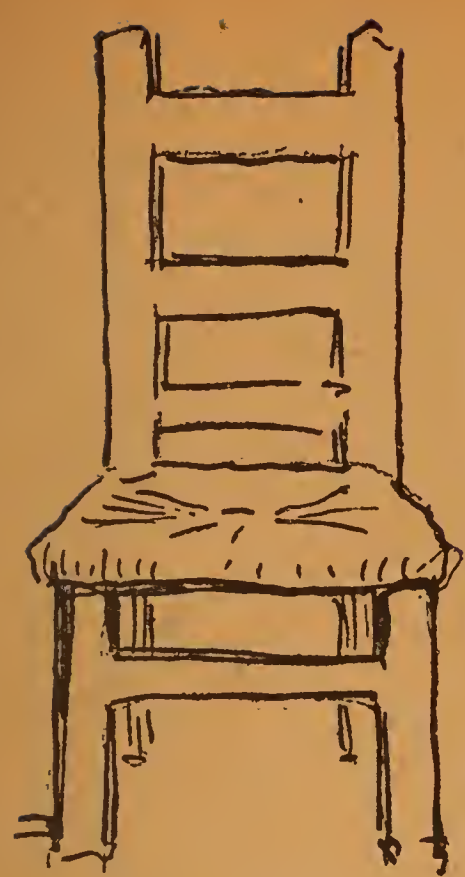
Then she tried the smallest bed, which belonged to the Little Bear. It was just right, so she lay down upon it and soon fell fast asleep.

Now while Goldilocks was sleeping soundly, the three bears came home from their walk in the woods.

They went straight to the kitchen to get their porridge, but when the Big Bear went to his bowl, he growled in his big voice:

"Somebody has been tasting my porridge!"
And when the Middle-sized Bear saw his bowl, he said in his middle-sized voice:

"Somebody has been tasting my porridge!"
But when the Little Bear saw his bowl, he piped in his little voice:
"Somebody has tasted my porridge and eaten it every bit!" Then all three bears went into the parlor, and the Big Bear growled in his big voice:
"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"
And the Middle-sized Bear said in his middle-sized voice:
"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"
But when the Little Bear saw his chair, he piped up in his little voice:



"Somebody has been sitting in my chair and broken it all to pieces!"

So they all three climbed the stairs, and when they went into their chamber, the Big Bear growled in his big voice:

"Somebody has been tumbling my bed!"

And the Middle-sized Bear said in his middle-sized voice:

"Somebody has been tumbling my bed!"

And the Little Bear piped in his little voice:

"Somebody has been tumbling my bed and here she is!"

At this Goldilocks woke in a fright, and jumped out of bed in a twinkling, ran down the stairs, out the door and away just as fast as her legs could carry her, and never, never did she go near the house of the three bears again.

# THE LITTLE RED HEN

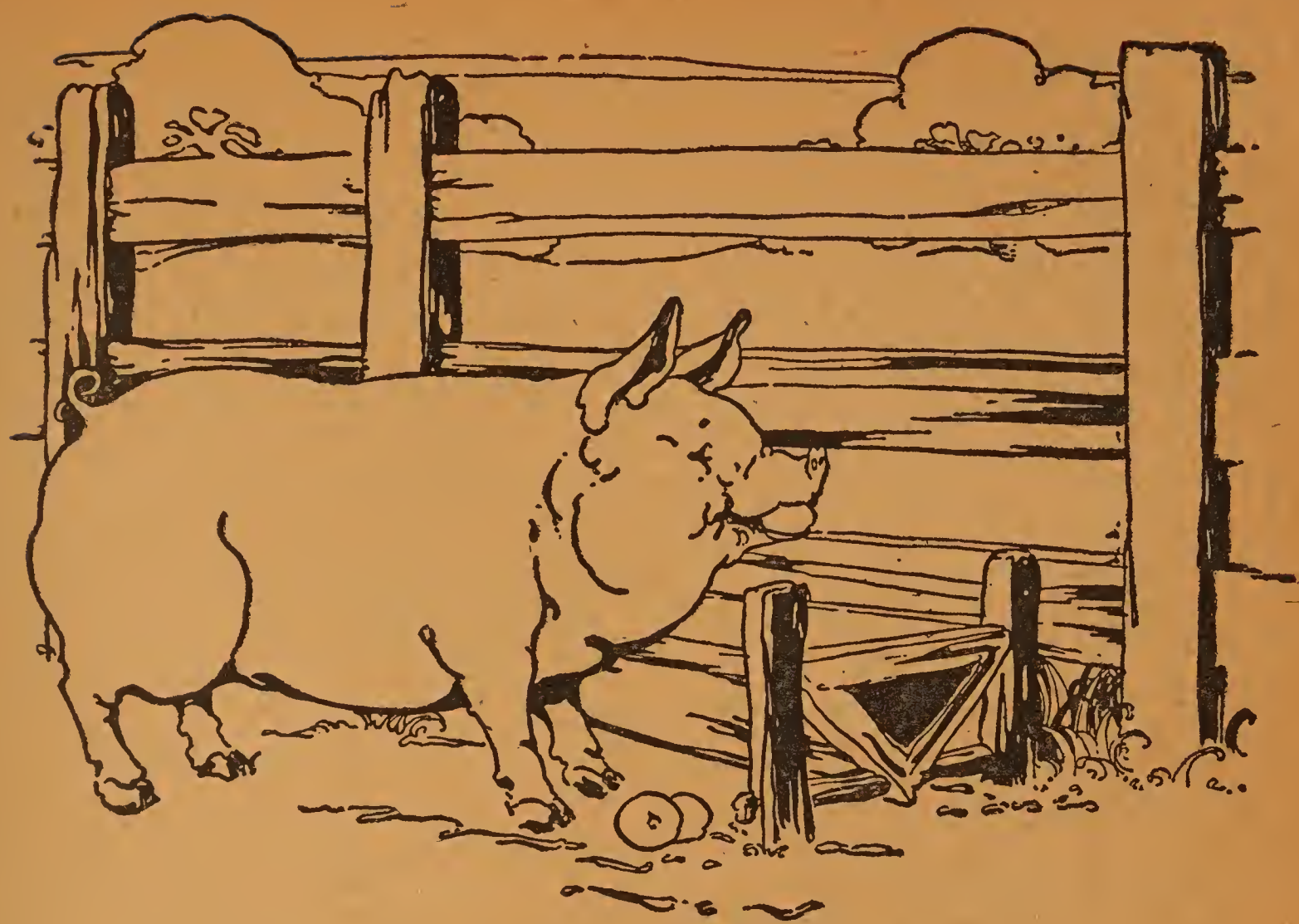
A Little Red Hen lived in a barnyard. She spent almost all of her time scratching for worms. She dearly loved fat, delicious worms and besides, she knew they were essential to the health of her many children.

When she found a worm, she would call, "Chuck-chuck-chuck!" and when her chicks were around her, she would distribute the choice morsel. A very busy Red Hen was she!

A cat usually lay napping lazily in the barn door, not even bothering to scare away the rat who ran about. As for the pig in the sty—he did not care what happened so long as he had all he could eat.

One day the Little Red Hen found a seed. She was so accustomed to worms and bugs that she supposed this must be some new and perhaps very delicious kind of meat. So she bit it gently. It resembled a worm not at all! Carrying it about the barnyard, she asked one and then another what it was until the rat said it was a Wheat Seed and if it was planted it would grow and when ripe could be made into flour and then into bread.

Now the Little Red Hen was so busy hunting food for her chicks she thought she ought not to take time to plant it.



So she thought of the Pig—upon whom time must hang heavily, and of the Cat with nothing to do, and the great fat Rat with all his idle hours, and she called out loudly:

"Who will plant the seed?"

But the Pig said, "Not I,"

and the Cat said, "Not I,"

and the Rat said, "Not I."

"Very well, then," said the Little Red Hen, "I will." And she did.

All summer long the Little Red Hen scratched for worms to feed her chicks, while the Pig grew fat, and the Cat grew fat, and the Rat grew fat, and the Wheat grew tall and ready for the harvest.

So one day the Little Red Hen noticed how large the Wheat was and that the grain was ripe, so she ran about briskly, calling: "Who will cut the Wheat?"

But the Pig said, "Not I,"
and the Cat said, "Not I,"
and the Rat said, "Not I."

"Well, then," said the Little Red Hen, "I will." And she did.

She got a sickle from the farmer's tool shed and cut off all the big plant of Wheat.

On the ground lay the nicely cut Wheat, ready to be gathered and threshed, but the newest and yellowest and downiest of Mrs. Hen's chicks set up a "peep-peep-peeping" in their most vigorous fash-

ion, proclaiming that their mother was neglecting them. Poor Little Red Hen! She felt quite bewildered and hardly knew where to turn. Her attention was sorely divided between her duty to her children and her duty to the Wheat, for which she

felt responsible. So again, in a very hopeful tone, as she brooded her chickies, she called out, "Who will thresh the Wheat?"

But the Pig, with a grunt, said,
"Not I,"
and the Cat, with a meow, said,
"Not I,"
and the Rat, with a squeak, said,
"Not I."

So the Little Red Hen, looking, it must be admitted, rather discouraged, said, "I will." And she did.

Then she called out, "Who will carry the Wheat to the mill for grinding?"

Turning their backs with snippy glee, that Pig said,

"Not I,"

and that Cat said,

"Not I,"

and that Rat said,

"Not I."

So the good

Little Red Hen could do nothing but say, "I will." And she did.

First putting her chickies to sleep for their afternoon nap, she trudged off to the distant mill, pulling the bag of wheat all that weary way. There she ordered the Wheat ground into beautiful white flour. When the miller brought her the flour, she walked slowly back all the way to her own barnyard in her own picketty-pecketty fashion.

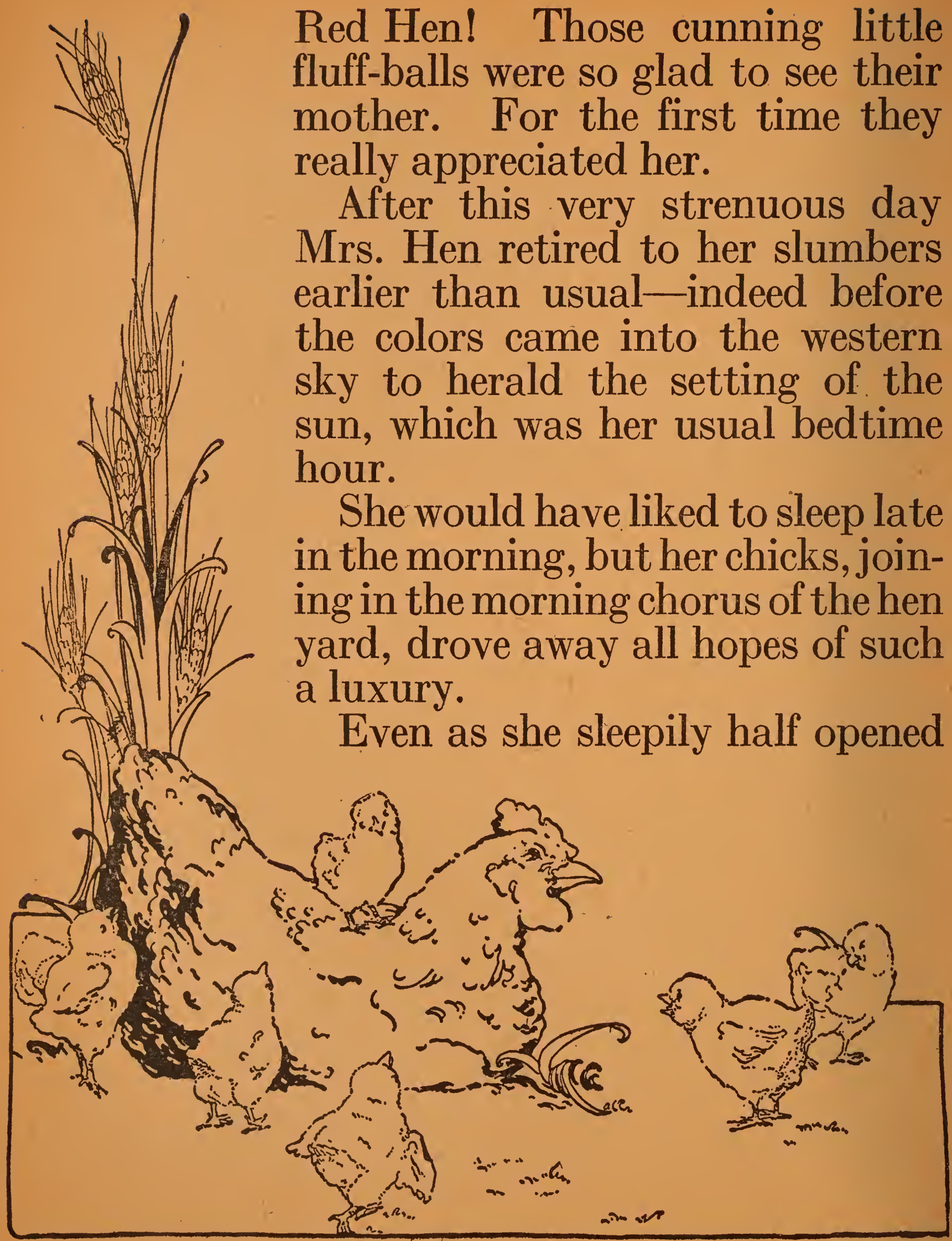
She even managed, in spite of her load, to catch a nice, juicy worm now and then and had one left for her babies when she reached them. Kind Little

Red Hen! Those cunning little fluff-balls were so glad to see their mother. For the first time they really appreciated her.

After this very strenuous day Mrs. Hen retired to her slumbers earlier than usual—indeed before the colors came into the western sky to herald the setting of the sun, which was her usual bedtime hour.

She would have liked to sleep late in the morning, but her chicks, joining in the morning chorus of the hen yard, drove away all hopes of such a luxury.

Even as she sleepily half opened

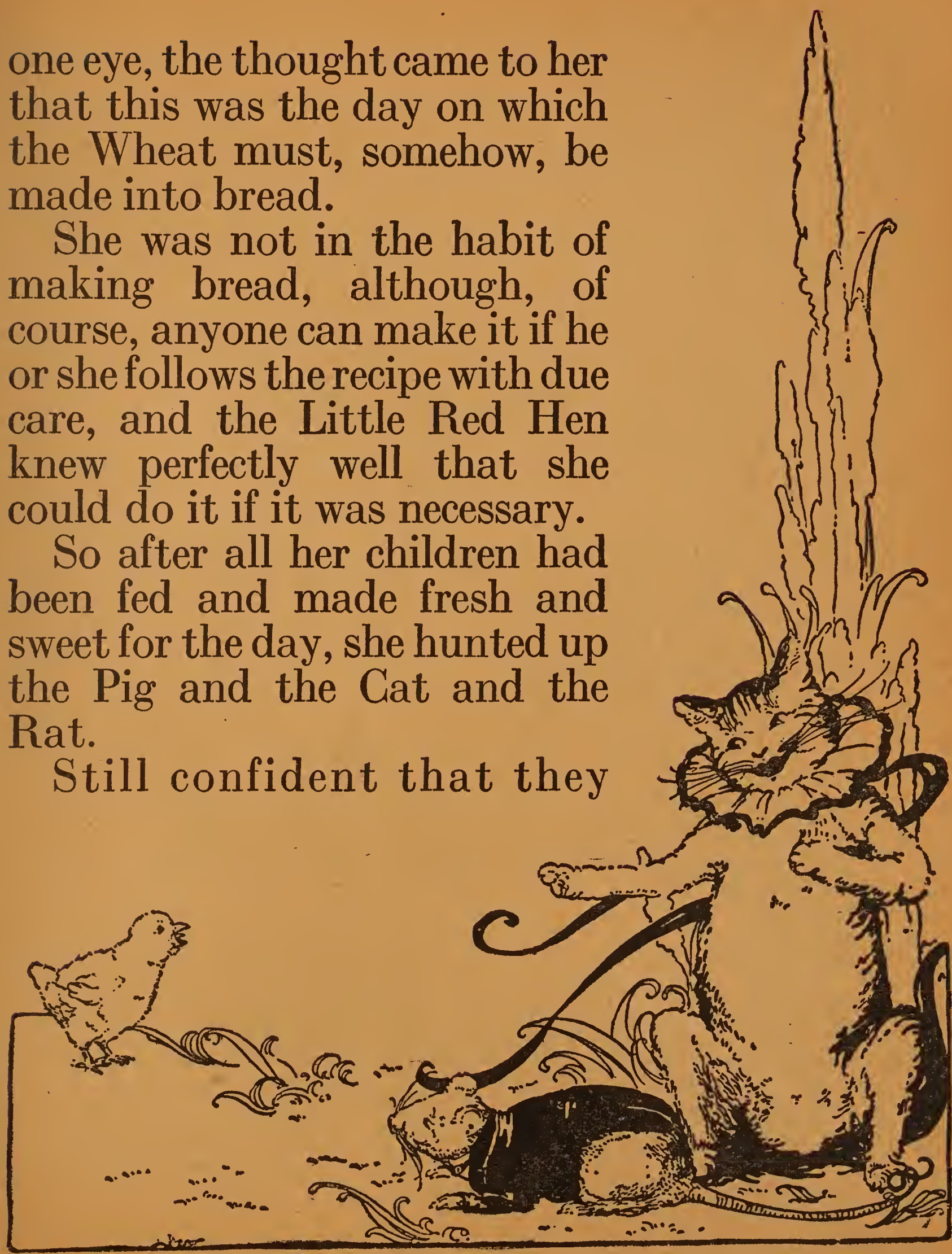


one eye, the thought came to her that this was the day on which the Wheat must, somehow, be made into bread.

She was not in the habit of making bread, although, of course, anyone can make it if he or she follows the recipe with due care, and the Little Red Hen knew perfectly well that she could do it if it was necessary.

So after all her children had been fed and made fresh and sweet for the day, she hunted up the Pig and the Cat and the Rat.

Still confident that they



would surely help her some day, she sang out:
"Who will make the bread?"
Alas for the Little Red Hen!
Once more all her hopes were dashed!

For the Pig said "Not I," and the Cat said, "Not I," and the Rat said, "Not I."

So the Little Red Hen said, once more, "I will," and she did.

Feeling she might have known all the time that she would have to do it all by herself, she went and put on a fresh apron and a spotless cook's cap. First of all she set the dough, as was proper. When it was time she brought out the moulding board and baking tins, moulded the bread, divided it into loaves, and put them into the oven to bake. And all the time close at hand the vain Rat powdered his nose and

admired himself in the mirror while in the distance could be heard the long-drawn snores of the Pig, with the Cat near by lazily napping the time away.

At last the great moment arrived. A delicious odor was wafted upon the autumn breeze. Everywhere the barnyard citizens sniffed the air with

delight. And although the Little Red Hen appeared to be perfectly calm, in reality she could with difficulty restrain an impulse to dance and sing, for had she not done all the work on this bread?

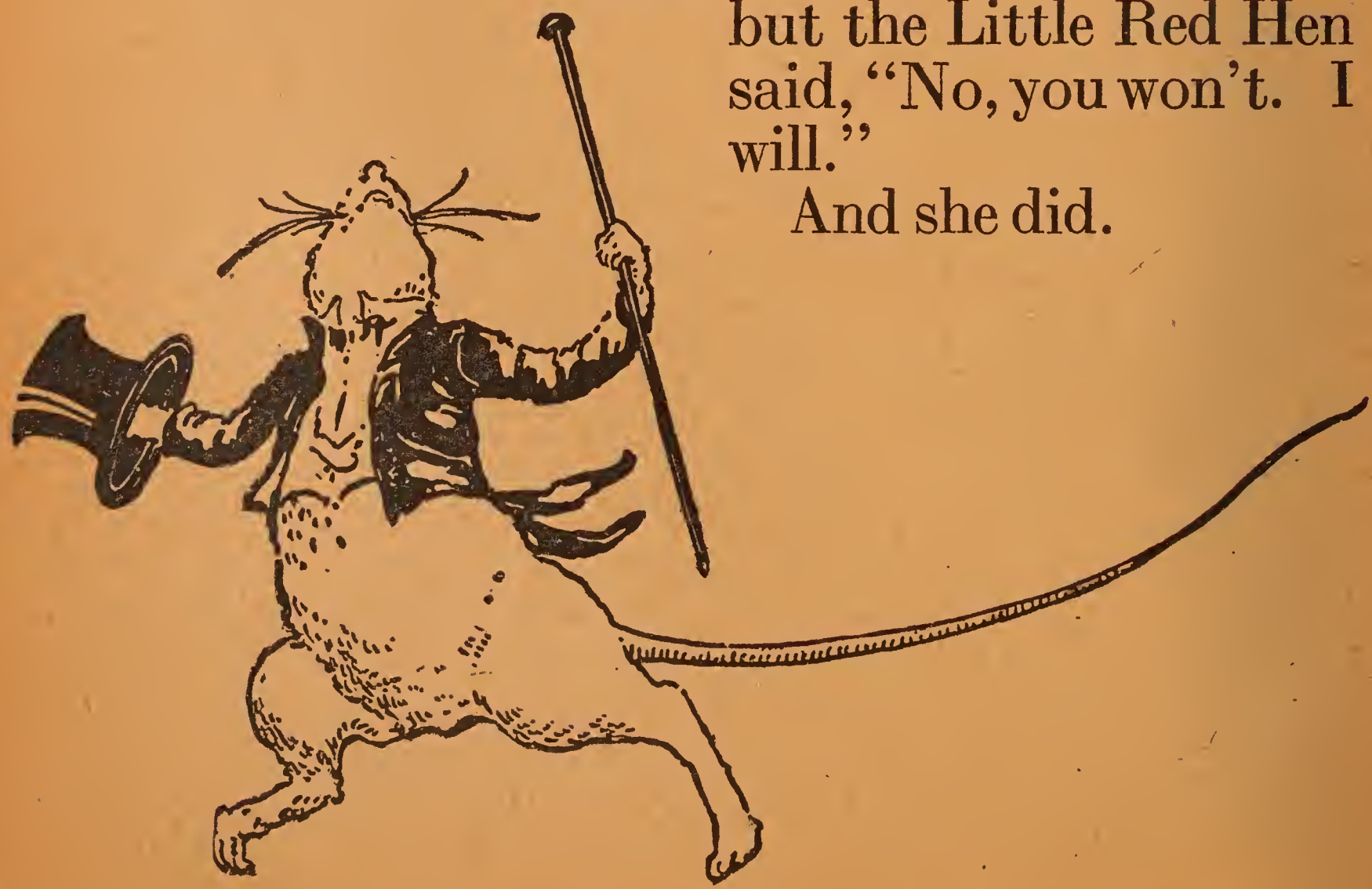
She did not know whether it would be fit to eat, but—joy of joys!—when the loaves came out of the oven they were done to perfection.

Then, probably because she had acquired the habit, the Little Red Hen called: "Who will eat the Bread?"

And all the animals in the barnyard were watching hungrily and smacking their lips in anticipa-

tion when the Pig said,
"I will,"
and the Cat said,
"I will,"
and the Rat said,
"I will,"
but the Little Red Hen said, "No, you won't. I will."

And she did.



# LITTLE BLACK SAMBO

Once upon a time there was a little black boy, and his name was Little Black Sambo. His mother was called Black Mumbo and his father was called Black Jumbo.

Black Mumbo made him a beautiful little Red coat and a pair of beautiful little blue trousers, while Black Jumbo went to the Bazaar and bought him a beautiful green umbrella and a lovely little pair of purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings. And then wasn't Little Black Sambo grand?

So he put on all his fine clothes and went out for a walk in the jungle.

By and by he met a Tiger. The Tiger said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" But Little Black Sambo said, "Oh, please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up and I'll give you my beautiful little red coat."

So the Tiger said, "Very well, but you must give me your beautiful little red coat." He went away wearing it and saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the jungle."

By and by Little Black Sambo met another Tiger.

"Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!"

"Oh, please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful blue trousers."

So the Tiger said, "Very well," and went away wearing them and saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the jungle."

Little Black Sambo went on and by and by met another Tiger and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!"

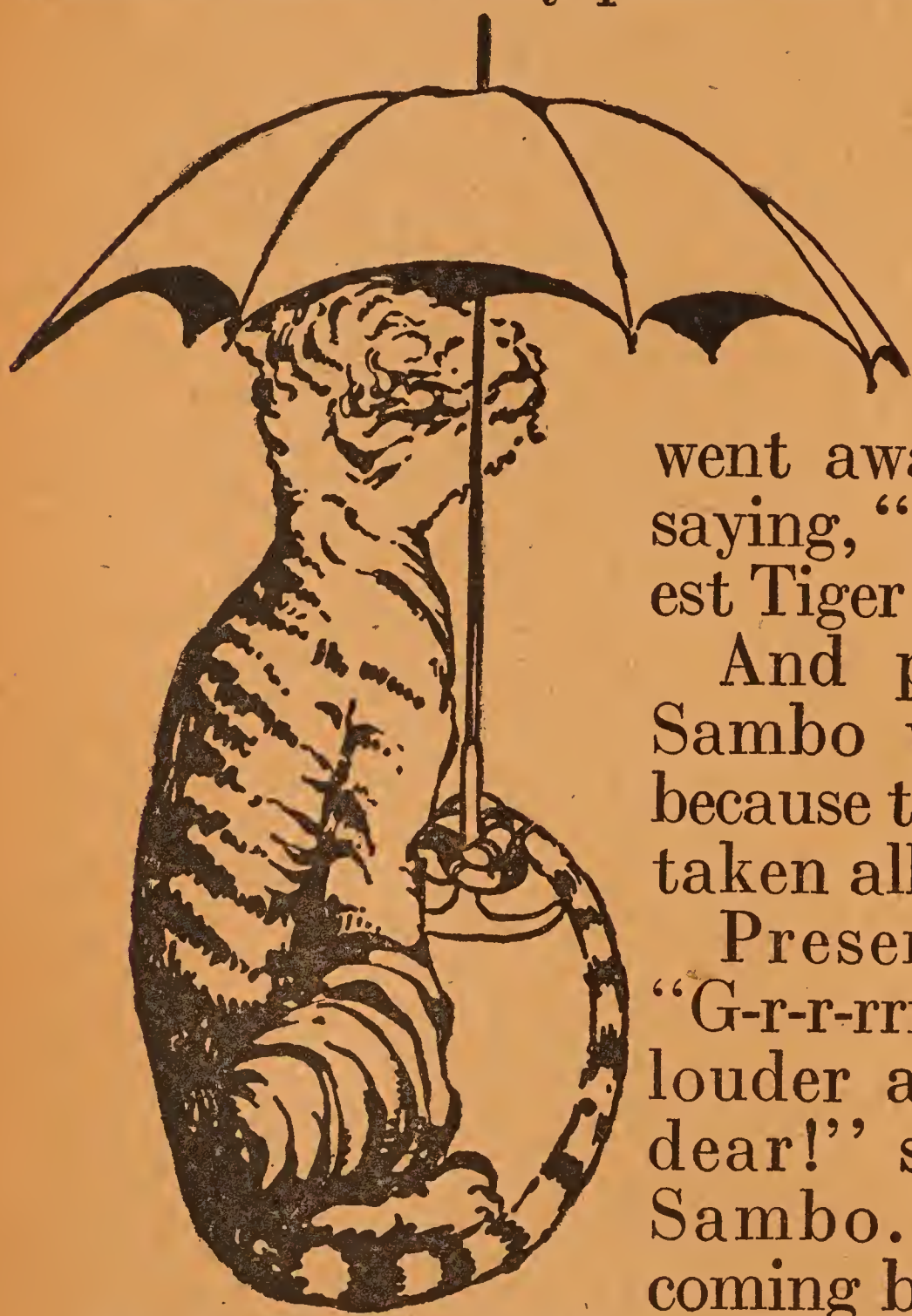
"Oh, please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little purple shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings."

But the Tiger said, "What use would your shoes be to me? I have four feet and you have only two." But Little Black Sambo said, "You could wear them on your ears," to which the Tiger agreed and went away wearing the shoes on his ears, saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the jungle."

By and by Little Black Sambo met another Tiger. "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!"

"Oh, please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up and I'll give you my beautiful green umbrella."

But the Tiger said, "How can I carry an umbrella when I need all my paws for walking?"



"You could tie a knot on your tail, and carry it that way."

"So I could," said the Tiger, and went away carrying it and saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the jungle."

And poor Little Black Sambo went away crying because the cruel Tigers had taken all his fine clothes.

Presently he heard a "G-r-r-rrrrrrrrr," that grew louder and louder. "Oh dear!" said Little Black Sambo. "The Tigers are coming back to eat me up!"

He ran to a palm tree and peeped around it. There he saw all the Tigers disputing which of them was the grandest. They grew so angry they jumped up and took off all the fine clothes and began to tear each other with their claws.

And they came, rolling and tumbling right to the foot of the very tree where Little Black Sambo was hiding, but he jumped quickly in behind the umbrella. And the Tigers all caught hold of each others' tails as they wrangled and so they found themselves in a ring around the tree. Then when the Tigers were very wee and very far away, Little Black Sambo jumped up and called out, "Oh, Tigers! Why have you taken off all your nice clothes? Don't you want them any more?"

But the Tigers only answered, "Gr-r-r-rrr!"

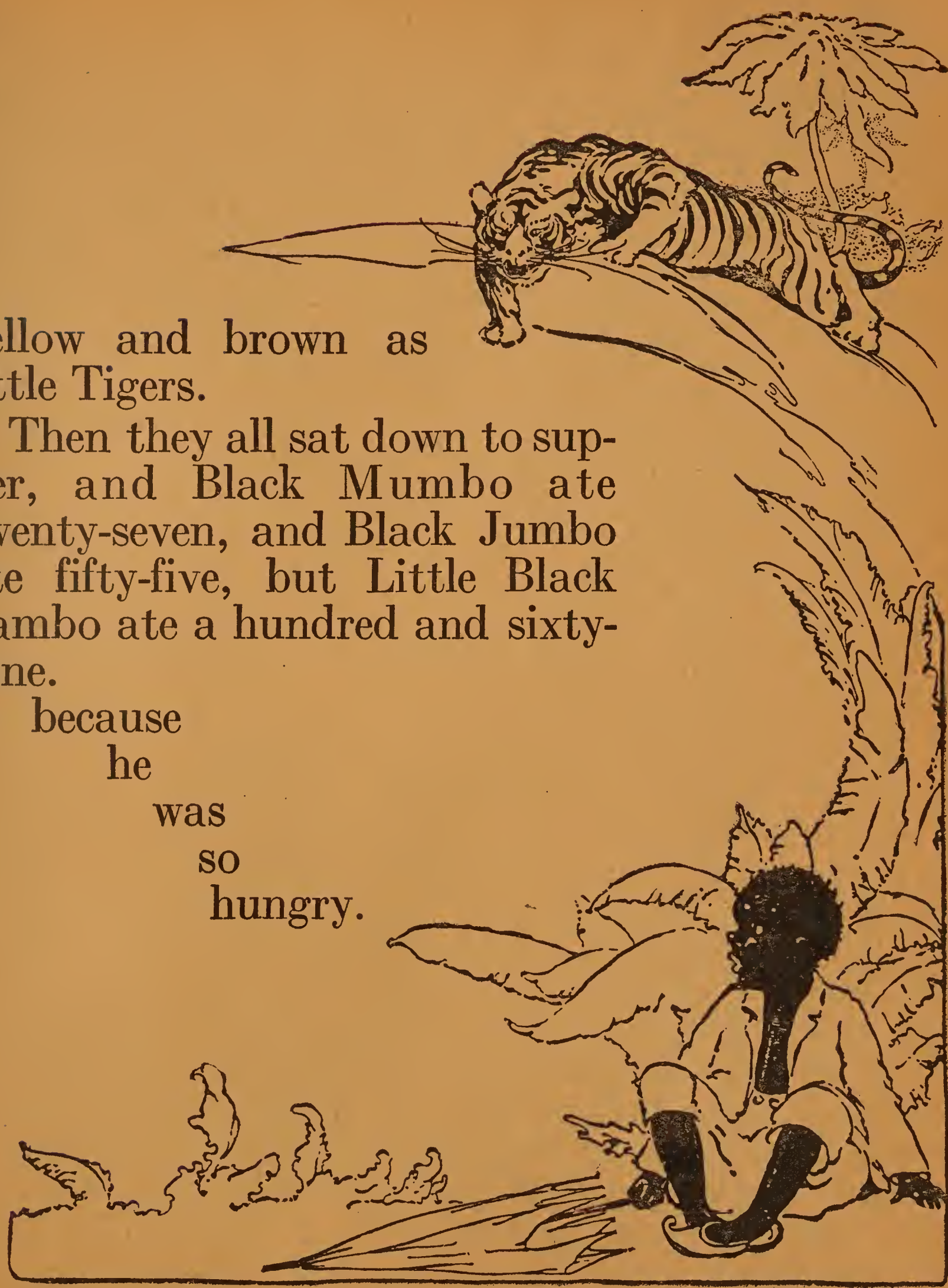
Then Little Black Sambo said, "If you want them, say so, or I'll take them away." But the Tigers would

not let go of each others' tails, and so they could only say "Gr-r-r-rrrr!" They were so angry that they ran round the tree, trying to eat each other up, and they ran faster and faster till you couldn't see their legs at all. They ran so fast they just melted away and there was nothing left but a big pool of melted butter round the foot of that tree.

Now Black Jumbo was coming home from his work with a big brass pot in his arms, and when he saw what was left of the Tigers he said, "What lovely melted butter! I'll take that home to Black Mumbo for her to cook with." And wasn't Black Mumbo pleased!

"Now," said she, "we'll all have pancakes for supper!"

So she made a huge big plate of the most lovely pancakes and she fried them in the melted butter the Tigers had made until they were as



yellow and brown as little Tigers.

Then they all sat down to supper, and Black Mumbo ate twenty-seven, and Black Jumbo ate fifty-five, but Little Black Sambo ate a hundred and sixty-nine.

because he was so hungry.

# BLACK BEAUTY

Black Beauty's first home was in a green field where colts and lambs had many happy times.

I had friends to play with in the field, some colts and some two-year-olds.

I was born in May, and my first home was a green field. At one end there was a pond, and green grass grew down to its very edge and shade trees were near.

At first I could not stand on my legs, they shook so with my weight. Mother bent down to me and told me to be brave; that soon I would be strong and could walk as well as she, but I must try.

"Move your left foot," she said.

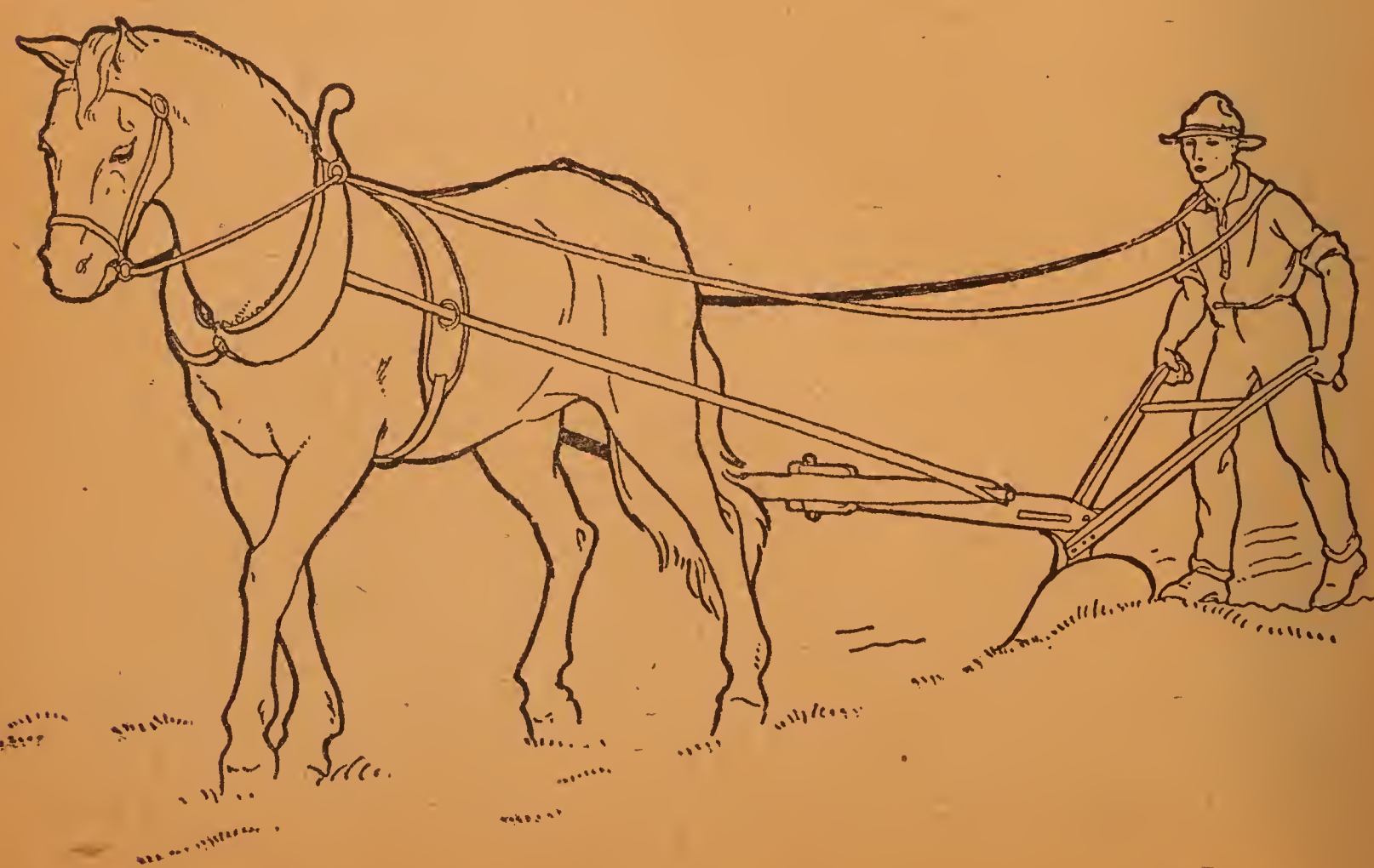
Just a bit of a step I made, and my right hind-leg came too. It was all strange to me, but she held me up with her head and told me to keep right on. Then I took a step with my right fore-foot and my left hind-foot—and there I was! I could walk just like my mother!

At first my food was milk. Mother gave it to me, but when my neck grew long, so I could touch my nose to the ground she said I could have no more milk, that I must eat grass and drink from the pond. The first night I had grass for tea, she said, "Now you will soon be a horse!" I looked with scorn on the calves as they drank milk out of a pail. Next day my meals were all of nice, crisp, green grass. I have never tasted milk since then.

Soon my mother went far from me, for a man took her to help him plow. But in six days she was back. Next day was her rest day, she said.

I had friends to play with in the field, some colts and some two-year-olds. It was so mild out of doors that we slept on the soft grass. Dick, the man who took care of us, said it would make us hardy. Once a cold rain came in the night, and when I woke I thought I would freeze and my legs were so stiff I could not walk at first. All my friends felt as did I.

At break of day Mr. Evans came. "Poor colts!" he said. "You should have been in the horse barn!" He took me by the mane and led me and my friends followed. Dick met us, and Mr. Evans said, "The horse barn is the right place for these colts at night."



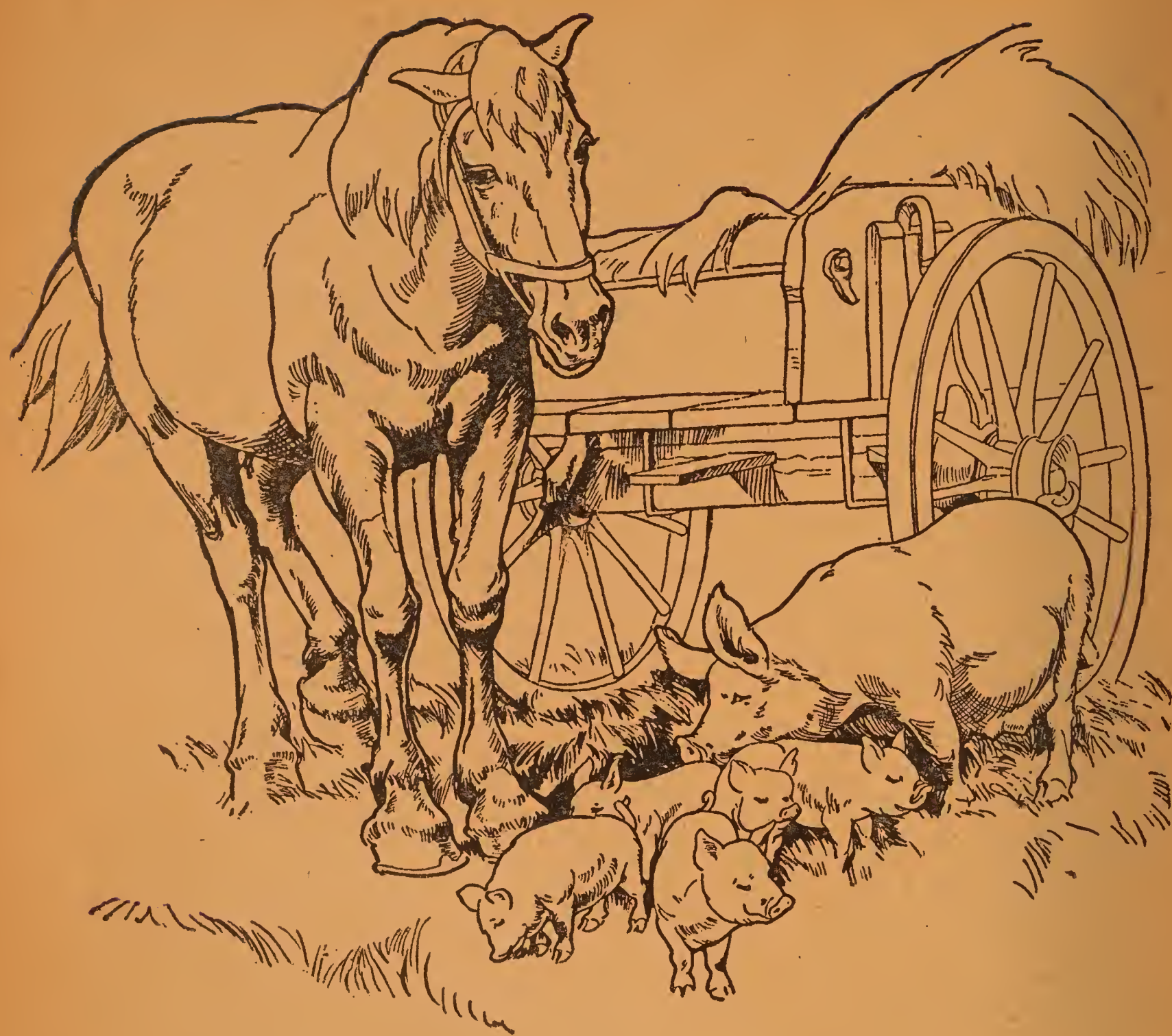
When we were in the field, the colts would play, but some would lose sight of the fun and would fight, bite and kick. I did not like that and would stand in a corner and look on, though they did not like my refusal to join them.

One day my mother saw me as she came to the trough to drink. She said, "My child, they are good colts in their way; they mean no harm, but you are wise to keep from them. They will be cart horses when they grow up, as their friends now are and will drudge through life like slaves. As colts they must be rough in their ways, and stand kicks and bites, or they would die from blows they will get from men who will drive them. I feel sad for them, but we may not help them. If you should try to, you would soon be as rough and coarse as they. You have yet to see me bite or kick. I want you to be as I am, so when you grow up all will be your friends."

Mother was wise, and I thank her now for all she said that day. These rough colts did at last seem to be more kind to one another in their play. Perhaps through me she may have taught them too.

## CHAPTER II

Mr. Evans came to see the colts two or three times each day. He made much of me, and would always stroke my face, pat my neck, rub my back



and lift up my feet. Then he would stand off and hold up his hand, saying, "Come here, Nig!" He said I was black as pitch and that the white spot on my face was like a star in the night. He would rub my coat with a cloth for an hour at a time. Then when my sides shone, he would stand back and say to me, "Black as midnight, Nig! And fine as silk!"

Jack was so kind to me, I did all I could to please him. He first taught me that things would not hurt me. He let me see the straps, the shafts, the wheels, and I touched them with my nose. If I shook with fear at first, he would stroke my neck and face, speak to me and feed me. When he put the bit in my mouth, I stood still and held my head down. He made it warm for my mouth and did not draw the straps too tight. He said a horse should see all ways at once and so I never wore blinders. I know it is the clear sight I have that makes me brave.

I was a three-year-old when Jack said I should learn to race; that I was built for a swift horse. When he told Mr. Evans, he said, "No horse of mine shall race for a prize, but if thou wouldst like to try Darky's speed, thou mayst take him to the course at Birtwick and try him out."

All that year Jack drove me each day on the roads, and some days we went to the Birtwick track when no one was there. How smooth and nice it felt to my feet! I wore thin shoes; Jack said a horse could dance in them. I could, but the shafts of the light two-wheeled cart held me in, and Jack would say, "Now, Nig, show your speed!" Off I would start, and soon I could not hold in. I just **must** fly through the air; my feet would seem to skim the ground as a bird the pond.

Another day Mr. Evans went to the track, and Jack stood watch in hand while Mr. Evans drove. I went so fast the ground seemed to slip from my feet at times, but Mr. Evans said, "Not too swift,

my Darky! Keep your pace, old boy!" Soon we came to where Jack stood, but I could not stop at once. "Whoa there, Nig! Slow down, my pet!" said Mr. Evans and at least I could turn.

"I said Nig could race!" said Jack. "He made the half mile in 1:03."

Mr. Evans was glad, and told Jack to take me on the track at the big race the next month. When the great day came, there were nine of us to start. Jack and I got off first and were first all the way around. But we must do it twice, and one horse was close to us. I could hear him breathe as he came near.

"Be brave!" called Jack. "We will beat the field!"

I felt his hands stroke my nose, though he was not there. On I sped. Such cheers! Such noise! Men lifted Jack from the light cart and held him in the air. They put a wreath on my neck and led me back to a stand where men made more noise.

Mr. Evans and a Mr. Gordon came up and soon Mr. Evans said, "Yes, I will sell him to you for I know you will not make a track horse of him. He is too good for such a life."

And so I lost my good friend. But Jack went with me to Mr. Gordon's. We drove in through a wide gate, up a lane through rows of great trees and beds of blooming plants. Squire and Mrs. Gordon and their daughter Helen stood on the porch.

"He's been called Nig or Darky, he is so black."

"Not nice at all!" declared Miss Helen. "Call him Black Beauty, father," and so that was my name. As Black Beauty I was to be known.

## CHAPTER III

Such a fine horse barn as there was at Gordon Park! In it were four box stalls and a gate shut each horse in his own. He could walk or stamp in it, swing his head, lie down and roll if he chose. It was a horse room more than a stall, clean and light.

I quickly made friends with the dog who lived in the barn and her three puppies.

In the stall on my left was a fat, gray, wee horse with a thick mane and a long tail.

"How do you do! My name is Black Beauty. What is yours?"

"Merrylegs—and they do say I have a glad heart. Miss Helen and her friends like to ride me, and some times I draw the low chaise."

"So **you** have put me out of my old room!" remarked a horse from the next stall. "It is strange to give a new horse like you the home of an old friend like me."

"A man put me here," I replied. "How could I help that? But I wish to live at peace with all."

"We shall see!" said the strange horse. "Time will tell!"

"Her name is Ginger," explained Merrylegs. "One day Miss Helen was in the barn and gave me a piece of sugar. This roan did not like that, and snapped at Miss Helen."

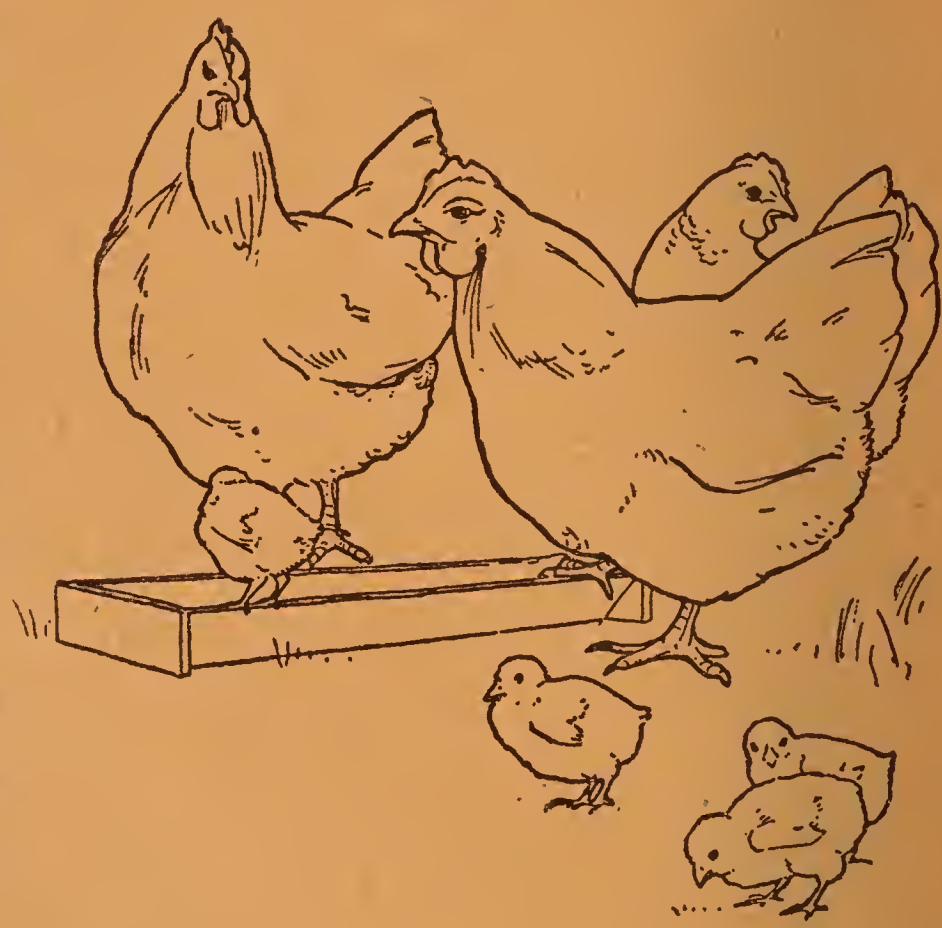
" 'Oh, ho!' she said. 'You like to snap. I shall call you Ginger.' So that has been her name ever since."

I had not been at Gordon Park very long when a strange horse came into the stable. His name was Sir Oliver. Ginger did not like him. "He is a stuck-up horse," she said. "See how he holds his head when they drive him out; his nose up in the air; his neck stiff. And look at his tail! Short as a whisk broom!"

Ginger did not know then, as I have learned since, the agony Sir Oliver had endured with a check rein to train him to hold his head so, and the terrible pain inflicted by men who thought foolish fashion could improve God's own plan for horses.

One day Jack put the saddle on me, and said, "Mr. Gordon will drive Sir Oliver, Mrs. Gordon will ride Black Beauty, while Helen will take Ginger, leaving Merrylegs for Charles, the boy who came from London last night."

Squire Gordon was pleased when he saw Sir Oliver looking so fine in his black harness, and said, "You did well to put a net on him, Jack. It helps keep off the flies. The white net on his rich brown coat looks well, does it not?" turning to Mrs. Gordon on my back. "As for you, my dear, you are a queen on Black Beauty."



That made me happy and I stepped high and pranced a bit just to show off, knowing she knew how to keep her seat in the saddle.

Though Ginger stood quietly as Miss Helen mounted there was a look in her eyes I did not like, and she did not keep her ears still. When a horse seems to be on the watch for strange things, moving her ears back and forth in a quick, nervous way, it is well to look out for that horse, and so I was

glad when Mrs. Gordon kept close to Miss Helen. You see then I could keep an eye on Ginger.

So we all set out along the pleasant country road, wide green pastures stretching away on either side in which sheep were peacefully feeding.

"What are those white lines on Sir Oliver?" Ginger asked me as we trotted along side by side.

I told her it was a net, but she seemed to think it was some sort of trap that they had caught him in. Poor Ginger! Her nerves were weak that day, and when of a sudden a hen that had been mothering her downy chicks in a farmyard ran out the gate, her wings spread wide, and squawked right under Ginger's feet, it was too much. Ginger was thinking about that net, the hen gave her a fright and off she ran. Miss Helen did her best, but Ginger had the bit between her teeth and a strong man could not have held her.

When Mr. Gordon saw that Ginger would not stop, he said, "You can catch her with Black Beauty, my dear. Hurry now!" and not waiting for Mrs. Gordon to speak I was away. Never had I been able to run as swift as I did in that race. Not a sound did I hear except the kind voice of Mrs. Gordon as she reached out and patted my neck and said, "Do your best, Black Beauty! Do your best!"

Soon I drew close to Ginger but she heard me and ran with greater speed. Then she did seem to be blind, for she ran straight for a tree by the roadside.

Miss Helen pulled hard on the right-hand rein, but Ginger turned only her head, not her body. I was right at her heels now. Mrs. Gordon pulled lightly on my

left rein and I sprang past Ginger my full length, then a twitch on my right rein and now I was leaning on and crowding Ginger away from the tree.

"Quick!" called Mrs. Gordon to Miss Helen, and put her arm around her—and the next I knew had lifted her right off Ginger's back. As soon as I could I came to a stop, and both ladies were off my back and at my head. How they did pet and talk to me! It was better than all the wreaths and noise at the race track.

A man caught Ginger and led her back to us by the time Mr. Gordon and Charles came up, and Miss Helen rode home in the chaise with her father. The next day Mr. Gordon sent Jack to Birtwick with orders to sell Ginger for what he could get. It was a long time before I met her again.

## CHAPTER IV

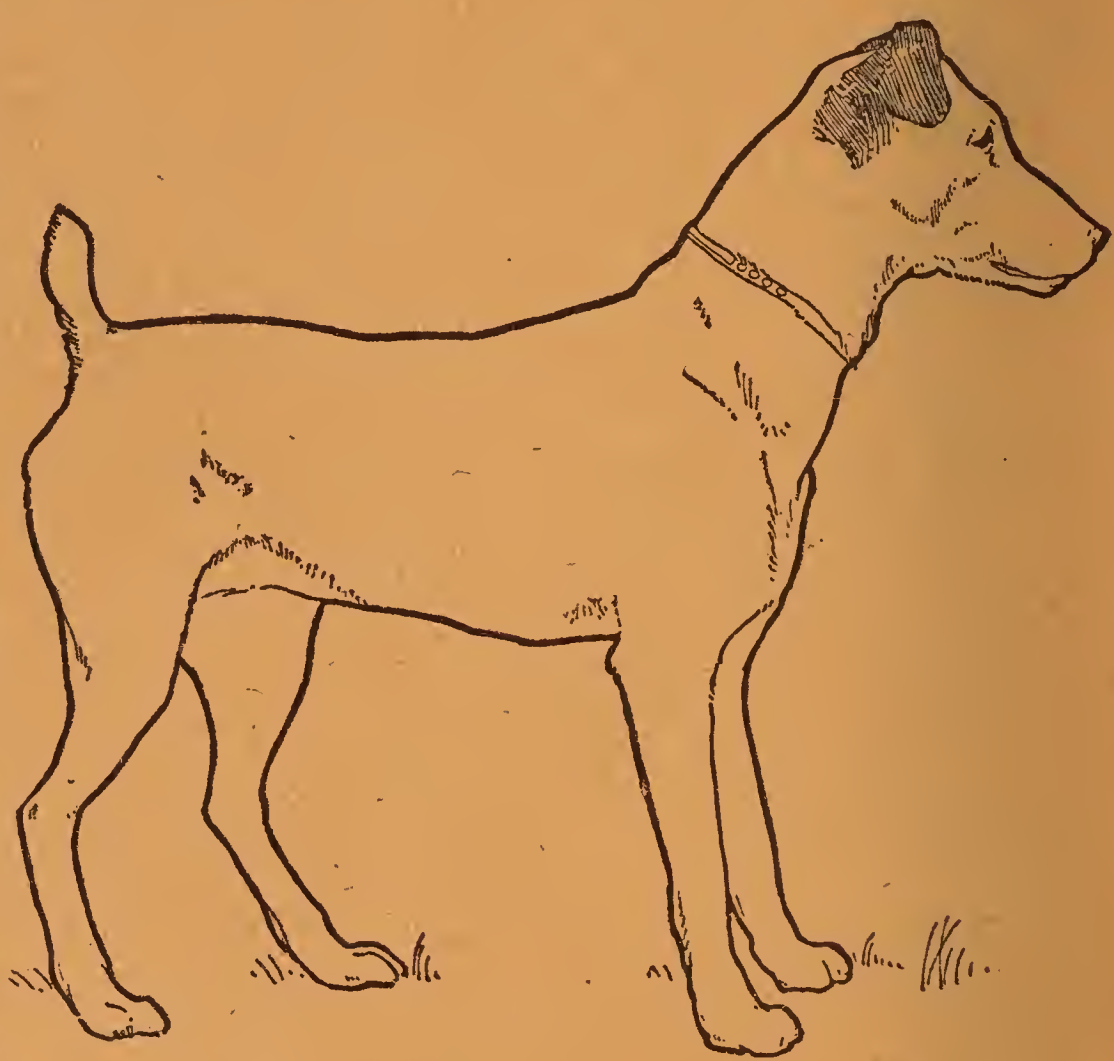
Miss Helen's visits to the stable grew less and less frequent and now the horses were often driven to Birtwick for the doctor and then one day we heard Mr. Gordon talking to Jack.

"I am sick at heart," he said, his head hanging down as if he were ill. "The doctor says I can save Miss Helen's life only by getting her away from England. Of course nothing shall hinder me and we are taking her to Italy and shall keep her

there some years. I wish you to arrange to close the place and sell all the cattle and horses."

Men came every day after that, and some drove off the sheep and some took the fine blooded cows.

Sir Oliver was going on a farm; Merrylegs was given to a man who lived near by, and a man I did not like bought me. I heard him tell Jack he kept a big sales stable in the city.



At daybreak I was led out of the barn, hitched to an old gig and started for my new home.

Mr. York kept a large stable in London and knew how a horse should be taken care of, but all his care was because we meant just so much money to him. He said I must wear hoods on my eyes. Blinders they are called. I had always been able to see on all sides, and often when I heard a strange noise and felt afraid, I could see it was only another horse with a load of iron or tin that made the noise.

# CHAPTER V

I had no day of rest now. Indeed on the days when I heard the bells ringing I had long drives. On such a day two men hired me. They drove me a long way out of the city. I thought I had fallen into good hands and there was Dandy trotting by me too, and squirrels whisked along the roadside, gathering their winter supply of nuts.

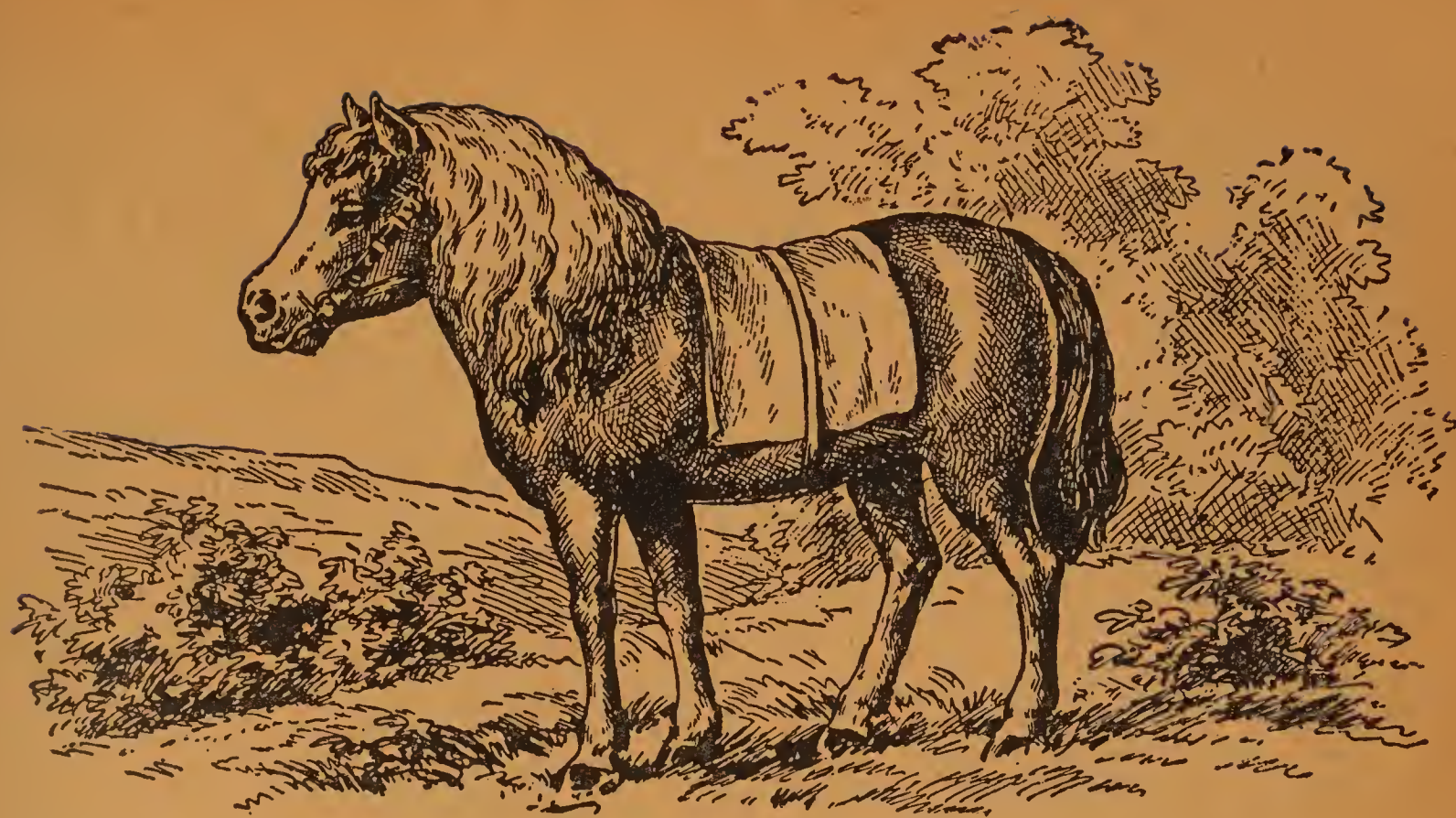
Driving me through a meadow to a river, they unhitched me and tied me in the shade and gave me some oats. Then they took a basket with them to the river bank, and after drinking from some bottles in it, rolled over on the grass and lay still. It was dusk when they awoke and they had a long struggle to get the bridle on me, though I helped all I could. Then we started homeward and one pulled on the reins while the other whipped me. Suddenly I knew the bit was not in my mouth and a panic came

over me and whirling around I started on a run for the road. Unguided, with blinders on my eyes, I could not see how much space to give the wheels in the narrow gate to the road. Crash! went a wheel against a post, and I was dragging the broken gig. Both men fell out, but that was no fault of mine. On I dashed.

I began to kick at the broken gig that seemed to be pursuing me. At last I was free, and ran on and on until I stumbled on a stone and fell. A man ran out and caught me by my bridle before I could get to my feet. He spoke quietly to me and then I was ashamed of myself. He put me in his barn, went back to the gig and pulled it off the road. Dandy began pulling at his coat, and the man followed him to where the two men lay and he gave them the care they needed. Mr. York feared this experience made me unsafe to drive, so sent me to a horse fair to be sold. He kept Dandy in my old stall, and I never saw him again.

## CHAPTER VI

At the fair were more horses than I had ever seen together; long strings of young animals fresh from the fields; droves of shaggy ponies; hundreds of cart horses; and a number like myself, handsome and well-bred, but now in the middle class because of some defect or accident.



At last there came a gentleman who wanted a horse to ride as his doctor had ordered that exercise. His groom's name was Filcher, and I thought him rightly named.

One day my master rode me out to a farmer friend.

"Do you feed him plenty of oats?" Mr. Barry asked.

"The best money can buy, and I tell my groom to feed him well."

"Are you sure your horse gets the oats?" the farmer asked, rubbing his hand over me.

The next morning the boy went out with the bag of oats, but soon was back, a policeman with him. "Where does this boy get the oats?" he asked, and Filcher confessing, he was sent to jail for his dishonesty.

# CHAPTER VII

Mr. Barry said he must sell me and I was sent to his farmer friend to run on the sod until sold.

One day a man came to the field leading my old friend Ginger. Poor Ginger's forelegs were quite stiff; it was painful to see her walk.

"When I left Gordon Park," she told me, "I was bought by a farmer, and though the work was hard all his horses had good care. Finally the farmer's son came home. He was a wild young man and one day started out to see how far a horse could race in a day. I was exhausted and wet with sweat

when he stopped at a spring and let me drink all the water I could. How nice and cool it was! Then he drove me into a barn and when he came back I was in great pain and shaking with cold. His friends said I was foundered and if I did not die would be a cripple for life. They did all they could for me, but it left me as you see me now."

Next day a man came and looked at both of us and said, "They would make a fairly good team for my hack; I'll buy them if the price is right."

When Jerry Barker brought his wife to see us two days after that she advised him to buy us, and the bargain was closed. At last Jerry Barker was in business for himself. I never knew a better man than my new master. He was kind and good, firm for the right and always happy. He was fond of making up little verses and singing them to himself. This is one:

Come, father and mother
And sister and brother,
Come all of you, turn to
And help one another.

And so they did. Harry helped do the stable work; Polly and Dolly would brush the cab and rub the glass while Jerry was cleaning Ginger and me. They always laughed as they worked, and even horses would rather hear laughter than scolding you may be sure.

They were up at sunrise for Jerry would sing:

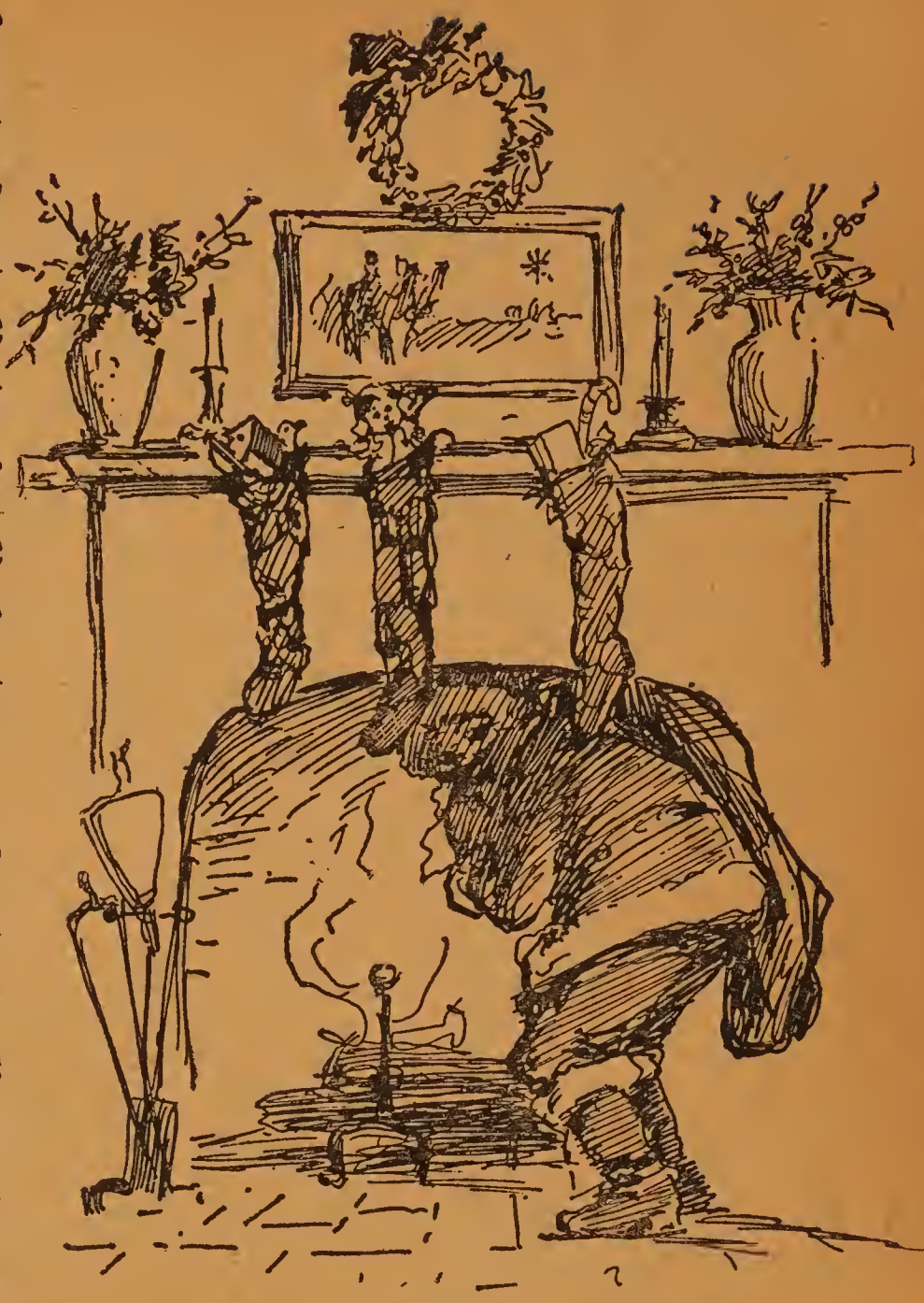
If you in the morning
Throw minutes away,
You can't pick them up
In the course of the day;
You may hurry,
And scurry,
And flurry,
And worry,
You've lost them forever,
Forever and aye!

And the whole family evidently believed it, and were up to prove it.

## CHAPTER VIII

Christmas and the New Year bring pleasure to many people but to cabmen and their horses the season brings work and much waiting far into the night. Often driver and horse must stand for hours in front of some grand mansion or place of amusement, waiting for those who ordered the cab to make their appearance.

On New Year's Eve, Jerry took two gentlemen to a party and was told to call for them promptly at eleven. As the clock struck we were at the door. He rang the bell and was told to wait. It was sleeting and Jerry threw an extra blanket on us and then walked up and down by the cab. Soon he



got inside the cab for shelter, but we could hear him cough. It was after one when the gentlemen came and when Jerry turned us home after a three-mile drive he could hardly whisper hoarsely, "Hurry home now!"

At last he got home, a really sick man, and next morning Harry did the stable work, fed and watered us. Many days after this we learned our master must take a long rest. I was sold to a friend of Jerry's, a dealer in grain and feed, and my driver was Andrew. He often said I could not take so much as they loaded on the wagon, but, like the other men, he had to do as his foreman ordered. One day with such an overloaded wagon I had to stop often as the road was uphill. Then it was hard to hold the wagon from going backward. This displeased Andrew and he whipped me, shouting, in an angry voice,

"Get along, you lazy brute, or I'll show you I can make you!"

I struggled on for a few feet. The whip came down again across my back and again I moved forward. The whip not only hurt my sides and back, but my mind, too.

Just then a lady stepped up to Andrew and in a sweet, earnest voice said, "Oh, sir, please do not whip your horse! I think you do not give him a fair chance. He cannot use all his power with his head held up by that check-rein. Take it off and see what he can do then."

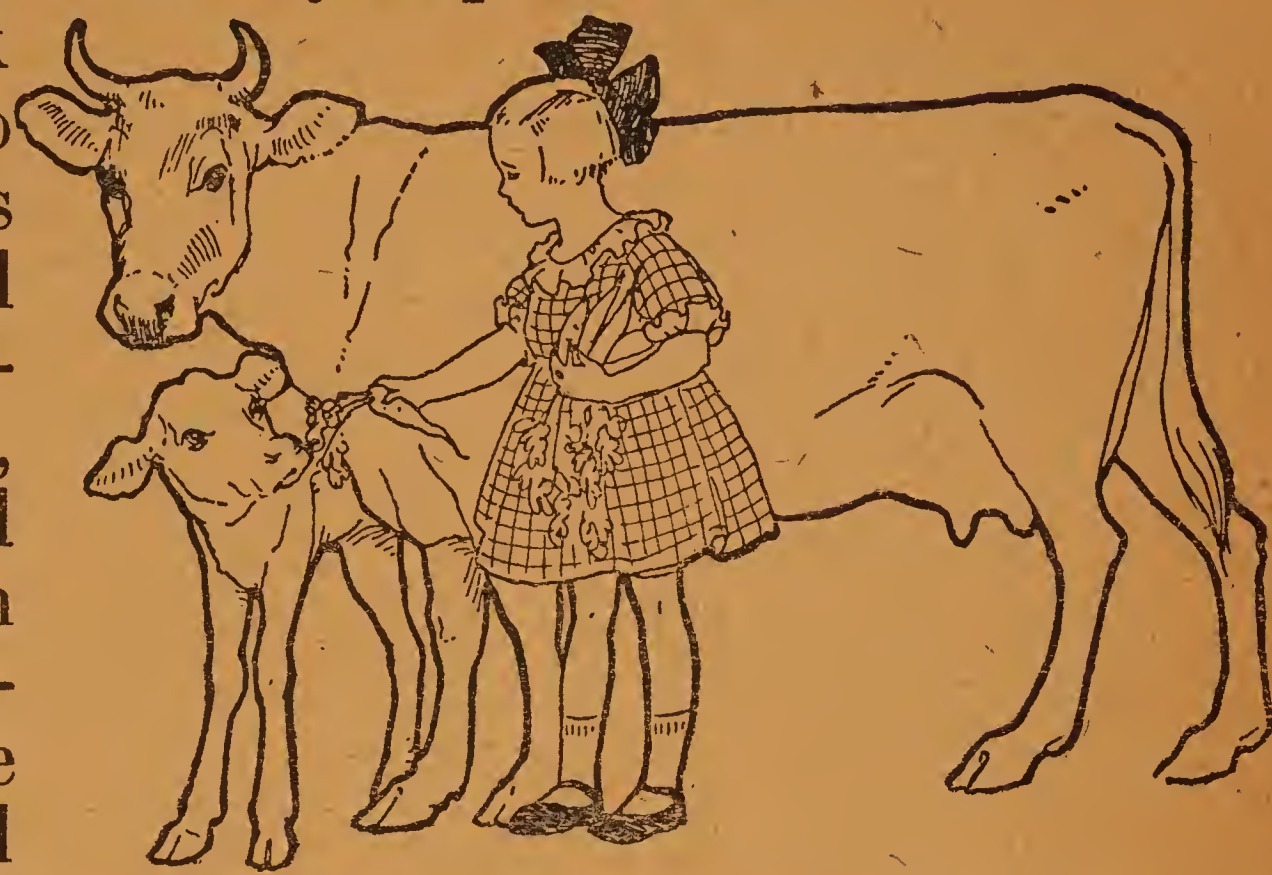
"Well, I'll do it to please you, lady," said Andrew. "But it is the fashion to use the check-rein and people will laugh at me if I do not."

But off came the check-rein—how nice it felt! Lowering my head, putting all my weight against the collar, I pushed and pulled with all of my strength. The load moved steadily up the hill. There I stopped to take breath, and the lady came to me again and stroking my neck said, "Thank you, driver! He looks like a horse I once owned." And though I could not remember her, I seemed to know her voice.

## CHAPTER IX

I shall never forget my next master, Nicholas Skinner. He was a cab driver whose hand and

foot were ever quick to strike or kick a poor horse that moved too slowly to please him.



I, Black Beauty, who had always been hopeful and good-natured, patient and willing, with all the memories of the beautiful days on the farm, now began to know what despair could mean. You see I was fast breaking down.

One Monday I went on the cab stand at seven o'clock and all day I had been kept going, for by fast driving an extra shilling was often given by a fare. Another train was due and when it came in a party of four came up with a lot of luggage. The lady and boy climbed in the cab while the man gave orders about the luggage and the young girl came and looked at me.

"I am sure, papa, this poor horse cannot take us and all our luggage so far," she said.

"He's all right, miss," said my driver, and her father added an impatient, "Come, come! Get inside and hold your tongue!"

I got on fairly well until we came to a hill, and then the heavy load and my exhaustion were too much for me. I pulled with all my might, but all in a moment my feet slipped from under me and I fell heavily on my side. I lay perfectly still! I had no power to move! I thought I was going to die.

Some cold water was dashed on my head and some liquid forced in my mouth and I had to swallow it. How it did burn my throat! But it did me good. I do not know how long I lay there, but by and by the life seemed to come back to me and I staggered to my feet. When I arrived at Skinner's stable a doctor examined me and said, "This is a case of overwork. Let him run in the fields for six months and he may be able to work again."

"That sort of thing doesn't suit my business," replied Skinner. "I work 'em as long as they'll go, and then sell 'em to the peddlers or to the glue factory."

"There's a bargain sale of horses coming off in two weeks," said the doctor. "Feed him well and he may pick up and you will get more for him than his hide's worth."

So for the next two weeks I seemed to live in luxury, and when the sales day came I found myself among a lot of old, lame and half-blind horses.

Most of the sellers and buyers were not much better off than the horses they were bargaining over, but at last there came an old man and a pleasant-faced boy.

"Look here, grandpa," said the boy, "just see this nice black horse among these cripples. He looks as if he had been a gentleman's horse. See the kind look in his eye."

"Yes," replied the grandfather, "he does look better than the other poor beasts," and he patted my neck while the boy rubbed my face. I looked at the boy and wanted to speak, but of course I could not in his language. The man who had brought me to the sale now spoke. "This hoss is just pulled down with hard work. The man as doctors the hosses says a six months' run in the country would bring him up

and make a new critter of him. I've tended him for the last two weeks and he surely is the gentlest animal I ever met."

The boy and his grandpa moved away and spoke in low tones. I knew the boy was begging him to buy me. The old gentleman came back, felt my legs, then looked in my mouth and said, "About fourteen years old. Just trot him out, will you?"

I arched my neck, raised my tail and trotted around the yard as best I could with my stiff legs. When I came back, Mr. Good, for that was the grandpa's name, said, "I'll take him at twenty-five dollars," and as that was the sum Mr. Skinner had named, the money was counted out, and a man rode me slowly home for my new master.

Mr. Good was just like his name. "I am going to put him in your charge, Willie," he said to his grandson. "You had me buy him and now you must see that he turns out to be a bargain."

Willie took the charge quite seriously and came each day to see me, bringing me carrots and other dainties, and stood by me and talked to me while I ate my oats. He called me "Old Chum" for I always followed him around the field and met him at the gate when he came in.

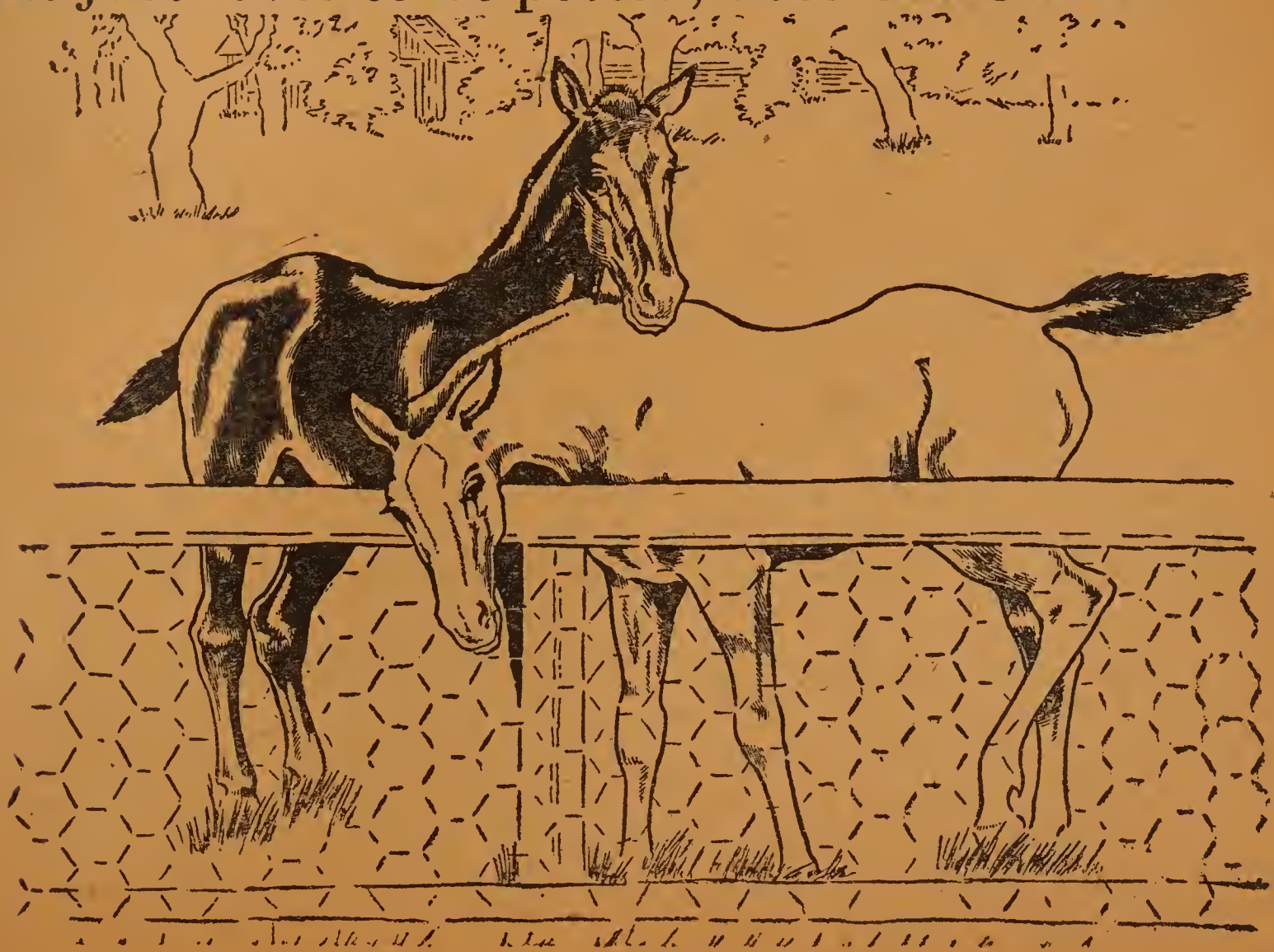
The perfect rest, good food and water, soft turf under my feet and gentle exercise soon told in my favor, and by spring I was really my old self. One

day Mr. Good hitched me to the phaeton and drove me a few miles.

"See, grandpa, Old Chum has got young again!" cried Willie. "Oh, I am so glad you bought him, for he is just a dear Old Chum! I know Aunt will be proud of him when she comes this summer and I take her out riding."

Then one day in June I was half dozing in the warm sunshine when I saw Willie coming to the field, a lady with him. I walked to the gate to meet my little friend, and held down my head that he might stroke my face.

"He won't hurt you, Aunt Helen," assured Willie. "He just loves to be petted, does Old Chum."



"Where did you get him?" asked the lady. "My father owned a horse like him, but sold him about seven years ago. But Old Chum was not his name, though he had a star on his forehead and this horse is black all over, just like Black Beauty."

When she spoke my name as I had known it at dear Gordon Park I pricked up my ears and tried to rub my nose on her arm, but she did not seem to notice.

"Our horse had the funniest little white mark up under his throat, close to his jaws. It was just like a camel's hair paint brush, laid in on the black. Look and see if Old Chum has this mark, Willie."

You may be sure I held up my head when Willie raised it to look!

"Now let me try something," said his aunt, and she walked to the end of the field. Suddenly I heard a chirping sound and a voice calling, "Black Beauty, Black Beauty—Beauty, Beauty! Come here, Black Beauty!"

No one had ever called me that way but Miss Helen at Gordon Park. Surely it must be she! I trotted across the field to her, Willie running by my side. How glad I was that I remembered her! How glad that after all these years she remembered Black Beauty!

And now I remembered the kind lady who had spoken to the driver the day I was pulling the

heavy load up the hill and I knew it was Miss Helen, though she did not know then it was I.

So it happened that Miss Helen, though that is her name no longer, bought me from Mr. Good and who do you suppose came to take me back to my old home? Who but Jack, my old groom! Why, I cannot tell you how happy it made me!

And now in a nice box-stall in the grand barn at Gordon Park or out in the green meadows with horses and cows and sheep, every one of them my staunch friends, I am passing the last years of my life in such comfort as rarely comes to a horse that has had such ups and downs as I.

Some day I hope there will be no cruel men in the world but all will be gentle one to another and to the dumb brutes God entrusts to their care. Perhaps this story of my life may help bring that day. Then I shall be truly happy.

BLACK BEAUTY

One of Black Beauty's faithful friends.

# HANS IN LUCK

As Hans went slowly along, dragging one foot after the other, a man came in sight riding gayly on a beautiful horse.

# HANS IN LUCK

Seven long years Hans had served his master. Then he said, "My time is up, master. I wish to go home to see my mother. Give me my wages."

The master replied, "You have been a most faithful servant and your pay shall be generous," and he gave Hans a lump of silver the size of his head. Hans wrapped it in his pocket handkerchief, slung it over his shoulder and started home. As he went slowly along, a man came in sight riding gayly on a beautiful horse.

"Ah!" exclaimed Hans, "What a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! He stumbles over no stones, saves his shoes, and scarce knows how he travels."

Hearing this, the horseman said, "Well, Hans, then why travel on foot?"

"I have this load to carry," Hans said.

"Of course it is silver, but it is so heavy my shoulders ache from carrying it."

"Then what say you to changing? I'll give you my horse; you shall give me your silver."

"With all my heart!" agreed Hans. "But you'll find it a task to carry the silver," warned he.

But the horseman dismounted and took the silver. Indeed he helped Hans to mount and handing him the bridle said, "When you want to go very fast, smack your lips and cry 'Jip!' "

Hans rode merrily on, and after a time decided he wished to travel faster, so he smacked his lips and cried, "Jip!" Off went the horse at a full gallop. But before he knew what had happened, Hans lay in a ditch by the side of the road.

A shepherd coming by driving a cow held his horse or it would have run off. After Hans had scrambled to his feet, he said, "This riding is no joke when a man owns a beast like mine. You are a great deal better off than I. You can walk behind your cow and can have milk, butter and cheese every day in the bargain. I would give much to own a cow!"

"Well, if you want her, I will exchange my cow for your horse," offered the shepherd.

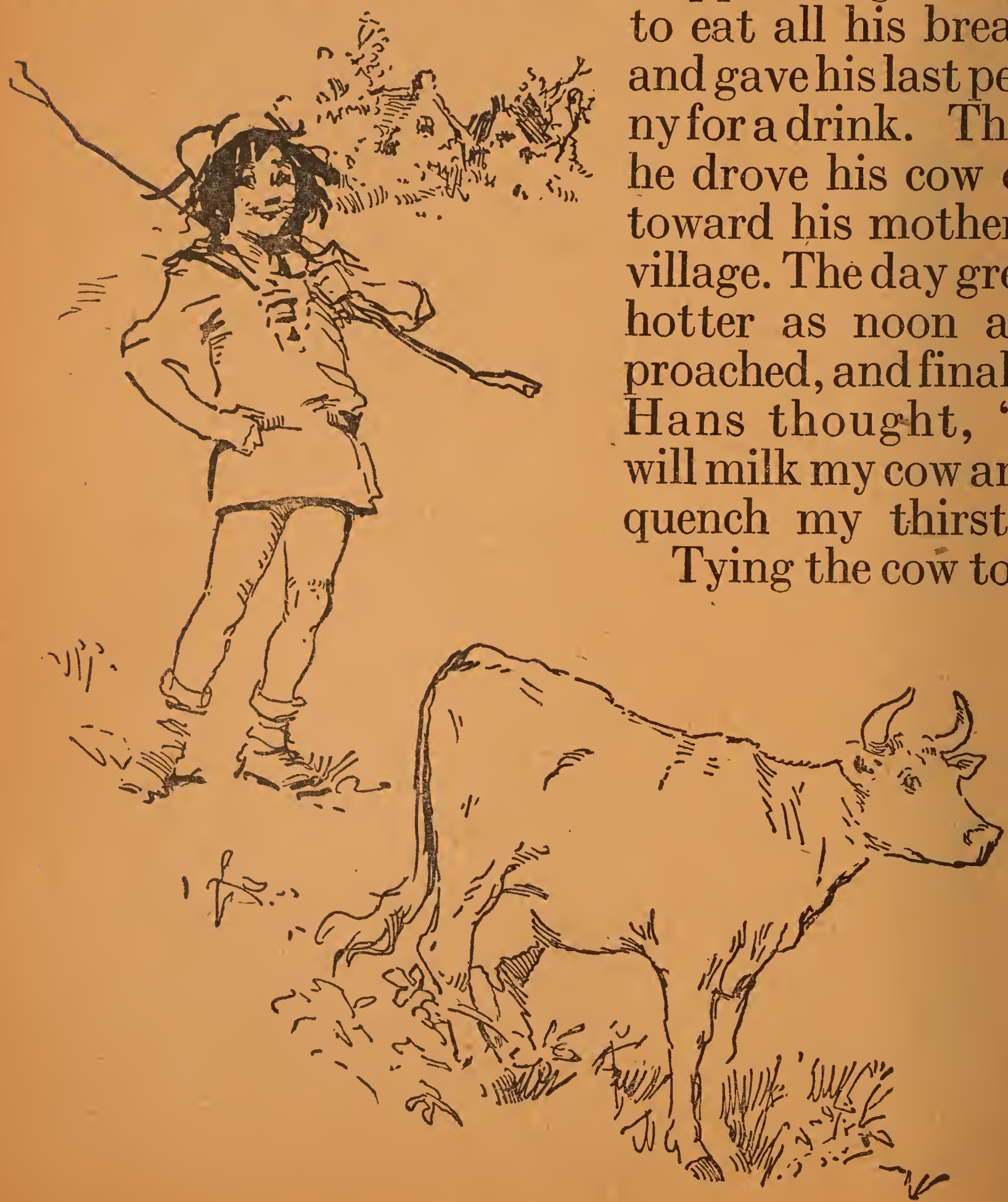
"Accepted!" said Hans gladly, at which the shepherd leaped on the horse and rode off.

Hans drove off the cow, thinking he had made a fine bargain. "If I have only a piece of bread," he

thought, "I can eat my butter and cheese with it whenever I wish. And when I am thirsty, I can have milk. What more can I wish?"

When he reached an inn, he stopped long enough to eat all his bread, and gave his last penny for a drink. Then he drove his cow on toward his mother's village. The day grew hotter as noon approached, and finally Hans thought, "I will milk my cow and quench my thirst."

Tying the cow to a



stump he held his leather cap to milk into it, but not a drop was to be had. Perhaps it was because he was clumsy that the cow gave a kick which knocked Hans senseless. As he lay there, along came a butcher with a pig in a wheelbarrow.

"What's the matter?" asked the butcher, helping Hans to his feet.

When he heard what had happened he handed Hans his flask, saying, "Refresh yourself! Your cow is fit for nothing but the slaughter-house."

"Alas!" mourned Hans. "If I kill her, what will she be good for? The beef would not be tender enough for me to eat. Now if my cow were a pig, I could at least have some sausages."

"Well, you may have my pig for your cow."

"Heaven reward you for your kindness!" exclaimed Hans gratefully, driving off the pig by the string that was tied to its leg.

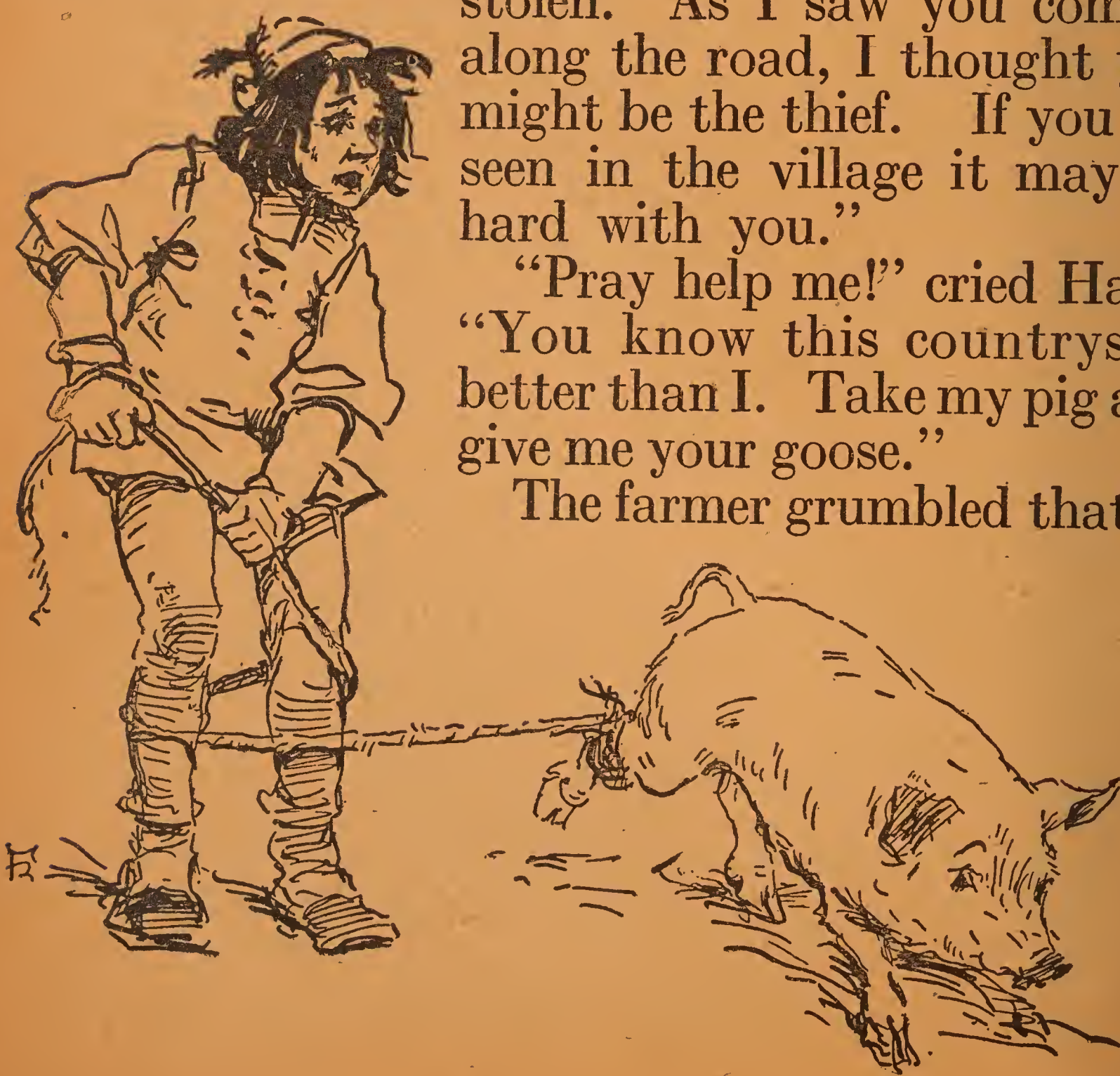
The next person Hans met as he jogged along was a farmer carrying a large white goose under one arm.

The farmer stopping to ask the time of day, Hans told him all his luck and how he had made three bargains.

"Listen, my friend," said the farmer at last, "your pig may get you into trouble. In the village from which I have just come the squire has had a pig stolen. As I saw you coming along the road, I thought you might be the thief. If you are seen in the village it may go hard with you."

"Pray help me!" cried Hans. "You know this countryside better than I. Take my pig and give me your goose."

The farmer grumbled that he



ought to have something in the bargain, but drove off the pig by the string while Hans went on his way, the goose tucked under his arm.

As he came into the village he heard a scissors grinder singing as he toiled on the street. Standing by to watch him for a while, Hans said at last, "You must be well off, you seem so very happy."

"You see I have a fine trade," answered the scissors grinder. "A good grinder always has money in his pocket. Where did you get that splendid goose you are carrying?"

"I traded a pig for it," said Hans.

"And where did you get the pig?"
"I gave a cow for it."
"And where did you get the cow?"
"I gave a horse for it."
"And where did you get the horse?"
"I gave a piece of silver as big as my head for it."

"And where did you get the piece of silver?"

"I worked for it for seven years."

"You have done well," replied the scissors grinder. "And your fortune would be made if you could find money in your pocket every time you put in your hand."

"But how could I do that?" asked Hans.

"Be a grinder like I am. All you need is a grindstone. Mine is a little old, but even so I would exchange it for your goose."

"Take the goose!" exclaimed Hans eagerly.

"Now," said the grinder, handing Hans a rough stone he picked up from the wayside, "here is an

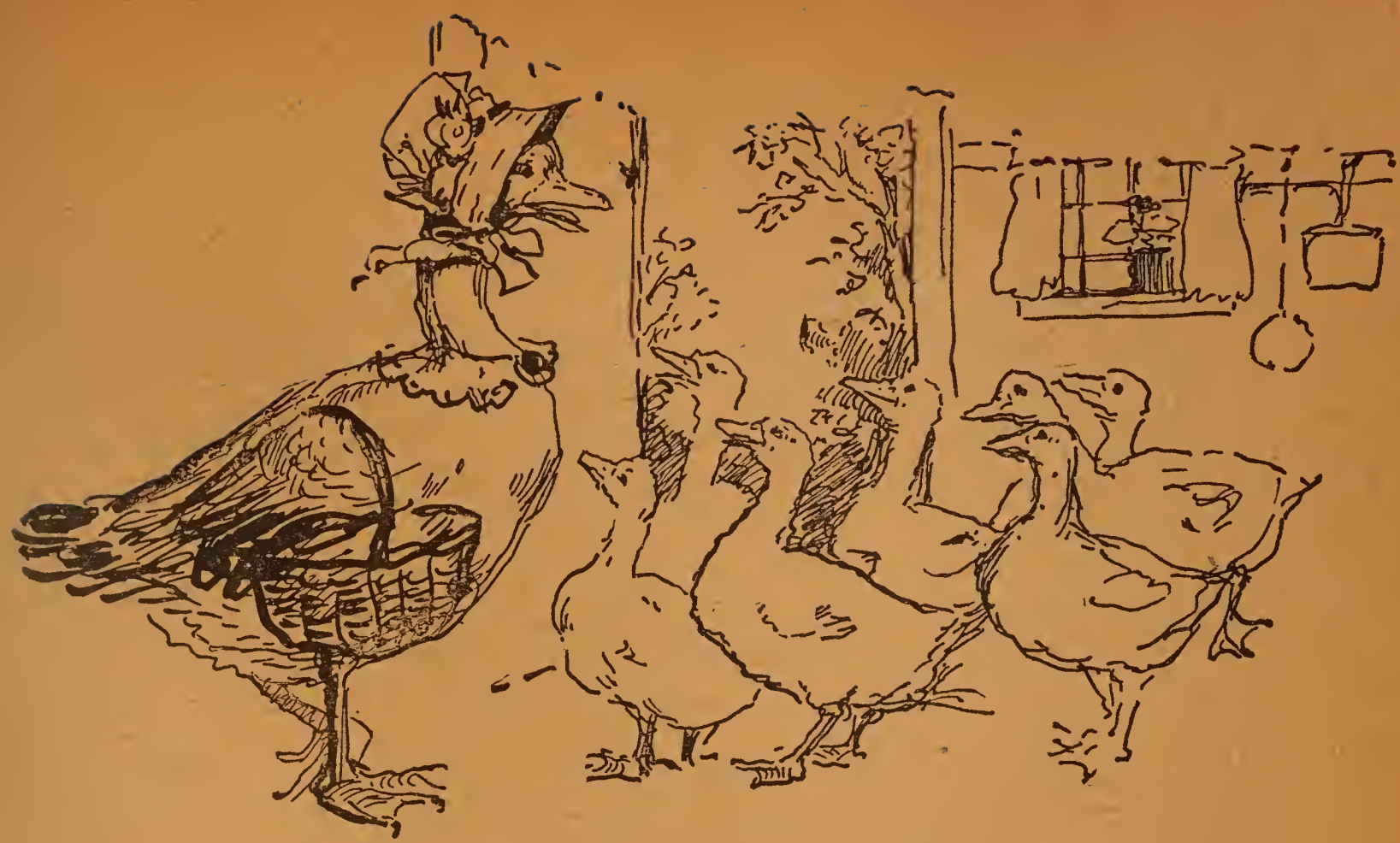
excellent stone. Use it properly and you can make a rusty nail cut with it."

Hans took the stone and trudged off with a happy heart.

He had traveled since dawn and was growing weary. At last he felt he could walk no longer, the stone was such a heavy load. He crept to the edge of a pond to quench his thirst. First laying the stone on the bank, he stooped to drink, but the stone rolled into the water. He watched it sink, then leaped to his feet in joy, thanking heaven for taking away his burden, the heavy stone.

"Oh, happy am I!" he exclaimed. "No man was ever so lucky as I!"

Then he went on his way without a trouble until he reached his mother's house.



# THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN YOUNG GOSLINGS

Once upon a time a goose had seven young goslings, and she loved them and cared for them as a mother should. One day she wanted to go to the woods to hunt for food, so calling all her children to her, she said, "Dear children, I am going to the woods. Be on your guard against the wolf while I am away, for if he should get in he will eat you up, feathers, skin and all. He often comes in disguise, but you will be sure to know him by his rough voice and his black paws."

"Don't worry about us, mother dear," replied the goslings seven. "We will take every care."

Now she had not been gone long until somebody

rapped at the door and cried, "Open, open, dear children! Mother has brought something to eat."

But the goslings knew it was the wolf because of the rough voice. "You're not our mother!" they said. "We will not open the door. Our mother has a sweet voice while yours is rough. We know you are the wolf!"

So the wolf bought a great piece of chalk, ate it and hurried back to the goslings' house.

"Open, open, dear children!" he cried this time in a sweet voice. "Mother has brought something to eat."

But he put his black paw up on the window sill. When the goslings saw it, they cried, "You are not our mother. Our mother hasn't black feet. We know you are the wolf!"

So the wolf ran to the baker. "I wounded my foot," he said. "Put some dough on it."

This the baker did, and the wolf hurried off to the miller and said, "Cover my paws with some meal,"

and when he saw the miller hesitate, he added, "If you don't, I'll eat you up!" Because the miller feared the wolf, he obeyed. That is the way of the world, you know.

Then the wolf hurried back the third time, knocked on the door and cried, "Open, open, dear children! Mother has brought something to eat!"

But the goslings replied, "Show us your paws!"

The rogue of a wolf put up his paws. They were white. The goslings opened the door—but oh, how they ran as the wolf walked in! One ran under the table, the second flew up on the bed, the third hopped into the oven, while the fourth hurried into the kitchen. The fifth chose the chest and the sixth trembled under the tub. The seventh sought safety in the great clock. But no matter, the wolf gobbled them up one after the other. All but the very youngest which was in the clock case.

With six goslings as a meal, he grew sleepy and went out under a tree for a nap.

Now the goose came back and found her house in wild disorder. She called and called her goslings and finally a weak little voice called out, "I'm in the clock case, mother dear!" And when she had pulled him out he told her all about how the cruel wolf had come three times and eaten all the other six.

Weeping bitterly, she hurried out of doors, the one lone gosling by her side. There under the tree she saw the wolf. The goose walked all around him till she saw that something was kicking inside him.

She told the little gosling to hurry to the house and bring her scissors, thread and needle. Oh, yes, the little gosling hurried, and the goose had given only one snip of her scissors when out of the villain's stomach jumped the first gosling. Snip! Out came the second. Snip, snip! Out came the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth! You see the wolf had been so greedy he had swallowed them whole.

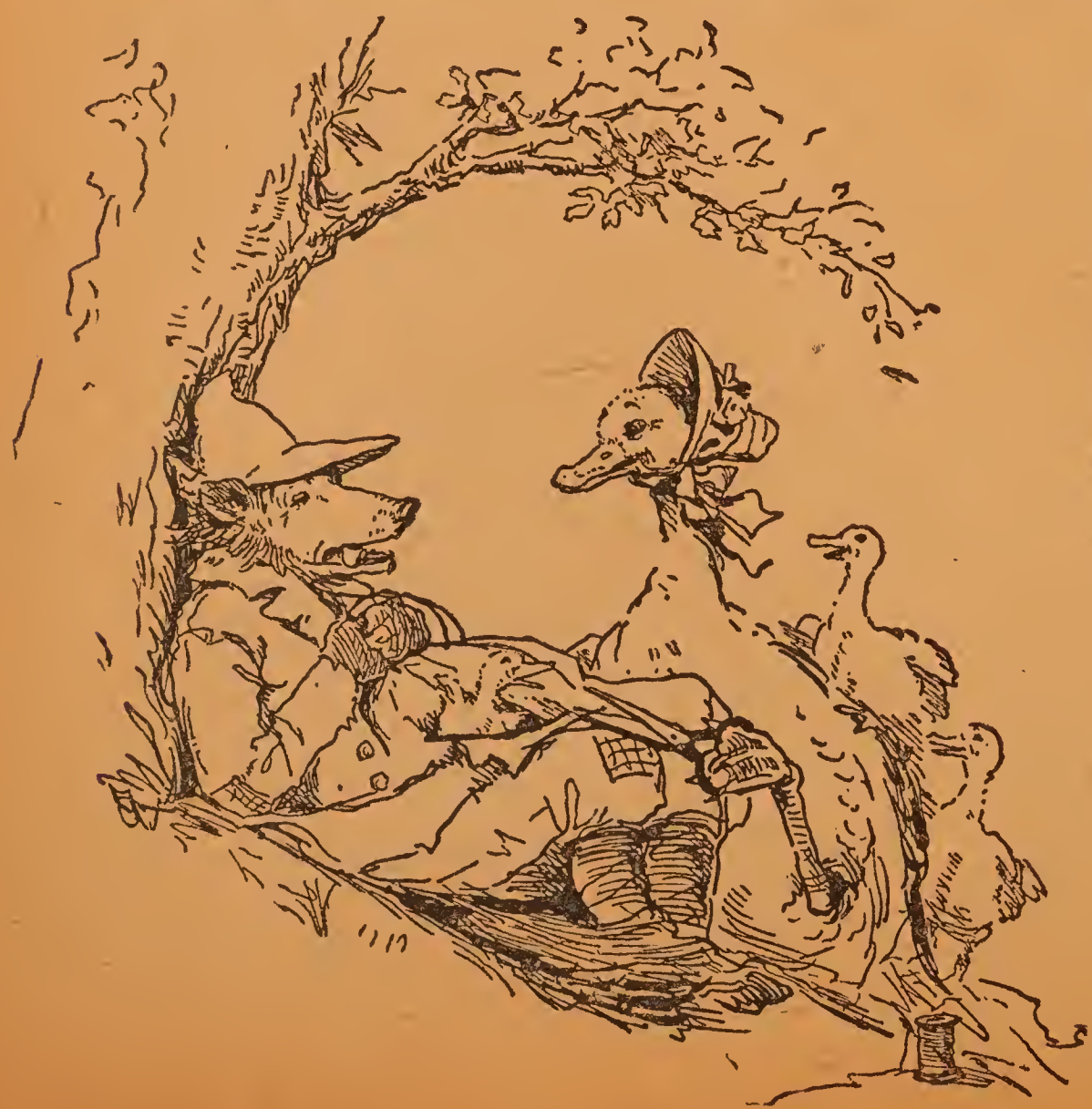
"Now," said their mother, "bring six large stones," and she put them inside the wolf, sewed him up in a hurry and left him still sleeping.

At last the wolf woke and went to the spring to drink. But as he walked, the stones began to rattle and he cried:

"What's this rumbling and tumbling,
What's this rattling like bones?
I thought I had eaten six little geese
But they've turned out only stones."

And when he bent down to drink, those heavy stones toppled him over and into the spring he went, head first.

When the seven goslings saw this, they shouted, "The wolf is dead! The wolf is dead!" and they and their mother too danced around the spring for joy.

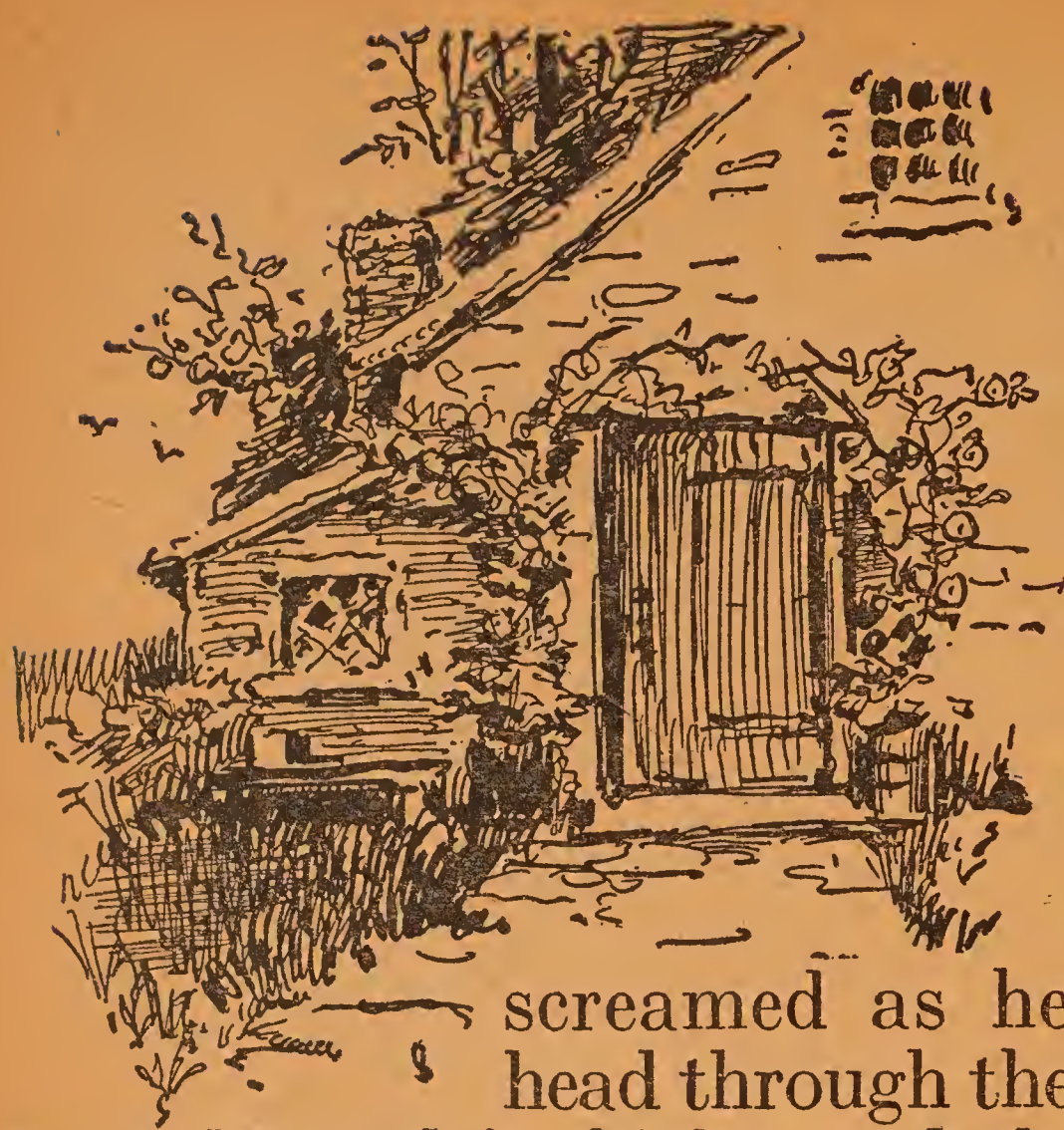


# SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

In the garden in front of a little cottage grew two rose-trees. One bore white roses; the other red. Here a widow lived, and because her two daughters were so much like the rose-trees she called one Snow-white, the other Rose-red. Snow-white helped the mother with the work, while Rose-red chased butterflies and gathered the flowers in the fields.

One evening in winter when a snow storm was sending the flakes whirling through the air, the mother said, "Snow-white, close the shutters while Rose-red fixes the fire, and then we'll sit and read."

Beside them on the floor lay their pet lamb, and on the high back of the mother's chair perched their white dove, its head under its wing.



Soon there was a knock at the door, and the mother said, "Open the door, Rose-red. Perhaps a traveler seeks shelter."

But when the door swung open, there stood a bear. Rose-red screamed as he poked his black head through the doorway, the pet lamb bleated in fright, and the dove flapped its wings, while Snow-white clung to Rose-red in dismay. But the bear said, "Don't be afraid. I am half frozen and wish to warm myself at your fire."

"Come in, poor bear!" spoke up the mother. "Daughters, the bear will not hurt you; he's both good and honest."

Gradually Snow-white and Rose-red lost their fear, and when the bear asked them to beat the snow out of his fur, they thought it great fun to brush him until his coat was thoroughly dry. Indeed, they grew to be great friends with the bear, tugging at his fur, pummelling him and rolling him over the floor. When the play went too far, the bear would say:

"Snow-white and
Rose-red,
Don't beat your
lover dead."

All winter long the bear came to the cottage every evening and would play with the children. In fact, the door was never closed until he had come in.

One morning as spring was coming, the bear said, "Snow-white, I must go away and not come again the whole summer long."

"Oh, bear dear, where are you going? and why?" asked Snow-white.

"To the woods. There I have treasure I must protect from the wicked dwarfs. When the warm spring sun softens the earth, they come through to steal what they can."

So Snow-white unbarred the cottage door, and as the bear went out she thought she saw a glimpse of glittering gold under his fur as it caught on the latch. But she was not sure.

A short time after this Snow-white and Rose-red went to the woods to gather fagots for the fire and came upon a great tree that had fallen. They saw something jumping up and down on the long trunk and when they came nearer saw it was a dwarf with a wrinkled face and a beard a yard long. He glared at them and screamed, "What are you standing there for? Can't you come and help me?"

"What are you doing?" asked Rose-red.

"Stupid!" shouted the dwarf. "I wanted to split this tree trunk to get chips for our fire. I was driving in a wedge when it sprang out and the tree closed so quickly it caught my beautiful white beard. I

am stuck fast and here you both just stand and laugh!" and the more he talked, the more angry he grew.

Snow-white and Rose-red hurried to his aid but work as they would they couldn't get the beard loose.

"I will run and bring somebody," said Rose-red at last, at which the dwarf shouted:

"You blockheads! What's the use of calling anyone else? Have you no better plan?"

"Just be a little patient," said Snow-white calmly, and taking her scissors out of her pocket she cut off the end of the beard.

When the dwarf found himself free, he quickly seized a bag of gold hidden among the roots of the tree, slung it over his shoulder and hastened off, mumbling, "Wretches they are to cut off a piece of my splendid beard!"

It was not long after this that Snow-white and Rose-red went to the brook to catch some fish for their dinner. As they reached the stream they saw what they supposed was a large grasshopper but as they ran after it they saw it was the old dwarf.

"What are you going to do?" asked Rose-red.

"Surely you are not going to jump into the river?" said Snow-white.

"No such fool as that!" snapped the dwarf. "Don't you see that fish is trying to drag me in?"

True enough! The dwarf had been sitting on the bank fishing and the wind had entangled his beard and line.

When the big fish took his hook, the dwarf was unable to land him, and in spite of his efforts he was being drawn closer and closer the water's edge.

The girls found beard and line in a hopeless tangle and so once more Snow-white took out her scissors and cut the beard to free the dwarf. But he stamped around in a temper, shouting, "You call yourselves polite, do you, to disfigure me so? It was bad enough the first time you cut it off, but now you have cut off the best of it!" Then he lifted up a bag of pearls and disappeared behind a stone.

Not long after this the two sisters went to the village and saw a huge bird circling above them.

As it settled on a rock close by they ran forward to find the eagle had pounced on the dwarf they had seen twice before and would have carried him away had not the sisters fought off the bird.

"Useless creatures you are!" he shouted ungratefully. "See, my coat is torn into shreds!" Then taking up a bag of precious stones he disappeared under the rock.

This time the girls did not wonder at his temper, but they were surprised when they came home to find him pouring his precious stones on the ground. The sun made the gems sparkle so that the girls stood gazing at them admiringly. When he discovered them, he screamed in a rage, "Why stand gaping so?"

Just then a black bear trotted out of the woods, growling so the dwarf leaped up in fright but before he could reach his retreat under the rocks the bear was upon him.

"Dear Mr. Bear, spare me!" he pleaded. "I'll give you all my treasure! A poor little fellow like me would give you no pleasure. See, those two wicked girls would make tender eating for you!" But the bear gave the dwarf one blow with his paw and he fell dead.

"Snow-white! Rose-red! Don't run away!" called the bear, and suddenly there stood a handsome man, all dressed in gold. "I am the king's son," said he. "I was doomed by that miserable dwarf who stole my treasure to roam as a bear until his death freed me."

Then Snow-white married the prince and Rose-red married his brother. And that is how it came that all the years their mother lived she had two rose-trees near the window, one bearing the finest of red roses, the other the sweetest of white ones.

# THE THREE SPINNERS

Once there was such a lazy maiden that, regardless of her mother's urging, she would not spin.

One day the mother grew impatient and gave her such a blow the girl cried out and the queen, driving by, stopped to ask the trouble.

Fearing to tell the truth, the mother said, "Good Queen, my daughter persists in spinning from dawn until dark, and I have not the money to buy flax for her."

"The spinning wheel makes music for my ears," said the queen. "In my palace your daughter shall have flax a-plenty." So she took the girl home with her and leading her to three great chambers filled with flax said, "Spin me this flax and then thou shalt wed my eldest son. Thy industry shall be thy dowry."

If she sat there three hundred years she could not spin the flax, so do you wonder the girl sat there for three days weeping?

The third day the queen came, and the girl explained she had not spun the flax because she

was filled with sorrow at being away from her mother. When the queen had left her, she went to the window to plan what she could do.

Three women were passing and she gazed long at them for one had such a broad foot, the second such a long under lip that it hung down to her chin, and the third had such a great thumb.

They must have felt her gaze for they looked up and asked why she wept.

"Ah, if you will ask us to your wedding, call us your aunts and not be ashamed of us, we will spin all your flax quickly," they offered.

So each time the queen visited her, the girl hid

her three visitors, but showed the thread as it lay about and the queen would praise her and go away well satisfied.

When the third room full of flax had been spun into thread, the three spinners left, saying as they went, "Do not forget your promise. It will make your fortune!"

The wedding was announced, and when the list of guests was being made out, the girl said to the prince, "I have three aunts and as they have been so very kind to me I wish to ask them to my wedding and have them sit at my table."

That was why when the wedding feast began three old women were ushered in, and the bride greeted them with, "Welcome, dear aunts!"

Now the prince was astonished that his bride should have such ugly relations. Going up to the first, he asked, "Why have you such a broad foot?"

"From treading," she replied.

Turning to the second he inquired, "And why do you have such a long underlip?"

"From moistening the thread," she answered.

Then of the third, "And why have you such a great thumb?"

"From pressing the thread," she declared.

Then the prince pondered a moment and turning to his bride he said, "Then as long as she lives, my beautiful wife shall never, never turn a spinning wheel!"

And so it was that the maiden was freed from the hated task of spinning the flax.

When the third room full of flax had been spun into thread the three spinners left, saying as they went, "Do not forget your promise. It will make your future."

# LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they were a-fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them, indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

It happened one day, as Bo-Peep did stray
Upon a meadow hard by;
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

# BOW, WOW, WOW

Bow, wow, wow, whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog, bow, wow, wow.

Rub-
a-
dub-
dub,
Three
men
in
a tub,
The butcher,
The baker,
The candle-
stick maker;
And they all jumped over a hot potato.

Old Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

This is her son Jack,
A plain-looking lad;
He is not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought,
"Here, mother," said he,
"It will not go for naught."

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond;
They'd both eat together
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell;
She called him a good boy
And said it was well.

Then Jack went a-courting
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,
And sweet as the May.

But then the old Squire
Came behind his back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.

Then old Mother Goose
That instant came in,
And turned her son Jack
Into famed Harlequin.

She then, with her wand,
Touched the lady so fine,
And turned her at once
Into sweet Columbine.

The gold egg in the sea
Was thrown away then, —
When Jack jumped in,
And got it back again.

Jack's mother came by,
And caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said,
"What a good boy am I!"

## A DILLER, A DOLLAR

A diller, a dollar,
a ten-o'clock
scholar,
What makes you
come so soon?
You used to come at
ten o'clock,
And now you
come
at noon.

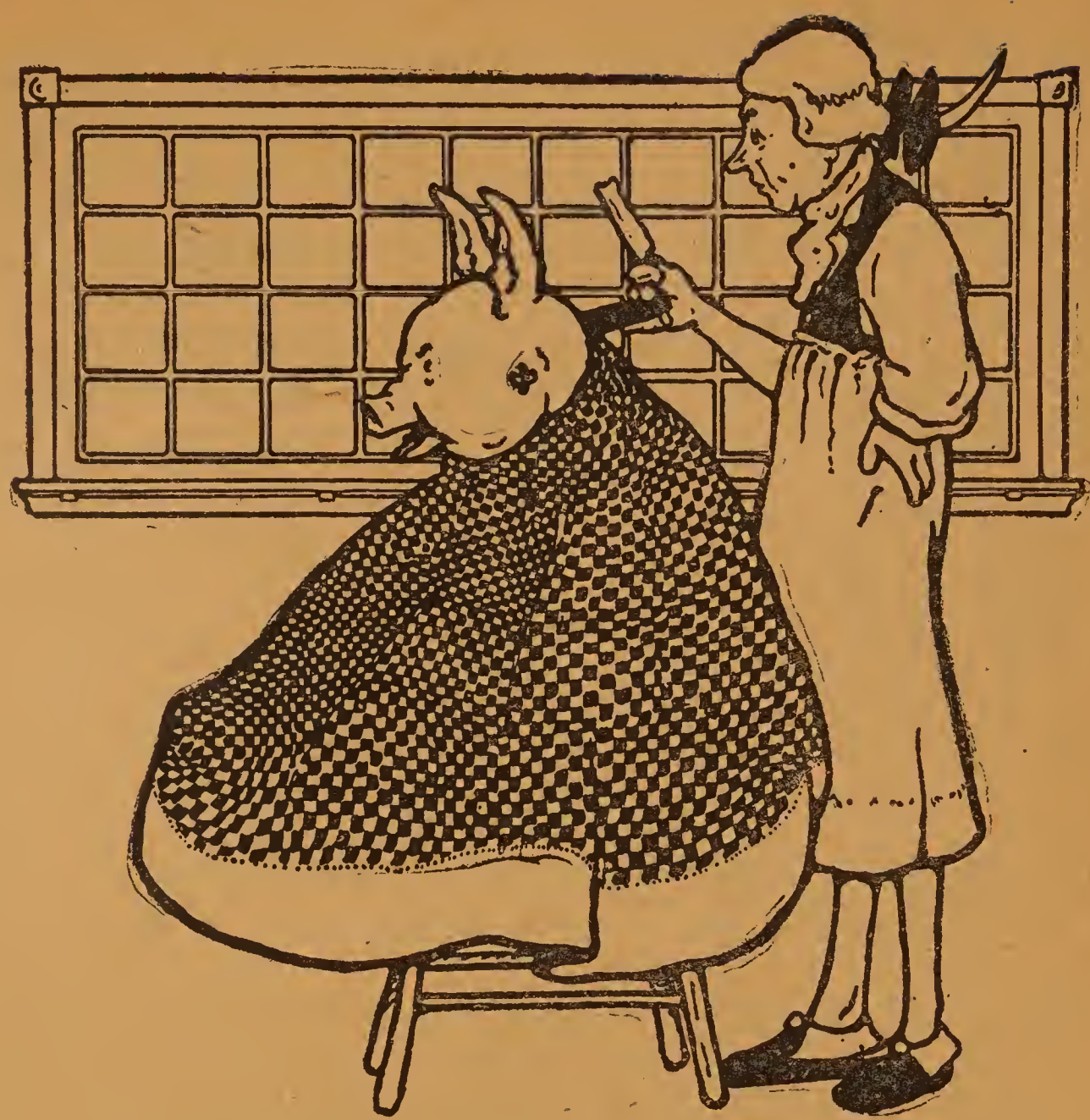
## A LITTLE GRAY OWL

A little gray owl flew into a shed,
To hoot, to hoo! to hoot, to hoo!
And seeing a mouse, it bit off its head,
To hoot, to hoo! to hoot, to hoo!

## SING, SING, WHAT SHALL I SING?

Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
Topsy was drowned in grandpapa's spring;
Two old frogs and a toad that lived there,
Failing to save her, died of despair!

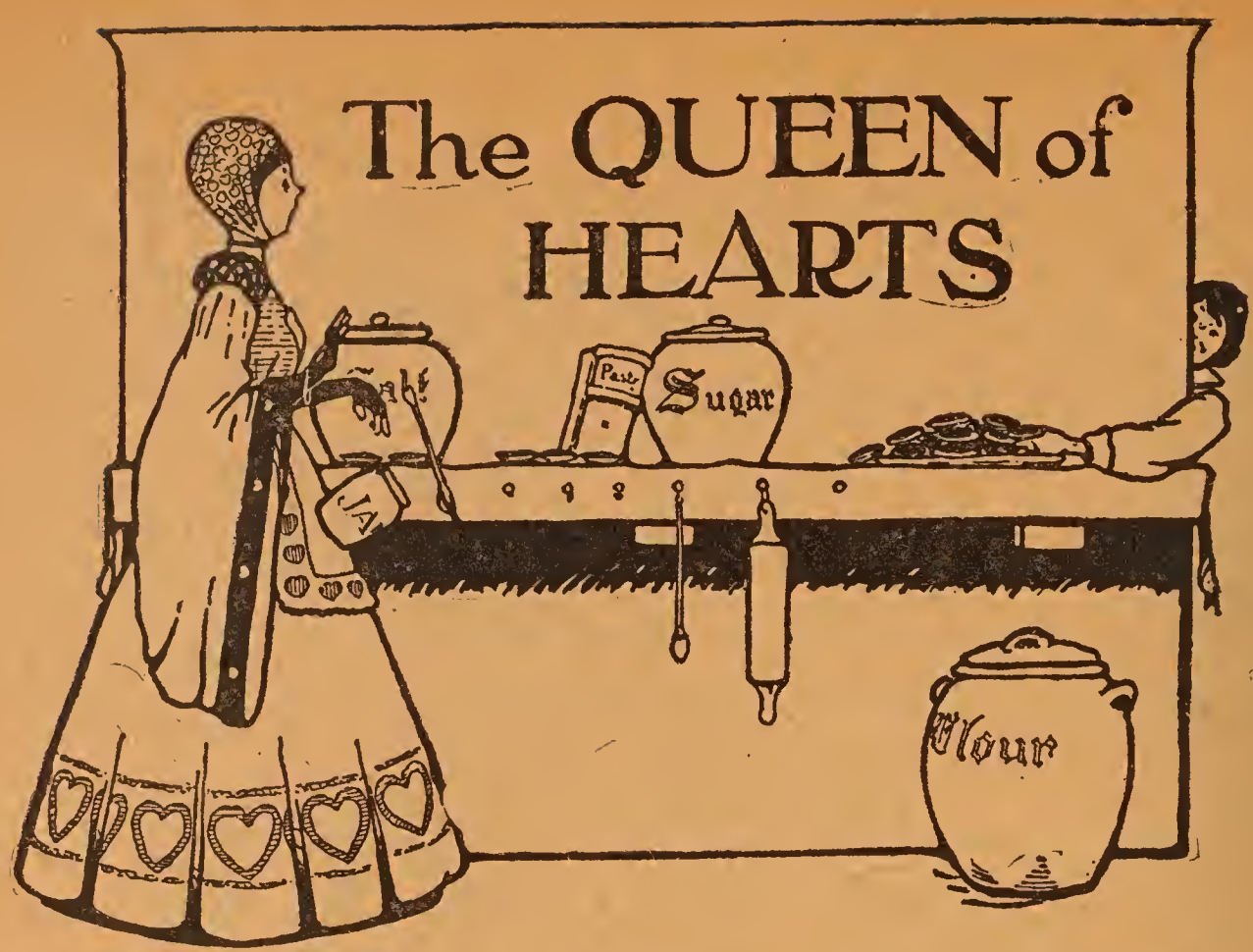
# BARBER, BARBER



Barber, barber, shave a pig;
How many hairs to make a wig?
Four and twenty, that's enough;
Give the poor barber a pinch of snuff.

# A SUNSHINY SHOWER

A sunshiny shower
Won't last half an hour.




The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts, he stole the tarts,
And took them right away.

The King of Hearts called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.

## A MAN WENT A-HUNTING

A man went a-hunting at Reigate,
And wished to leap over a high gate;
Says the owner, "Go round,
With your gun and your hound,
For you never shall jump over my gate."

# THREE BLIND MICE

Three blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails with a carving knife;
Did you ever hear such a thing in your life?
Three blind mice.

# PACE, PACE, MY LADY

Pace, pace, my lady, never drive fast,
Ride very slowly, daylight will last;
The day is so pleasant, the breeze is so bracing,
That looking at Nature is better than racing.

Pace, pace, my lady, never drive fast,
Ride very slowly, the daylight will last;
The world is so fair, the breeze is so bracing,
That looking at Nature is better than racing.

# BOBBIE SHAFTOE'S GONE TO SEA

Bobbie Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles at his knee;
When he comes back, he'll marry me,
    Bonny Bobbie Shaftoe!

Bobbie Shaftoe has a cow,
Black and white about the mow;
Open the gates and let her through,
    Bobbie Shaftoe's ain cow!

Bobbie Shaftoe has a hen,
Cockle button, cockle ben,
She lays eggs for gentlemen,
    But none for Bobbie Shaftoe!

# AWA', BIRDS, AWAY!

Awa', birds, away!
Take a little, leave a little,
And do not come again;
For if you do,
I will shoot you through
And there is an end of you.

# DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY

Daffy-Down-Dilly has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat and green gown.

## JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got and home did trot
As fast as he could caper;
And got his mother to plaster his nob,
With vinegar and brown paper.

## A DOG AND A COCK

A dog and a cock a journey once took,
They traveled along till 'twas late;
The dog he made free in the hollow of a tree,
And the cock on the boughs of it sate.

The cock, nothing knowing,
In the morn fell a-crowing,
Upon which comes a fox to the tree;
Says he, "I declare
Your voice is above
All the creatures I ever did see.

"Oh, would you come down,
I the fav'rite might own."
Said the cock, "There's a porter below;
If you will go in,
I promise I'll come down."
So he went—and was worried
for it, too.

UP JACK GOT AND HOME DID TROT
AS FAST AS HE COULD CAPER.

# THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN TOSSED UP IN A BASKET

There was an old woman tossed up
in a basket,
Seventy times as high as the
moon.
Where was she going? I couldn't
but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a
broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old
woman," quoth I,
"Oh, whither, oh, whither, oh,
whither so high?"
"To brush the cobwebs off
the sky!
And I will be back again
by-and-by."

## NAUGHTY BOY

Naughty boy that stole a pie,
Broke a plate and told a lie!

## PIG, PIG

Pig, pig, where are you going?
I am going to the field to see the mowing.

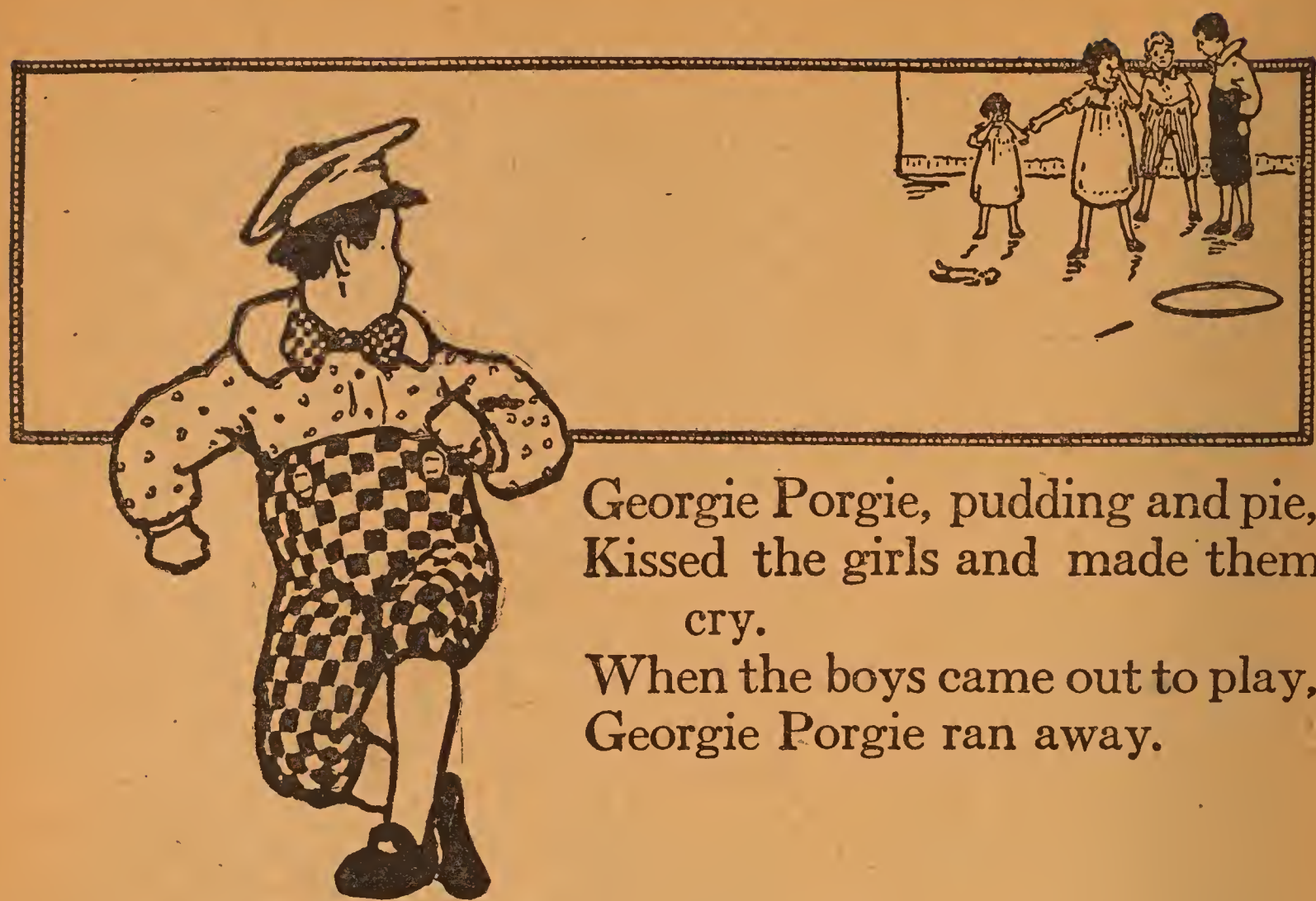
## HUMPTY DUMPTY

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Could not put Humpty Dumpty together again.

## WHO EVER SAW A RABBIT

Who ever saw a rabbit,
Dressed in a riding-habit,
Gallop off to see her friends in this style?
I should not be surprised
If my lady is capsized
Before she has ridden half a mile.

## GEORGIE PORGIE



Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them
cry.
When the boys came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

## OLD MOTHER TWITCHETT

Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly;
And every time she went over a gap,
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.
(*A needle and thread.*)

## A LONG-TAILED PIG

A long-tailed pig, or a short-tailed pig,
Or a pig without e'er a tail,
A sow-pig, or a boar-pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.

# WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Wee Willie Winkie
  Runs through the town
Upstairs and downstairs,
  In his night-gown;
Tapping at the window,
  Crying at the lock,
"Are the babies in their bed?
  For it's now ten o'clock."

# THERE WAS A PIPER

There was a piper who had a cow,
  And he'd no hay to give her.
He took his pipe, and played a tune,
  Consider, cow, consider!

The cow considered very well,
  For she gave the piper a penny,
That he might play the tune again
  Of "Corn rigs are bonny."

# THE ROSE IS RED

The rose is red, the violet blue,
Carnations sweet, and so are you.

# Sing a Song of Sixpence (6d.)

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the King?

The King was in the counting house,
Counting out his money,
The Queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey;

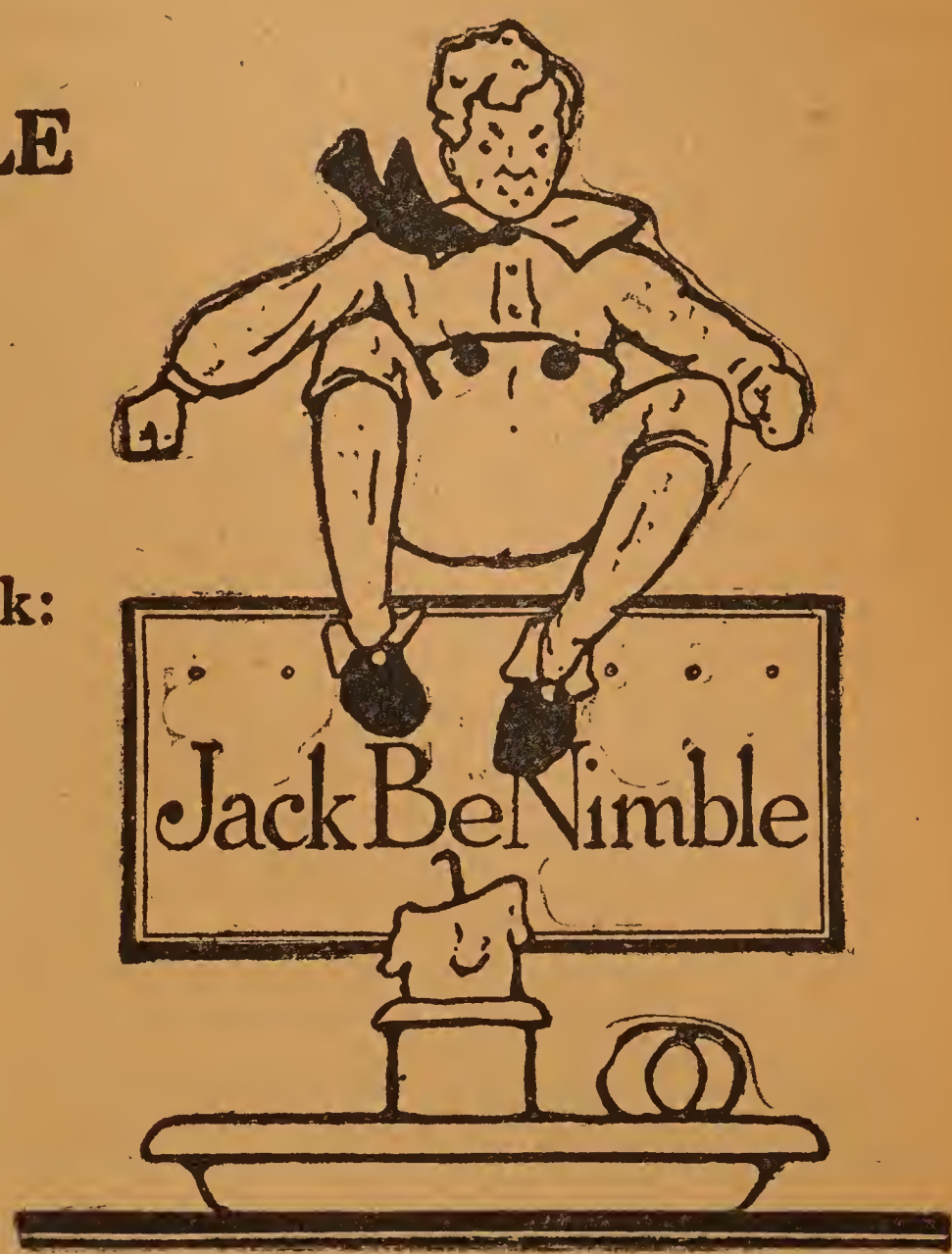
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
There came by a blackbird,
And pecked off her nose.

## THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
And whipped them all soundly, and sent them to bed.

## JACK BE NIMBLE

Jack
be
nimble
And Jack be quick:
And
Jack
jump
over
The candle-stick.

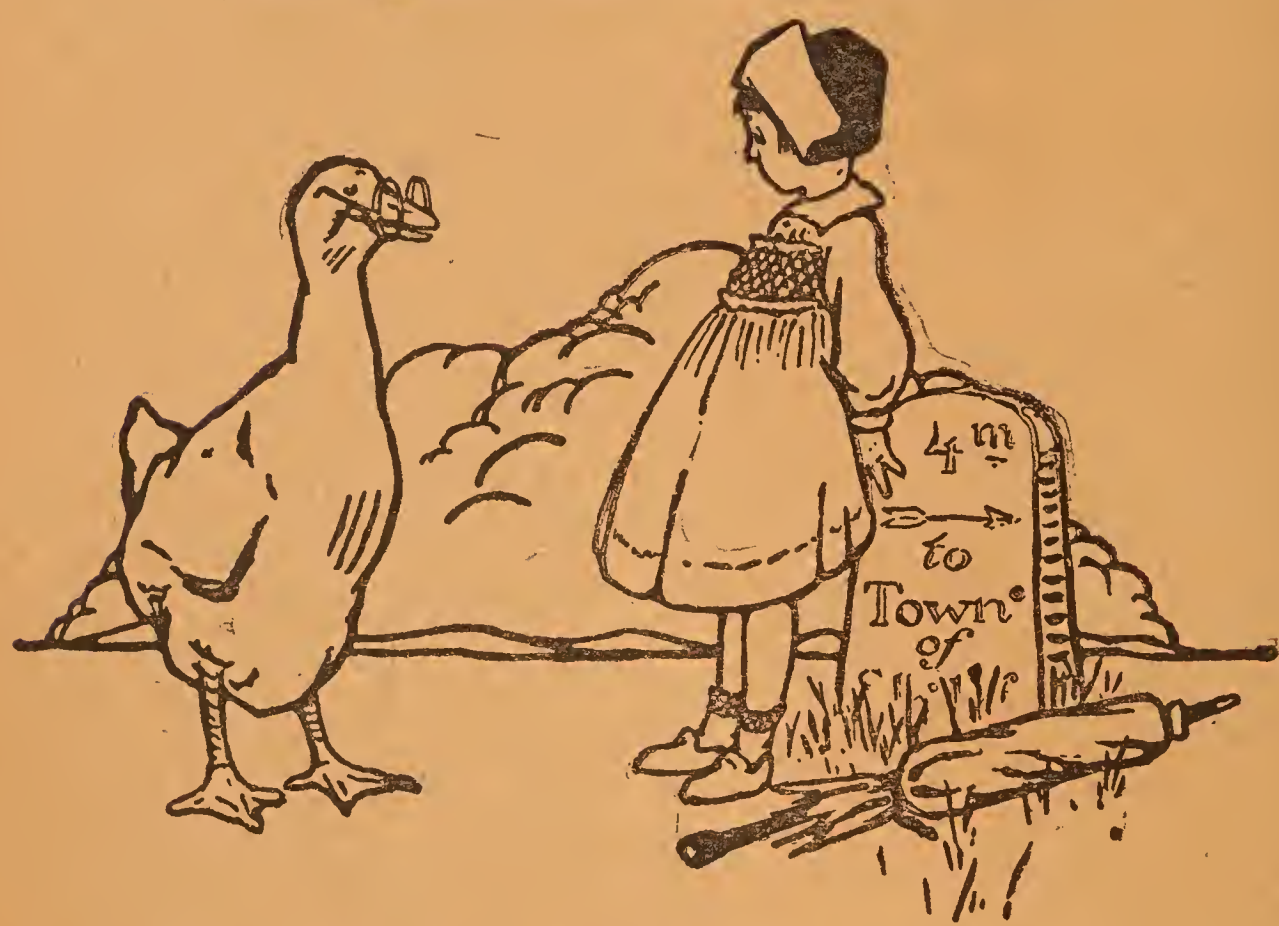



## MARCH WINDS

March winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.

## GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER

Goosey, goosey, gander,
  Whither shall I wander?
Upstairs, and downstairs,
  And in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man,
  Who would not say his prayers,
I took him by his left leg
  And threw him down the stairs.




## TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home;
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-bone.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed;
I took the marrow-bone and threw it at his head.

# POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON

Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And we'll all have tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
And we'll all run away.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,
So I will, master, as fast as I can,
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with B.
Put it in the oven for Baby and me.

## DOCTOR FOSTER

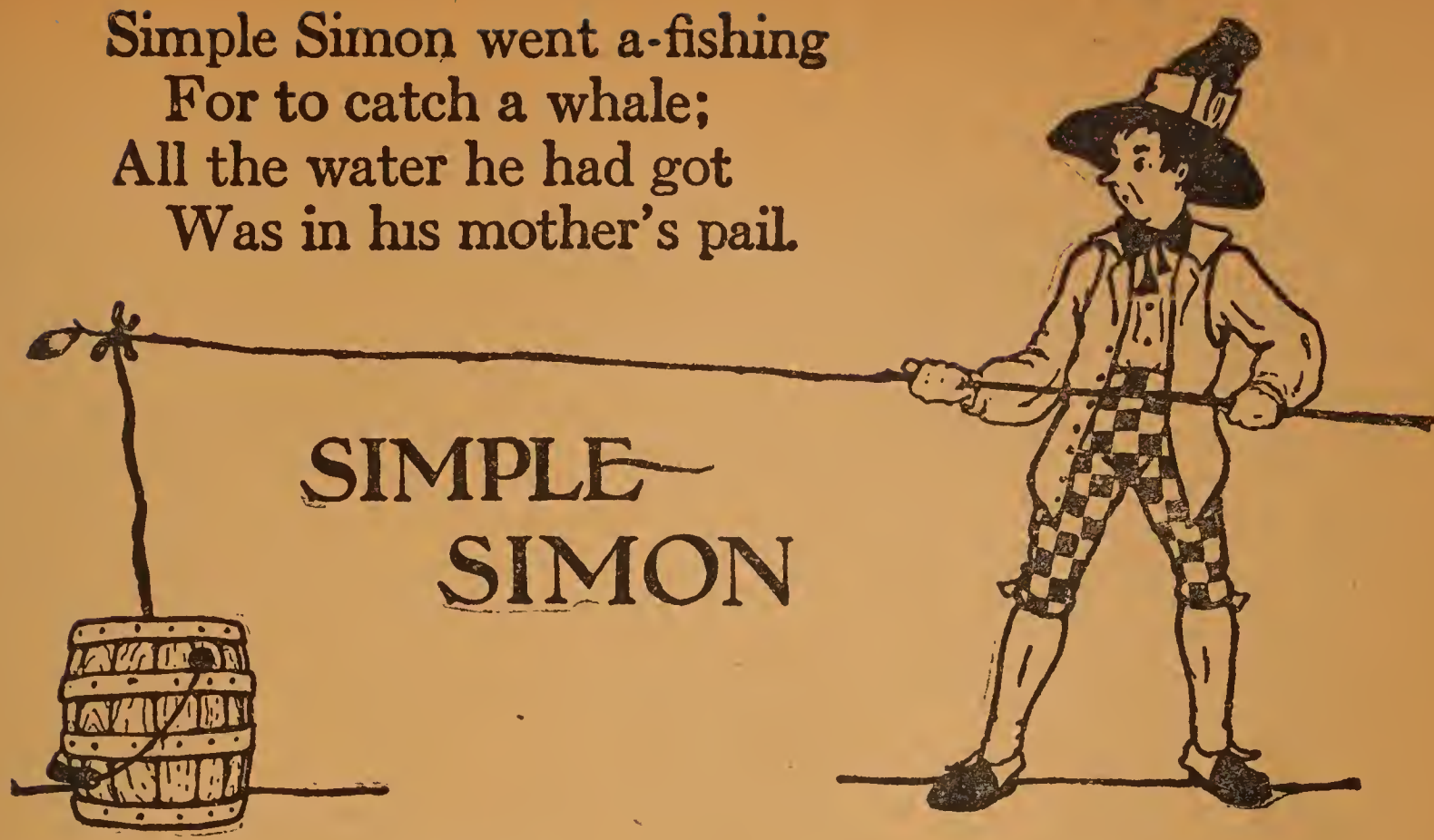
Doctor Foster went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle —
Up to his middle —
And never went there again.

## PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN-EATER

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife, and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin-shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had another and didn't love her;
Peter learned to read and spell,
And then he loved her very well.

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.



## SIMPLE SIMON

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Pray give me of your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went to see
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

## GO TO BED, TOM

Go to bed, Tom, go to bed, Tom —
Merry or sober, go to bed, Tom.

# WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS MADE OF?

What are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snips and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails;
And that's what little boys are made of, made of.

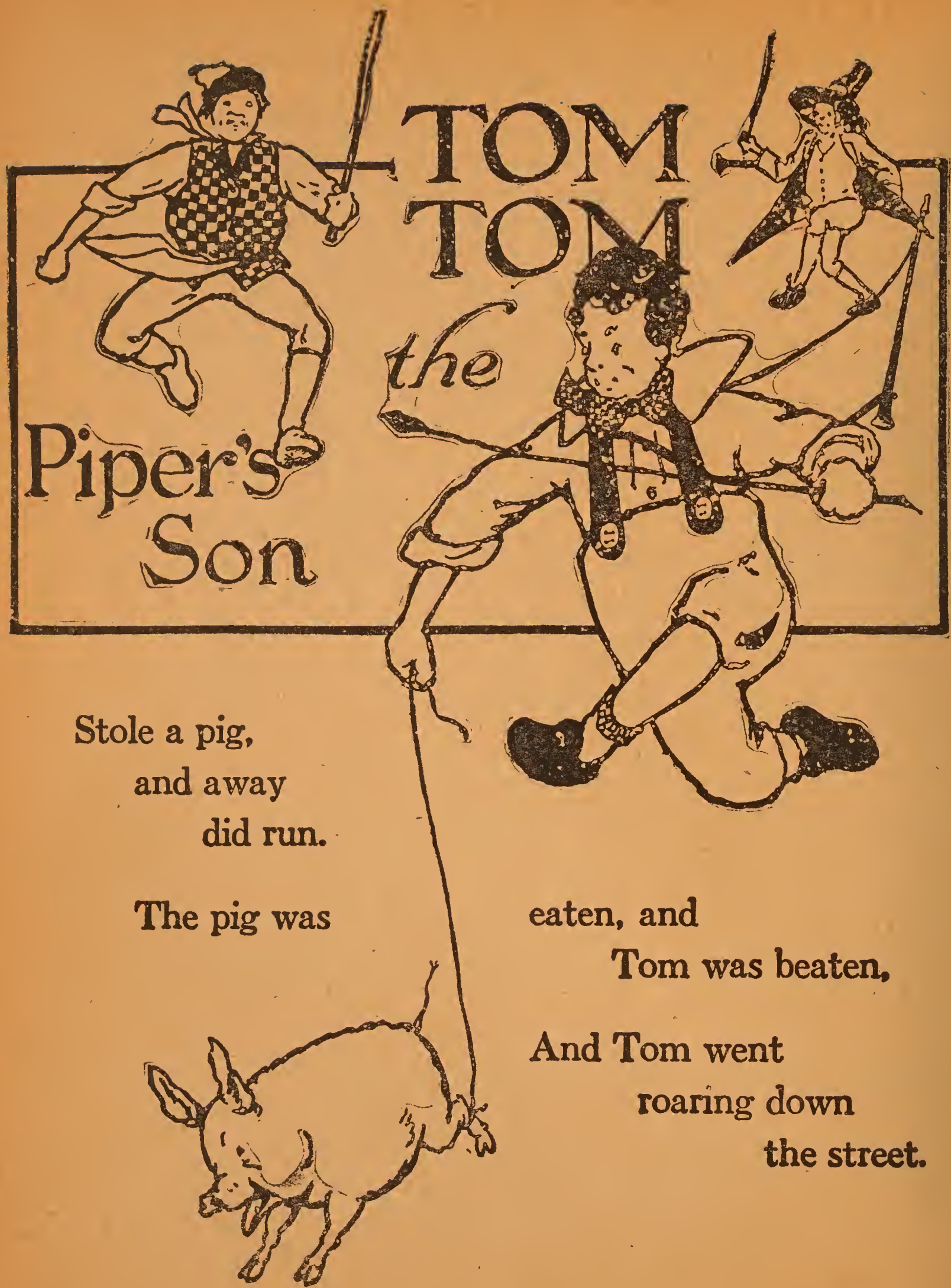
What are little girls made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice and all that's nice;
And that's what little girls are made of, made of.

# SHALL WE GO A-SHEARING?

"Old woman, old woman, shall we go a-shearing?"
"Speak a little louder, sir, I am very hard of hearing."
"Old woman, old woman, shall I love you dearly?"
"Thank you, kind sir, I hear you very clearly."

# SEE-SAW SACRADOWN

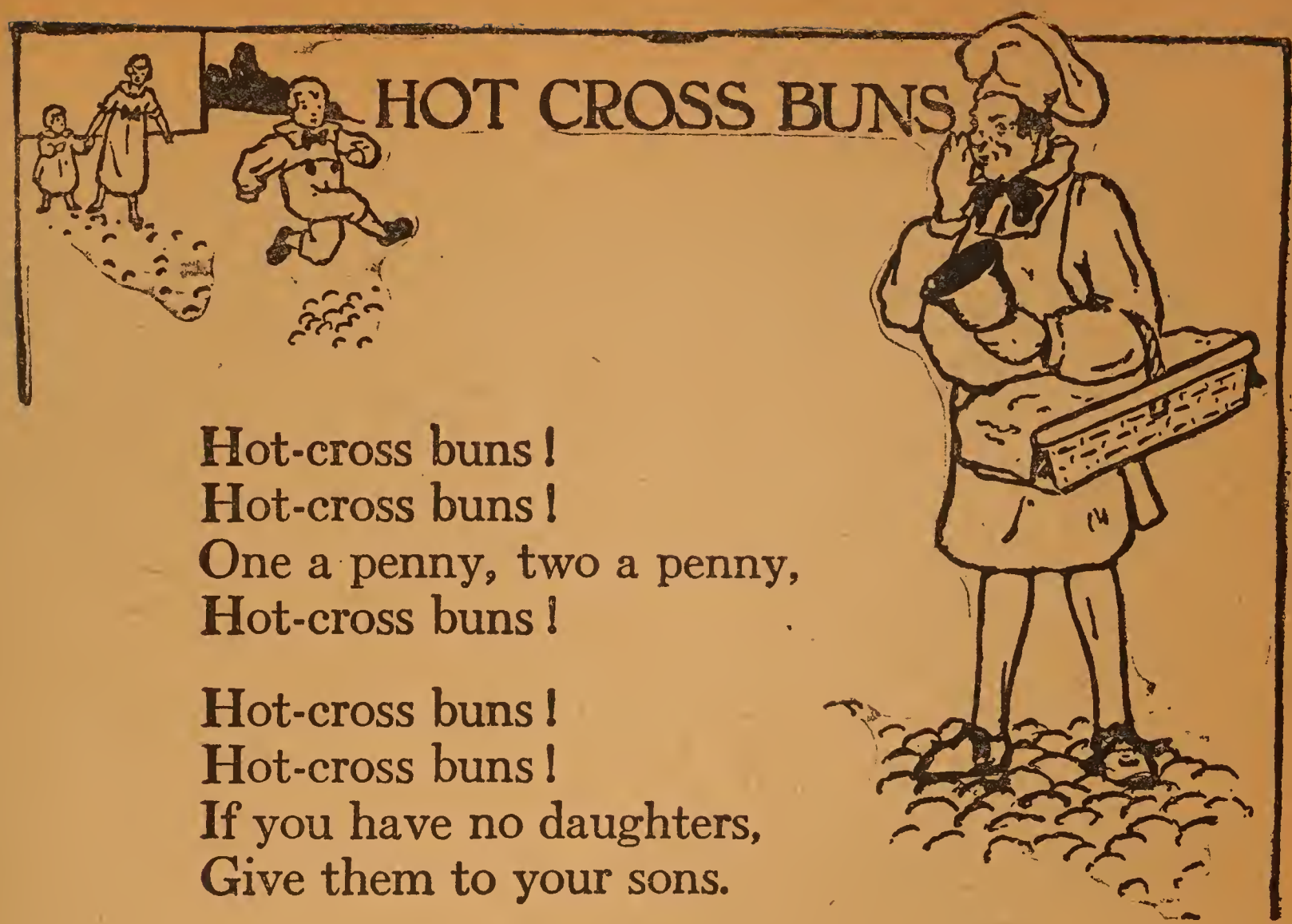
See-saw, sacradown,
Which is the way to London Town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
And that is the way to London Town.




Stole a pig,
and away
did run.

The pig was eaten, and
Tom was beaten,

And Tom went
roaring down
the street.




Hot-cross buns!
Hot-cross buns!
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross buns!

Hot-cross buns!
Hot-cross buns!
If you have no daughters,
Give them to your sons.

# WHEN A TWISTER A-TWISTING

When a twister, a-twisting, will twist him a twist;
For the twisting of his twist, he three times doth intwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisted, untwisted the twist.
Untwirling the twine that untwisted between,
He twirls, with the twister, the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisted the twine he had twined in a twain.
The twine that, in twining, before in the twine,
As the twines were intwisted, he now doth untwine;
'Twixt the twain inter-twisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

## RUMSEY DUMSEY

Rumsey Dumsey's come to town,
On a speckled pony;
He wears a hat without a crown,
And says he has no money.

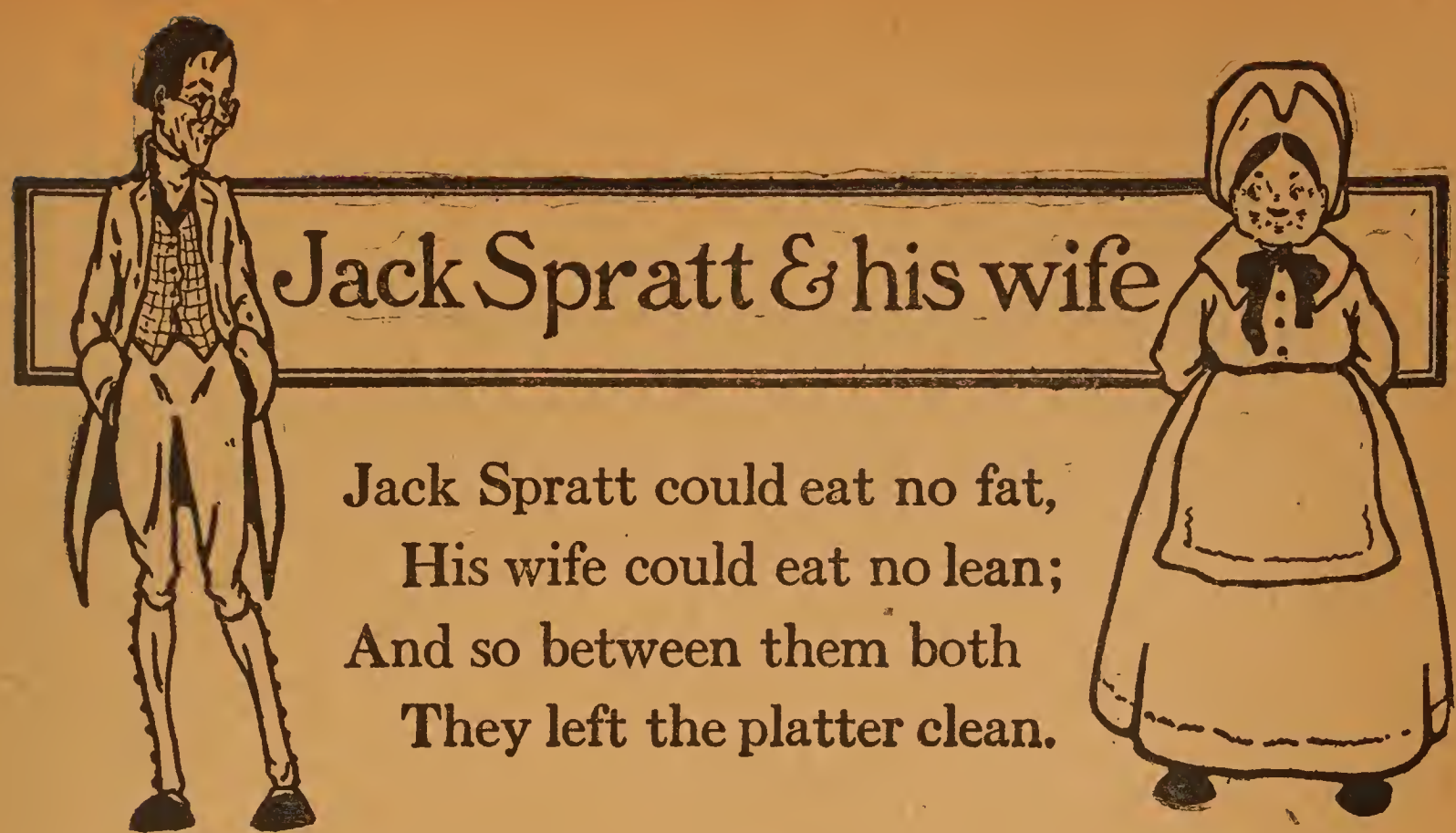
## TELL-TALE-TIT

Tell-tale-tit,
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the little puppy dogs
Shall have a little bit.

Here am I, little jumping Joan;
When nobody's with me
I'm always alone.

## YANKEE DOODLE

Yankee Doodle went to town,
Upon a little pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it Macaroni.




## JOHN COOK

John Cook had a little gray mare; he, haw, hum!
Her back stood up, and her bones they were bare;
he, haw, hum!

John Cook was riding up Shuter's bank;
he, haw, hum!
And there his nag did kick and prank, he, haw, hum!

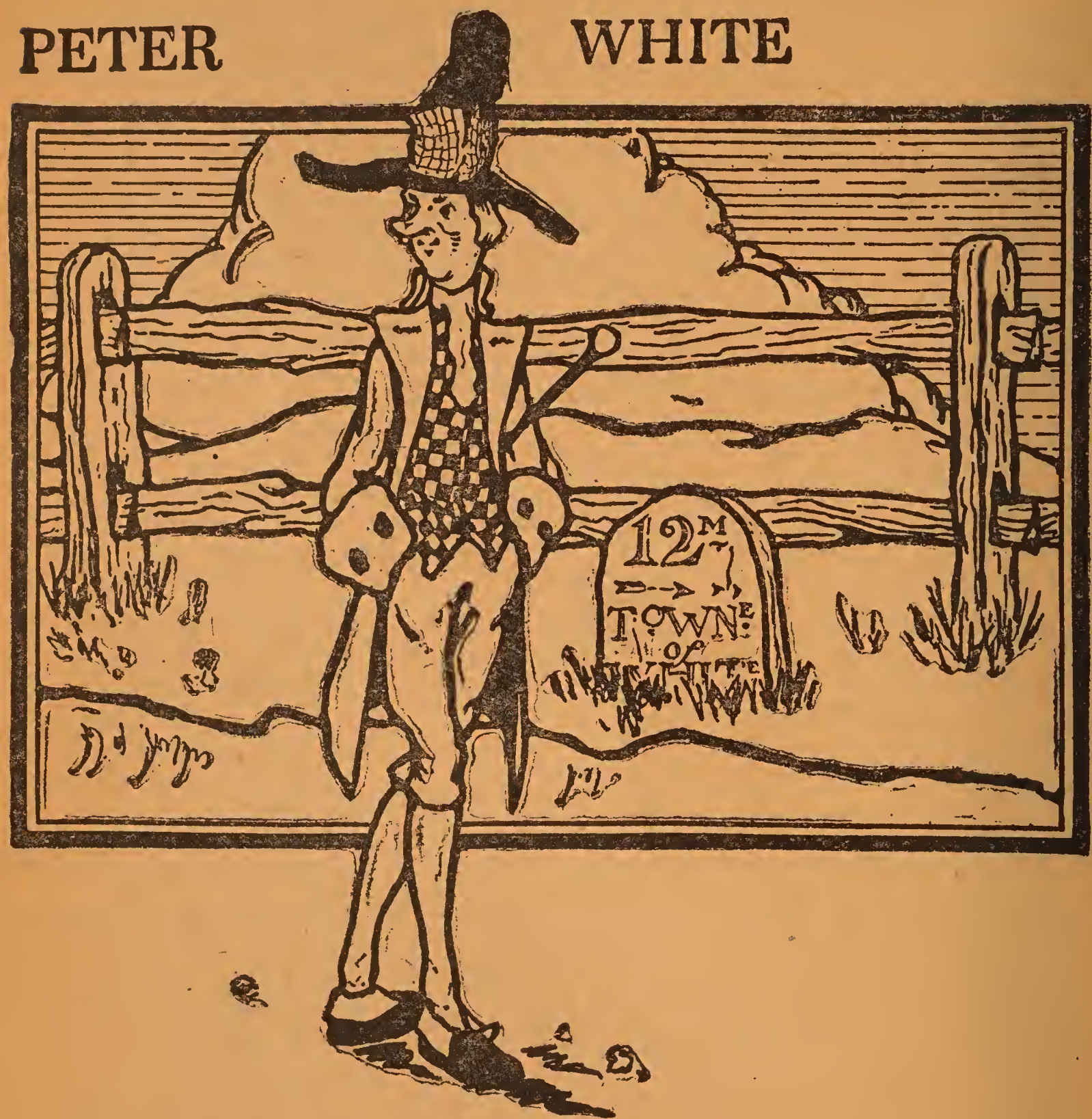
John Cook was riding up Shuter's hill; he, haw, hum!
His mare fell down, and she made her will;
he, haw, hum!

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf;
he, haw, hum!
If you want any more you may sing it yourself;
he, haw, hum!

## GATHER MONEY

Gather money if you will, gather knowledge all you can;
Whether much or little, still be an honest, truthful man.

## PETER WHITE




Peter White will ne'er go right.
Would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose wherever he goes,
And that stands all awry.

## CHARLEY, CHARLEY

Charley, Charley, stole the barley
Out of a baker's shop;
The baker came out, and gave him a clout,
And made poor Charley hop.

## PURPLE PLUMS

Purple plums that hang so high,
I shall eat you by and by.

## LITTLE TOM TUCKER

Little Tom Tucker
  Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
  White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
  Without e'er a knife?
How can he marry
  Without e'er a wife?

## THERE WAS A MAN, AND HE HAD NAUGHT

There was a man, and he had naught,
  And robbers came to rob him;
He crept up to the chimney-pot,
  And then they thought they'd got him.

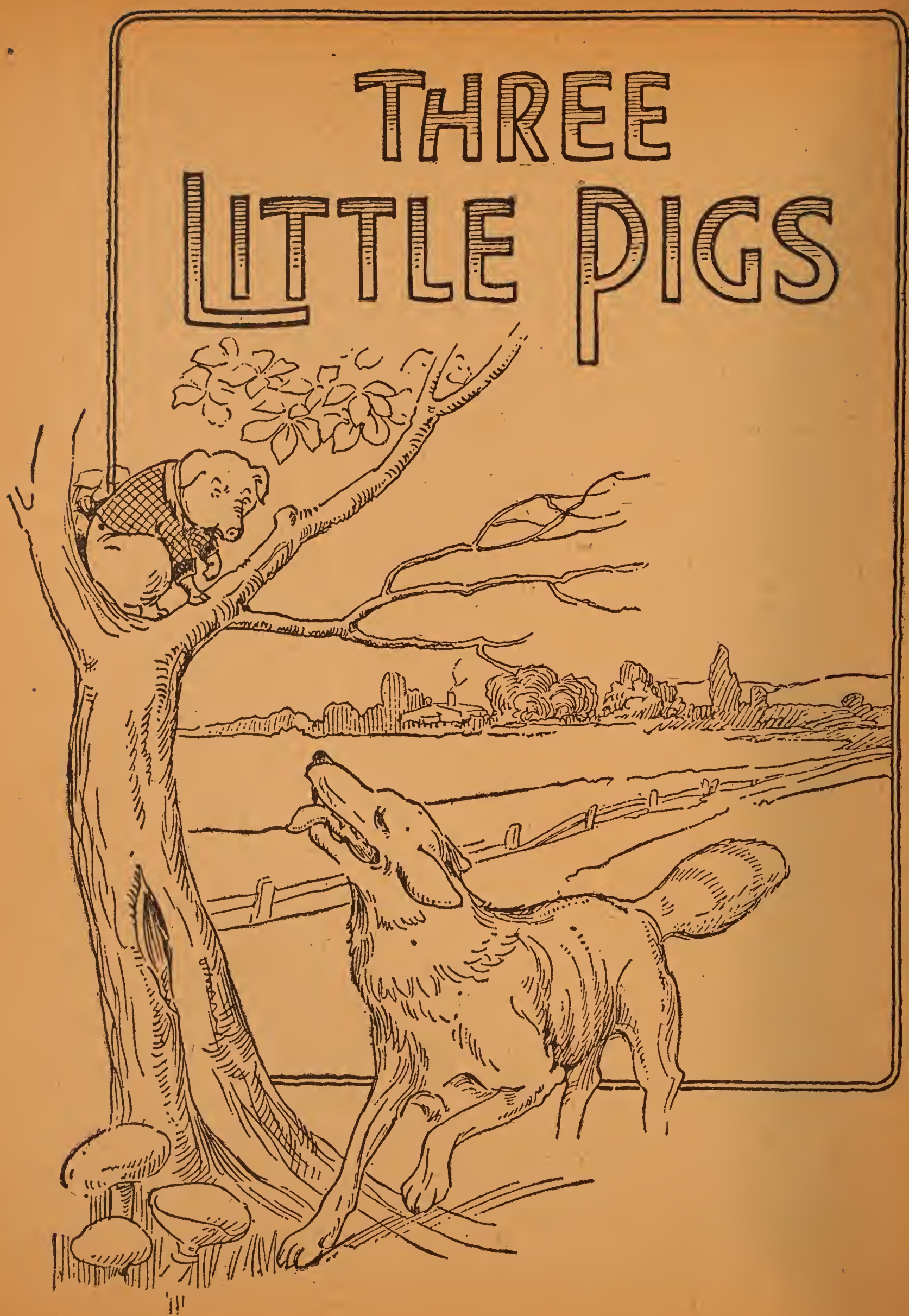
But he got down on t'other side,
  And then they could not find him;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
  And never looked behind him.

## MY LITTLE OLD MAN

My little old man and I fell out,
How to bring this matter about,
Bring it about as well as you can,
Get you gone, you little old man.

The little pig quickly lifted off the lid, popped it on again and had the wolf for supper.

# THREE LITTLE PIGS



# THREE LITTLE PIGS

Once there was an old mother pig who had three little pigs. She found she did not have enough to keep them, so she sent them out to seek their fortunes.

The first little pig had not gone far when he met a man with a bundle of straw. The little pig said to him:

"Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house."

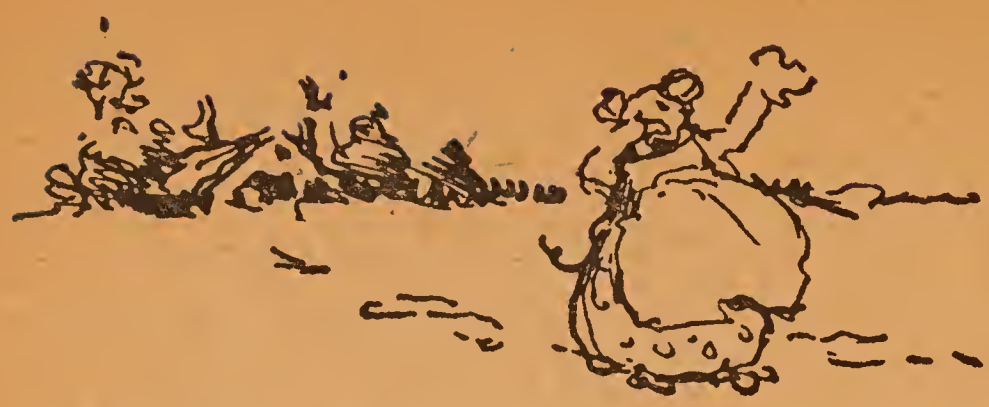
This the man did, and soon the little pig had built a house with it.

Just after the house was built along came a wolf. He knocked at the door of the little pig's house and said,

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!"

But the little pig answered,

"No, no!
Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin!"



Then the wolf said, "I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!"

So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in—and ate up that little pig.

The second little pig met a man with a bundle of sticks.

The little pig said to him:

"Please, man, give me those sticks to build me a house." Which the man did, and soon the little pig had built a house with them.

Just after the house was built, along came the wolf. He knocked at the little pig's door and said,

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!"

But the little pig answered:

"No, no!

Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin!"

Then the wolf said, "I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!"

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and he puffed, and at last he blew the house in—and ate up that little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks.

The little pig said to him: "Please, man, give me those bricks to build me a house."

Which the man did, and soon the little pig had built a house with them.

Just after the house was built, along came the wolf. He knocked at the little pig's door and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!"

But the little pig answered:

"No, no!
Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin!"

Then the wolf said, "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!"

So he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and he huffed, and he puffed, but he couldn't blow this little pig's house down.

When he found that with all his huffing and puffing he could not get this little pig's house down, he said:

"Little pig, I know where there is a field of fine turnips."

"Where?" eagerly asked the little pig.

"Over in Mr. Smith's home-field. And if you will be ready tomorrow morning I will call for you and we will go together and get some for our dinner."

"Thank you," replied the little pig. "I will be ready. What time do you mean to go?"

"Oh, six o'clock."

Now the little pig arose at five o'clock and was back home with his turnips when about six o'clock the wolf came and said:

"Little pig, are you ready?"

"Ready?" exclaimed the little pig. "Why, I have been and am back again, and I have a fine pot of turnips ready for my dinner!"

The wolf was very angry, but thinking he would be equal to the little pig, he said:

"Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple tree."

"Where?" eagerly asked the little pig.

"Down at Merry Garden," replied the wolf. "And if you will not deceive me, I will come for you at five o'clock tomorrow morning and we will go together and get some apples."

Now the little pig bustled around the next morning at four o'clock. He hoped to get home again before the wolf arrived, but this time he had to go farther and, besides, he had to climb the tree to get

the apples. Just as he was ready to jump down and hurry home, he spied the wolf coming. Yes, indeed, the little pig was badly frightened!

The wolf came up under the tree and said:

"What, little pig! You here before me? Are they nice apples?"

"Yes, very nice," answered the little pig. "Here, I will throw one down for you."

Now the little pig threw that apple so far that while the wolf was gone after it, he jumped to the ground and ran home

The next day the wolf came to the little pig's house once more and said: "Little pig, there's a fair over at Shanklin this afternoon. Will you go with me?"

"Oh, yes," replied the little pig. "What time shall I expect you?"

"At three," answered the wolf.

The little pig went off before three, just as usual, got to the fair, bought a butter churn and was going home with it when he spied the wolf coming.

This time the little pig was frightened. He could not tell what to do. So he got into the churn to hide and in climbing in it started to roll round and round. Down the hill it rolled, faster and faster, with the little pig in it. This frightened the wolf so that he ran home, forgetting all about going to the fair at Shanklin.

The next day he went to the little pig's house and told him how frightened he had been by having a great round thing come rolling down the hill past him.

The little pig laughed and said, "Ha, ha! I frightened you that time! I had been to the fair and bought a butter churn and when I saw you coming I climbed inside and rolled down the hill."

Then the wolf was very angry indeed. He vowed he would eat up that little pig—that he would go down the chimney after him.

When the little pig saw what the wolf was about, he made a blazing fire, filled a big pot of water and hung it over the fire. Then just as the wolf was coming down the chimney, he lifted off the lid

and in fell the wolf. The little pig quickly popped on the cover again, and had the wolf for supper.

And that is how it came about that this little pig lived happily ever after.

# HANSEL and GRETEL

# HANSEL AND GRETEL

Once upon a time near a great forest there lived a poor wood-cutter with his wife. He had two children. The boy was called Hansel and the girl was called Gretel. Their own mother had died and the wood-cutter had brought home a new wife to take care of them.

There had always been little enough in the cottage to live on, but when a famine came to the land the wood-cutter could not even get bread for his family. One night he was so full of worry that he could not sleep and as he tossed about on his bed he groaned to his wife:

"How are we to feed our poor children when we have nothing even for ourselves? Whatever is to become of us?"

"I'll tell you, husband," replied the woman. "Early tomorrow morning we will take the children deep into the great forest. There we will build a fire for them, give each a piece of bread and then we will go on to our work and leave them alone. They will not be able to find their way home and thus we shall be rid of them."

"No, wife," said the wood-cutter. "I won't do that. How could I leave Hansel and Gretel alone in the forest? The wild beasts would soon come and devour them!"

"Fool!" exclaimed the woman. "Then all four of us must die of hunger. You may just as well

go now and make our coffins." She left him no peace until he said he would do as she wished. Even when doing so he said, "Oh, but I am sorry for my poor children!"

Now Hansel and Gretel had been unable to sleep because they were too hungry, and so they had heard all this talk between their father and his wife.

"Now all is over with us!" wept Gretel bitterly.

"No, no!" Hansel assured her. "Don't fret so, Gretel. I will surely find some way out of our trouble."

They waited until the old people had fallen asleep. Then Hansel got out of bed, slipped on his little coat, opened the back door quietly and stole out of doors. The moon was shining so brightly that the little white pebbles that lay thick in front of the cottage glittered like bits of silver. Hansel bent down and filled

one pocket after another with them. Then he crept silently back into the cottage and as he lay down to sleep he whispered to his sister, "Go to sleep, little sister, for surely God will not forsake us."

The woman did not wait the next morning until the sun was up to come to the children's bedside, saying, "Get up, lazy things! We are all going to the forest to fetch wood," and handing each a little piece of bread, she added:

"There is your dinner. Don't eat it before noon, for you'll get nothing more than that."

Gretel took the bread under her apron, for Hansel had the white stones in his pocket, and the four set out to the forest.

When they had been walking a short time, Hansel stopped, turned and looked back at the cottage. This he did again and again. Finally his father saw him and said, "Hansel, why are you lagging behind so? And why gaze so at the path you have just traveled? Take care or you will stumble and fall."

"Oh, father," replied Hansel, "I am looking back at my little white kitten. It is sitting on the roof of the cottage and waving me a farewell."

"Fool!" impatiently exclaimed the woman. "That isn't your kitten at all. It's the morning sun shining on the chimney."

But Hansel had not been looking back at the

cat at all; he had been dropping the white pebbles out of his pocket on the path through the forest.

When they reached the middle of the forest, the father said, "Children, hurry and fetch brushwood. I'll build a fire and you will not feel cold."

Hansel and Gretel gathered a great heap until the pile was like a small hill. As the flames leaped high above it, the woman said, "Now lie down and

rest near the fire, while your father and I go to our work, cutting down wood. When we have finished, we will come and fetch you back."

Hansel and Gretel sat down beside the fire and when noon came ate their bread. At last they fell asleep. It was black night when they awoke. Gretel began to cry, but Hansel comforted her with, "When the moon rises we will soon find our way back."

And when the full moon had risen, they followed the white pebbles which shone like bright silver coins in the moonlight. By break of day they came to their father's house. The woman answered their knock and said, "You naughty children, we thought you were never coming back at all!"

But the father was glad, for it had cut his heart deep to leave his children in the forest.

Not long after this there was another great famine in the land, and the two children heard the woman say to their father one night, "We have only a half loaf left. The children must go. This time we will lead them farther into the wood," and she gave him no peace until he had consented.

The children were awake and had heard the plan, so after the old people were sound asleep, Hansel got up to pick up pebbles again. But this time the woman had barred the door and Hansel could not get out. He went back to his sister and said,

"Do not cry, Gretel. Go to sleep. The good God will surely help us."

Early the next morning the woman came and gave each a bit of bread—smaller than before.

On the way to the forest, Hansel crumbled his bread in his pocket, and often threw a morsel on the ground. At last the father asked, "Hansel, why do you stop so often and look around?"

"I am looking at my little pigeon sitting on the roof and wanting to say good-bye to me."

"Goose!" exclaimed the woman. "That is the morning sun shining on the chimney."

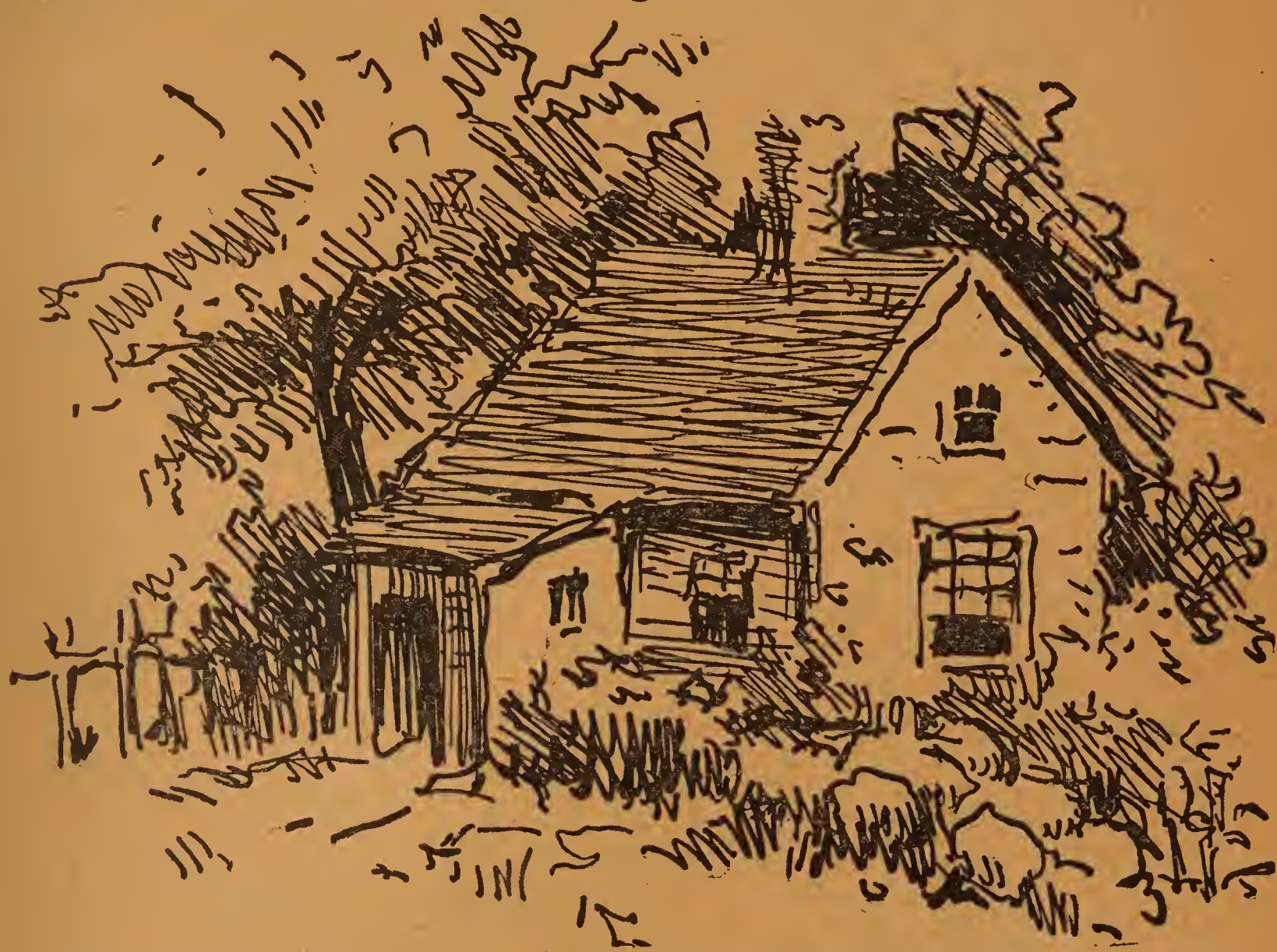
They led the children deep into the forest, made a great fire and then the woman said, "Sit here, and when you are tired you may sleep a little. When our wood is cut we will fetch you away."

Noon came and Gretel shared her little piece of bread with Hansel, and then they fell asleep. When they woke it was black night, and Gretel wept with fright. Hansel comforted her, saying, "Gretel, when the moon rises we shall see the crumbs I scattered and they will show us the way home."

When the moon rose, they set out but the birds of the forest had picked up all the crumbs.

They walked all that night and all the following day, but did not get out of the forest. When they were so tired they could walk no more, they lay down and fell asleep under a tree.

Three days afterward they saw a beautiful snow-white bird. They followed it until they reached a little house built of bread and covered with cakes, with windows of clear sugar.



"I will eat the roof and you can eat some of the windows," said Hansel.

Then a soft voice from the little house cried:

"Nibble, nibble, gnaw,
Who is nibbling at my little house?"

The children answered:

"The wind, the wind,
The wind of heaven!"

and went on eating.

The door opened and out crept a very old, old woman on crutches.

"Oh, you dear children! Who has brought you here? Do come in and stay with me," and she led them into her little house. She set before them milk and pancakes with sugar, and apples and nuts, too. Then she put them to bed between clean linen.

The old hag only pretended to be kind. In truth she was a wicked witch and early the next morning when she saw the children still sleeping, she muttered, "They will make a dainty mouthful!"

Then she seized Hansel, and locked him in a stable.

Every morning the witch crept to the stable and cried, "Hansel, stretch out your finger that I may feel if you soon will be fat enough to eat." Hansel, however, stretched out a little bone to her, and the old hag having dim eyes wondered why he did not grow fat. When four weeks had gone by, she could wait no longer.

"Come, Gretel," she cried, "bring some water. Let Hansel be fat or lean, tomorrow I will cook him."

"Dear God, help us," cried Gretel as she obeyed.

"Keep your noise to yourself!" commanded the old witch. "All that won't help you!"

Early the next morning Gretel had to go out and hang up the kettle and light the fire.

"We will bake first," said the old woman. "I have heated the oven and the dough is ready."

She pushed poor Gretel to the oven and said, "Creep in and see if it is heated."

But Gretel knew what she meant to do, so she said, "How do you get in?"

"Goose! The door is big enough. Just look, I can get in myself!"

And she crept in. Gretel gave her a push that sent her far into it, and shut the iron door tight.

Then Gretel ran quick as lightning to the stable and cried, "Hansel, Hansel, we are free! The old witch is dead!"

And Hansel sprang out like a bird from its cage when the door is opened. And now as they had no reason to fear, they went into the witch's house. In every corner stood chests all full of jewels and pearls.

"These are far better than pebbles," said Hansel as he filled his pockets, and Gretel filled her apron, too. "Now we will go away, that we may get out of the witch's forest."

They walked for hours, and came at last to a great lake.

"We cannot get across," said Hansel. "Look, Gretel, there is neither foot-plank nor bridge."

"And no ferry-boat, either," answered Gretel. "But I see a white duck swimming there. If I ask, she will help us over."

Then she cried:

"Little duck, little duck, dost thou see
Hansel and Gretel are waiting for thee?
There's never a plank nor a bridge in sight,
Take us across on thy back so white."

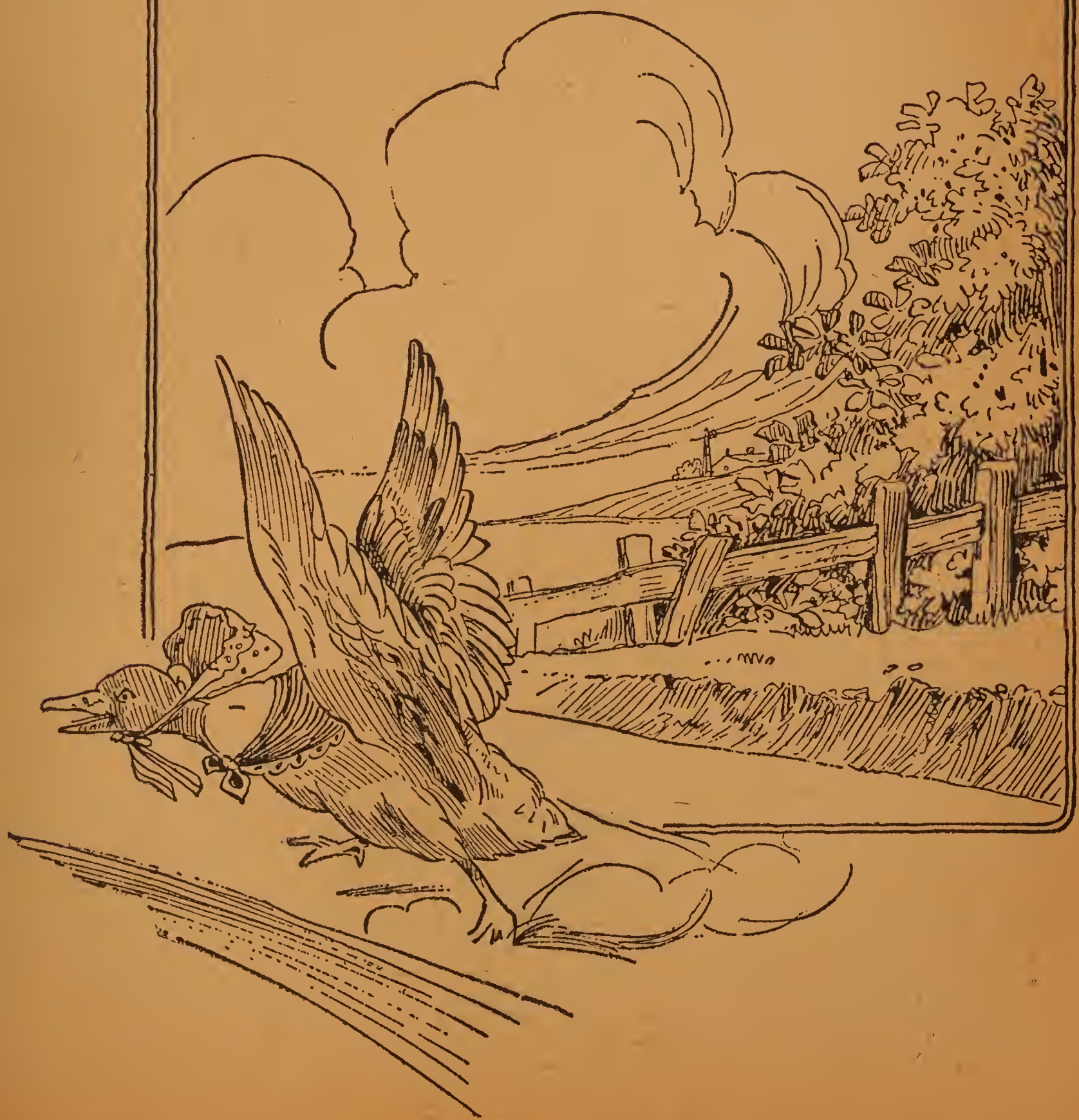
The duck came to them, and Hansel told Gretel to get on the duck's back by his side.

"Oh, no!" replied Gretel. "We will be too heavy for the little duck. She shall take you across and then come and take me."

When they were safely over, they saw their father's house afar off. Then they began to run and rushed in, throwing themselves into his arms. How glad he was, for he had not had one happy hour since he had left his children in the deep forest. The woman, however, had died. Gretel emptied her apron until pearls and precious jewels rolled around the room, while Hansel tossed one handful after another out of his pockets to do his share.

Then all care was at an end, and the three—father, Hansel and Gretel—lived happily ever after.

# HENNY PENNY



# HENNY-PENNY

One fine summer morning Henny-Penny was on the way to the woods to look for something to eat when an acorn fell from an oak tree and hit Henny-Penny right on the head.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Henny-Penny all in a flutter. "The sky has fallen! I must hurry and tell the King!"

So Henny-Penny turned back, but had not gone far until she met Cocky-Locky.

"Where are you going?" asked Henny-Penny.

"Off to the woods to get something to eat," answered Cocky-Locky.

"Oh, Cocky-Locky, I pray you don't go!" said Henny-Penny. "I was going too, but the sky fell on my head. Now I am on my way to tell the King."

"I'll go with you," offered Cocky-Locky.

So Cocky-Locky turned back, and the two went along until they met Ducky-Daddles.

"Where are you going, Ducky-Daddles?" asked Cocky-Locky.

"Off to the woods to get something to eat," answered Ducky-Daddles.

"Oh, Ducky-Daddles, I pray you don't go!" implored Cocky-Locky. "I was going too, but I met Henny-Penny, and Henny-Penny had been to the woods, and the sky had fallen on her head. Now we are on the way to tell the King."

"I'll go with you." offered Ducky-Daddles.

So Ducky-Daddles turned back, and the three went along until they met Goosey-Poosey.

"Where are you going, Goosey-Poosey?" asked Ducky-Daddles.

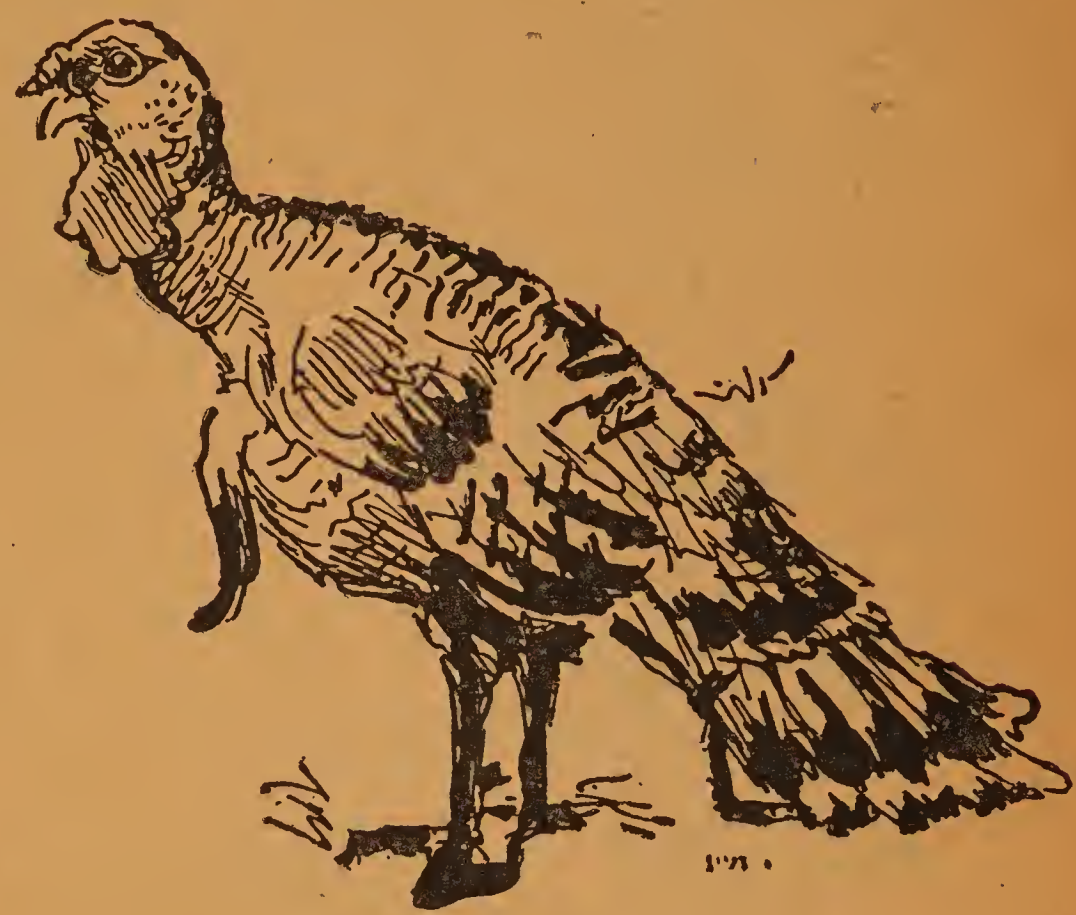
"Off to the woods to get something to eat," answered Goosey-Poosey.

"Oh, Goosey-Poosey, I pray you don't go!" implored Ducky-Daddles. "I was going too, but I met Cocky-Locky, and Cocky-Locky had met

Henny-Penny, and Henny-Penny had been to the woods and the sky had fallen on her head. Now we're on the way to tell the King."

"I'll go with you," offered Goosey-Poosey.

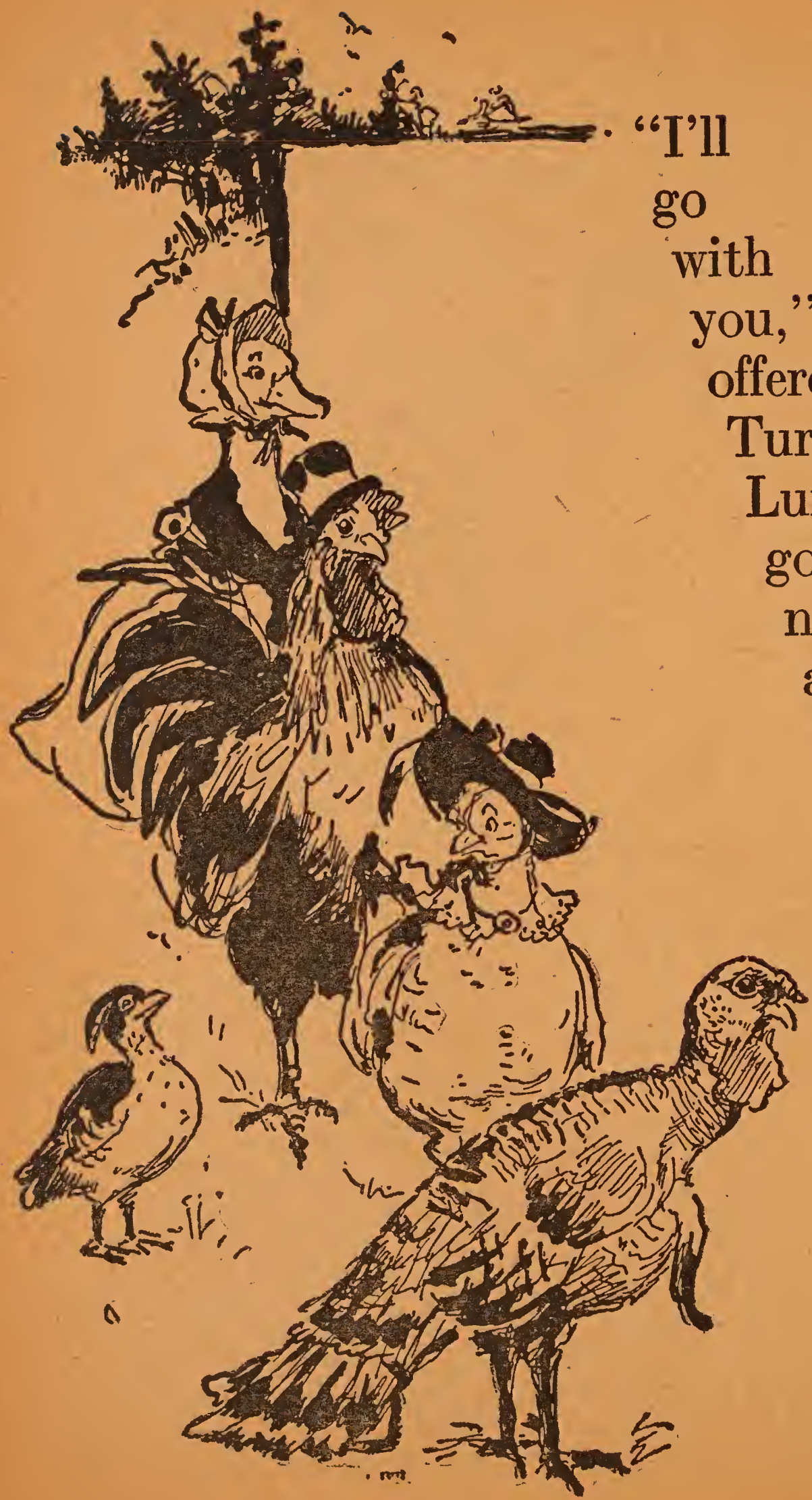
So Goosey-Poosey turned back and the four of them went along until they met Turkey-Lurkey.



"Where are you going, Turkey-Lurkey?" asked Goosey-Poosey.

"Off to the woods to get something to eat," answered Turkey-Lurkey.

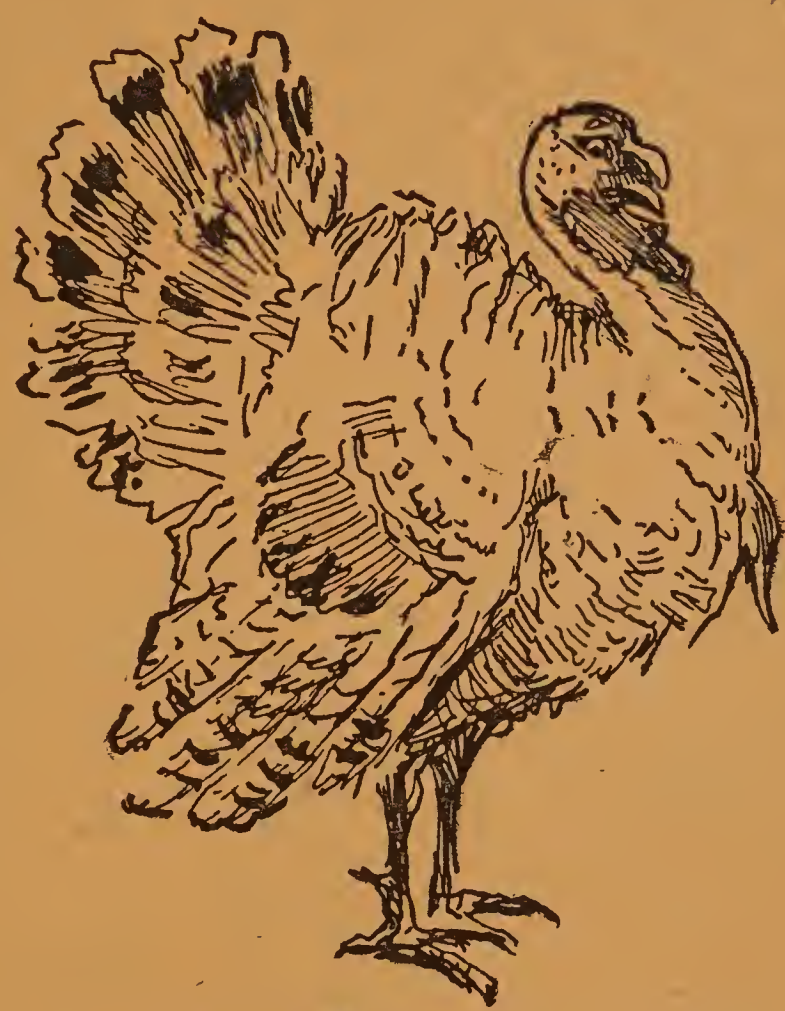
"Oh, Turkey-Lurkey, I pray you don't go! I was going too, but I met Ducky-Daddles, and Ducky-Daddles had met Cocky-Locky, and Cocky-Locky had met Henny-Penny, and Henny-Penny had been to the woods and the sky had fallen on her head. Now we're on the way to tell the King."



"I'll go with you," offered Turkey-Lurkey good-naturedly, and the five of them went along until they met Foxy-Loxy.

He began to smile when he saw them, and said: "Where are you all going, my pretty dears?"

All five replied as in one breath: "Henny-Penny went to the woods to get something to eat and the sky fell on her head. Now we're on the way to tell the King!"



"Lucky for you that I happened to come by this way," replied Foxy-Loxy. "If you'll follow me I'll show you a short way to the palace of the King."

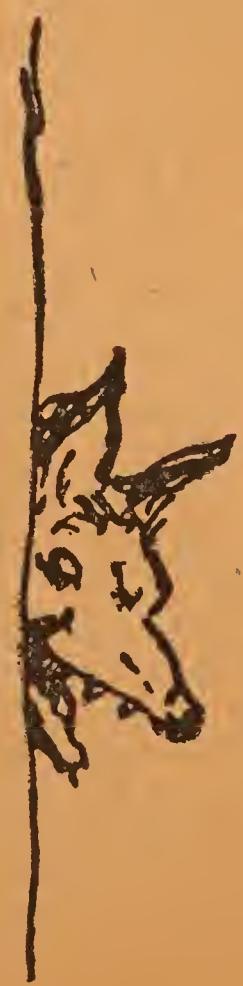
So they all went along with Foxy-Loxy, and the first thing they knew they had followed him into a narrow, dark hole. Now this was Foxy-Loxy's own cave, and he did not go in very far until he turned to wait for Turkey-Lurkey, Goosey-Poosey, Ducky-Daddles, Cocky-Locky and Henny-Penny.

"Hrumph!" went Foxy-Loxy and off went Turkey-Lurkey's head, and Foxy-Loxy tossed his body over his shoulder back into the cave.

"Hrumph!" snapped Foxy-Loxy a second time. Off went Goosey-Poosey's head. Foxy-Loxy easily tossed his body over his shoulder back into the cave.

"Hrumph!" and Foxy-Loxy gave a third snap as Ducky-Daddles waddled up close to him. It was no trouble at all to toss his body back beside that of Goosey-Poosey.

"Hrumph!" and with another quick snap off went Cocky-Locky's head, but Foxy-Loxy did not have time to toss him away before Henny-Penny was there. So "Hrumph!" he went a fifth time—



and that is how it came about that Foxy-Loxy was the only one who ever came out of the cave, and for all I know the King does not know to this day that the sky has fallen.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Henny-Penny all in a flutter. "The sky has fallen! I must hurry and tell the King!"

# THE STORY OF PUSS IN BOOTS

"You have only to give me a bag and have made for me a pair of boots, and you shall see your portion is not so bad."

# PUSS IN BOOTS

There was once a miller who had three sons and when he died his estate was divided among them without the help of an attorney for his fee would have brought the little fortune to nothing. The eldest had the mill, the second the ass, and the youngest had nothing but the cat. He complained that poor indeed was his lot, saying:

"My brothers may get their living easily enough by joining their stocks together. But for me, when I have eaten my cat and made me a fur cap of his skin, I may soon die of hunger and want."

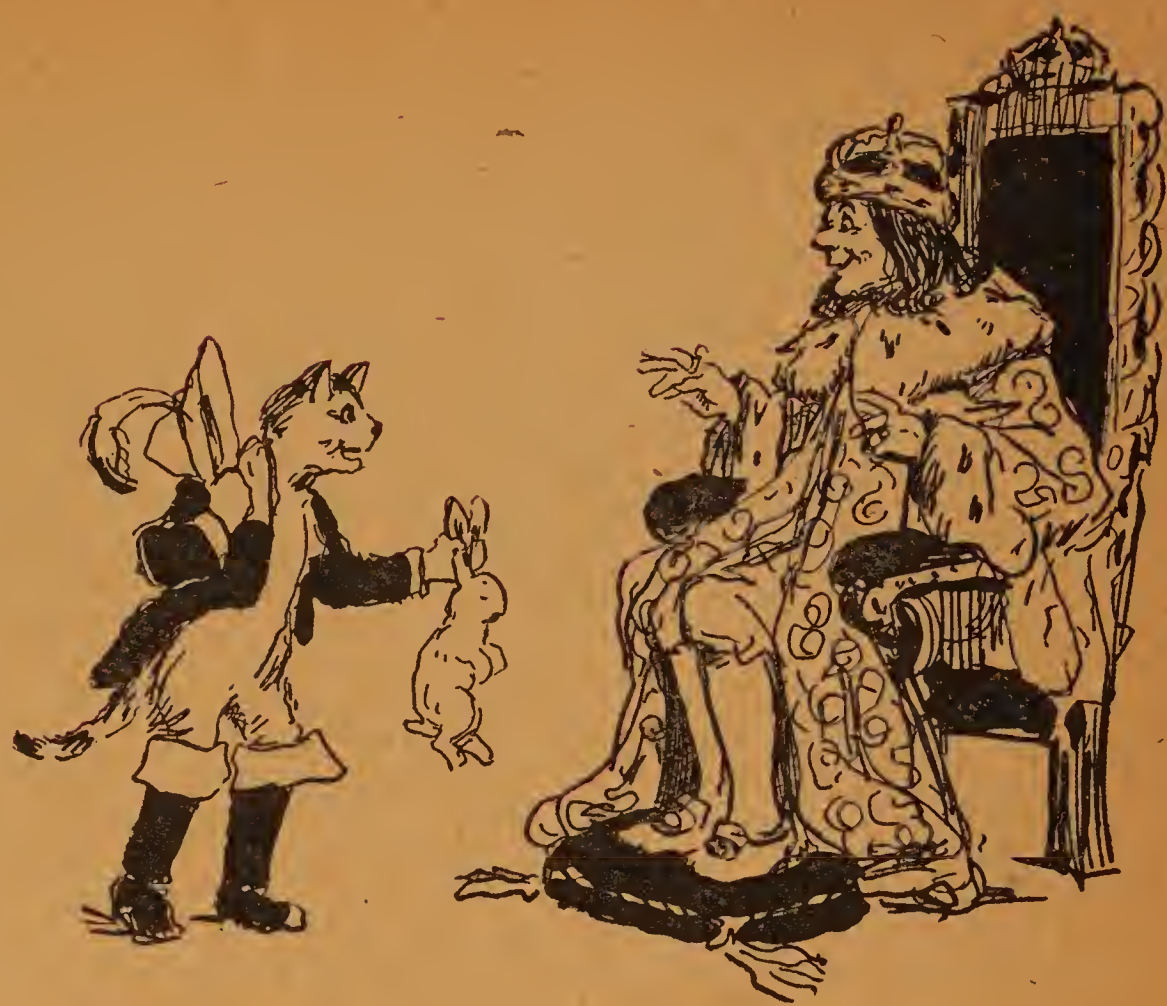
The cat, who had heard all this as he sat listening just inside the door of a cupboard, came out and said gravely:

"Do not thus afflict yourself, my good master. You have only to give me a bag and have made for me a pair of boots so I may scamper through the dirt and brambles, and you shall see that your portion is not so bad as you now imagine it to be."

The cat's master had often seen him play many a cunning trick such as hanging by the heels to catch rats and mice, and hiding himself in the meal to make believe he was dead, so while he did not now count very much upon what the cat said, still he did not altogether despair of the cat being able to help him.

He therefore obtained both bag and boots and watched the cat pull on the boots and put the bag around his neck, holding the strings with his fore paws. Bidding his master be of good courage, Puss in Boots sallied forth.

He went straight into a warren in which there were a great number of rabbits. He put some bran and some parsley into his bag and then having stretched out at full length as if dead, waited for some innocent young rabbits to feast on the dainties. Scarcely had he lain down until a foolish young rabbit jumped into his bag and Puss in Boots quickly drew the strings and killed him without pity.



Puss in Boots was very proud of his prey and hurried with it to the palace and asked to speak to the king. Shown into the apartment of his majesty, Puss made a low bow and said:

"I have brought to you, sir, a rabbit from the warren of my noble lord, the Marquis of Carabas (the title Puss gave to his master), which he commanded me to present to your majesty from him."

The king was much pleased, and said, "Tell thy lord Marquis of Carabas I accept his present with pleasure and send my grateful acknowledgment."

Soon afterwards Puss in Boots hid himself among some standing corn. He held his bag open and two fine partridges ran into it. Again he drew the strings quickly and killed them both.

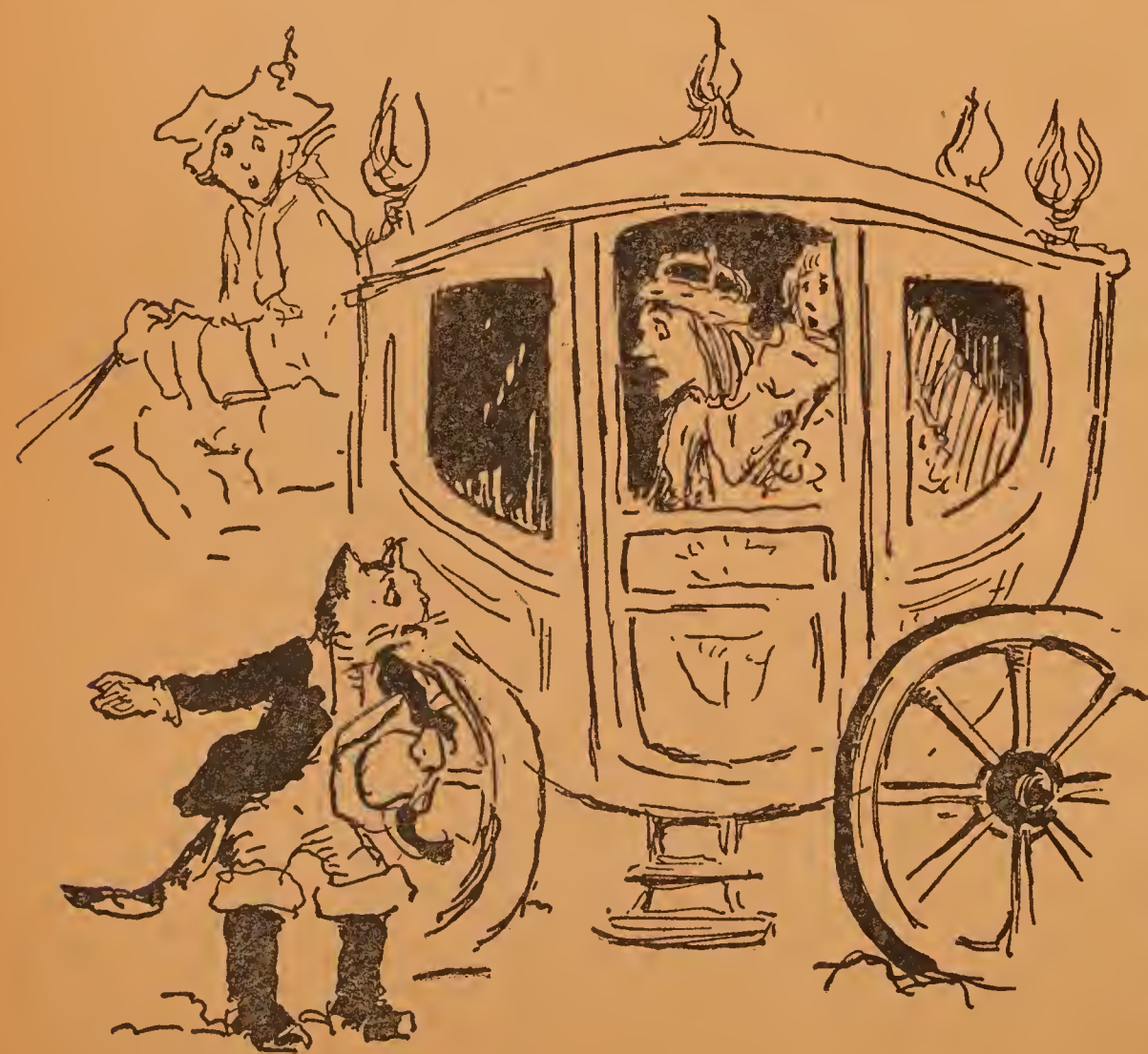
He went to the palace and the king received the partridges as he had the rabbit and ordered his servants to give Puss something to drink.

In this manner the cat continued to carry presents of game to the king from the Marquis of Carabas at least once a week for two or three months.

One day Puss, having learned the king intended to ride by the river with his daughter, the loveliest princess in all the world, said to his master:

"If you will only follow my advice, your fortune is made. Go to the river and bathe just where I show you. Leave the rest to me."

The Marquis of Carabas did exactly as the cat advised though unable to guess what the cat intended. While he was bathing the king passed by, and Puss in Boots began to cry out "Help! Help! My lord Marquis of Carabas is going to be drowned!"



Hearing the cries, the king put his head out of the window of his coach and

finding it was the cat who had so often brought him such good game, he ordered his attendants to go quickly to the rescue of my lord Marquis of Carabas. While the servants were drawing the poor Marquis out of the river, Puss in Boots came up to the king's coach and told his majesty that as his master was bathing some thieves went off with his clothes as they lay by the riverside, though the truth was that the cunning Puss himself had hidden them under a large stone.

At this news the king commanded the officers of his wardrobe to run and fetch one of his best suits and present it to the marquis.

After the marquis was dressed and seated in the king's own coach, the king was much impressed with him for indeed he was a handsome gentleman, and it was not queer that the king's daughter fell deeply in love with him. Puss in Boots was quite overjoyed to see his plans succeeding so well, and marched on as before.

Meeting some reapers in the field, the cat said to them: "Good people, the king will soon pass this way. If you do not tell him the meadow you are mowing belongs to my lord Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as fine as mincemeat."

When the king came riding by he asked the mowers to whom the meadow they were mowing belonged.

"To my lord Marquis of Carabas!" they answered together, for the threats of Puss in Boots had terrified them.

"A very fine piece of land you have there, my lord marquis," said the king, turning to him.

"You speak the truth, sire," he replied, "for it never fails to bring me a bountiful harvest."

Puss in Boots, going on as before, now came to a field where laborers toiled putting the corn they had cut into great sheaves. To them he said, "Good people, the king will soon pass this way and if you do not tell him that the corn you have reaped in this field belongs to my lord Marquis of Carabas you shall be chopped as small as mince-meat."

When the king came riding by and asked to whom the field belonged, they answered glibly, "To my lord Marquis of Carabas!"

The king once more complimented the marquis upon his rich possessions.

Still Puss in Boots continued on as before, giving the same charge to all the people he met, so that the king was astonished at the vast estates of my lord Marquis of Carabas.

At last Puss in Boots arrived at a stately castle. It belonged to an Ogre, the richest ever known, for all the lands through which the king had passed that morning belonged to him. Puss had taken the care to learn all about the Ogre and what he could do, and then asked to see him. When he entered the room he bowed low, and said that he could not pass so near his castle without doing himself the honor to inquire about his health.

The Ogre received him as civilly as an ogre could do and asked him to sit down.

# PUSS IN BOOTS

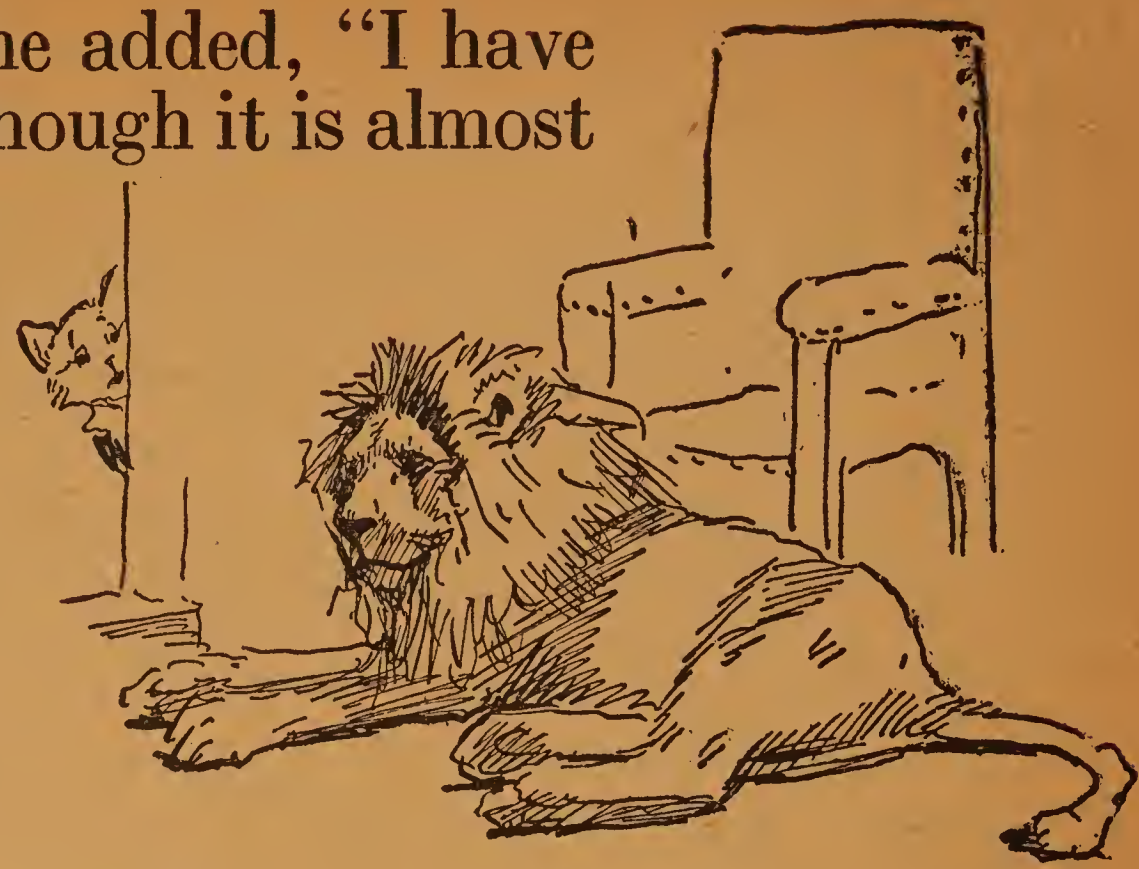
"I have been told," began Puss in Boots, "that you have the power to change yourself into all sorts of animals. You can, for example, change yourself into a lion or an elephant."

"That is very true," replied the Ogre a little sternly. "And to convince you I will now become a lion!"

Puss in Boots was so terrified at finding himself so near to a lion that he sprang far from him and climbed to the roof of the palace, though it was with great difficulty for his boots did not make walking on the tiles easy.

A little while after, when Puss in Boots saw that the Ogre had become an ogre once more, he ventured down from the roof, confessing he had been greatly frightened.

"Moreover," he added, "I have been informed, though it is almost impossible to believe it, that you have the power of taking the form of the smallest of animals. For example, you can change yourself into a rat or a mouse."



"Impossible to believe, is it?' stormed the Ogre. "You shall see!" and on the instant he became a mouse and began to scamper around the floor.

No sooner had Puss cast his eyes upon the Ogre in his form than he sprang upon him, eating him in an instant.

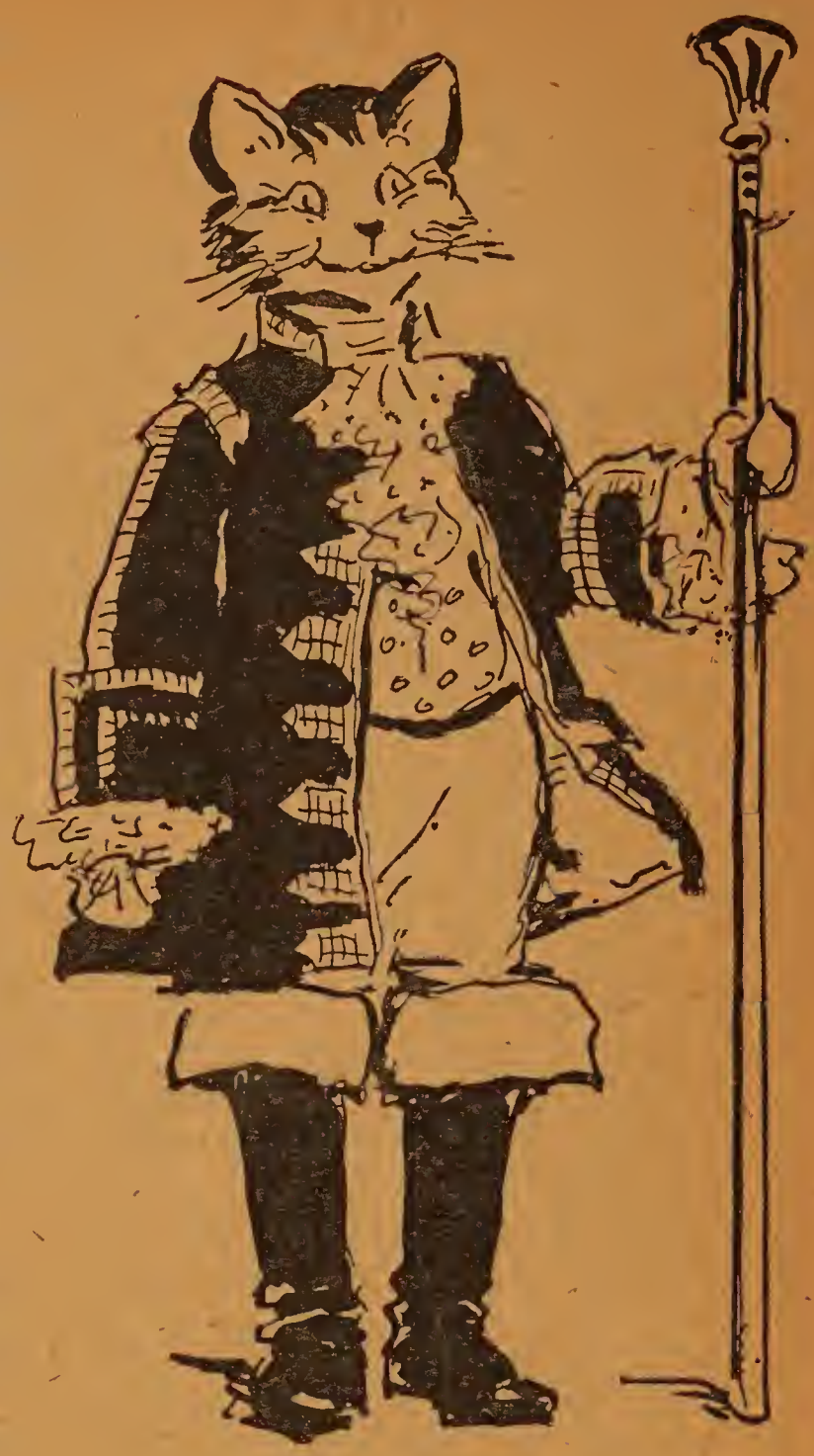
In the meantime the king's coach approached the Ogre's castle and seeing it was very palatial,

the king desired to visit it and so ordered his attendants to drive up to the gates.

Hearing the noise of the wheels on the drawbridge, Puss in Boots hastened out, saying, "Your majesty is indeed welcome to the castle of my lord Marquis of Carabas!"

"And is this splendid castle yours also, my lord Marquis of Carabas?" inquired the king, turning to the marquis. "Let us go in, if you please."

The marquis gave his hand to the princess as she alighted, and they followed the king, who went before. They entered the spacious hall, where they found a splendid feast, prepared by the Ogre for some of his friends whom he had invited to visit him that very day, but who, hearing that the king



with the princess and a great gentleman of the court were within, had not dared enter. The king was so charmed with the good qualities of my lord Marquis of Carabas and his vast fortune as well that after he had partaken of the collation, he said to the marquis, "It will be your own fault if you do not soon become my son-in-law, my dear lord Marquis of Carabas!"

So great haste was made and after a short courtship the princess became the bride of the marquis and they lived happily ever after.

Puss in Boots was made major-domo and wore the most beautiful clothes and twisted his whiskers like a real live lord, and became so great a personage he would not even look at a rat.

Just why he knew how to do all this for his master I do not know but I think it must have been because he wore boots—don't you?

# RUMPELSTILTZKIN

Once upon a time there was a poor miller who had a very beautiful daughter. Now it happened that one day the miller had an audience with his king, and in order to appear a person of much importance, the miller told the king he had a daughter who could spin straw into gold.

"Now that's a talent worth having!" exclaimed the king. "If your daughter is as clever as you say, bring her to the palace tomorrow and I will put her to the test."

When the girl was brought the next day, the king led her into a room full of straw and giving her a spinning-wheel and spindle, said, "Now set to work and spin all night until dawn. If by that time you have not spun the straw into gold, you shall die." Then he closed the door and she was left alone.

The poor miller's daughter sat down, sorely perplexed what to do. She hadn't the least idea how to spin straw into gold, and at last was so downhearted that she began to cry.

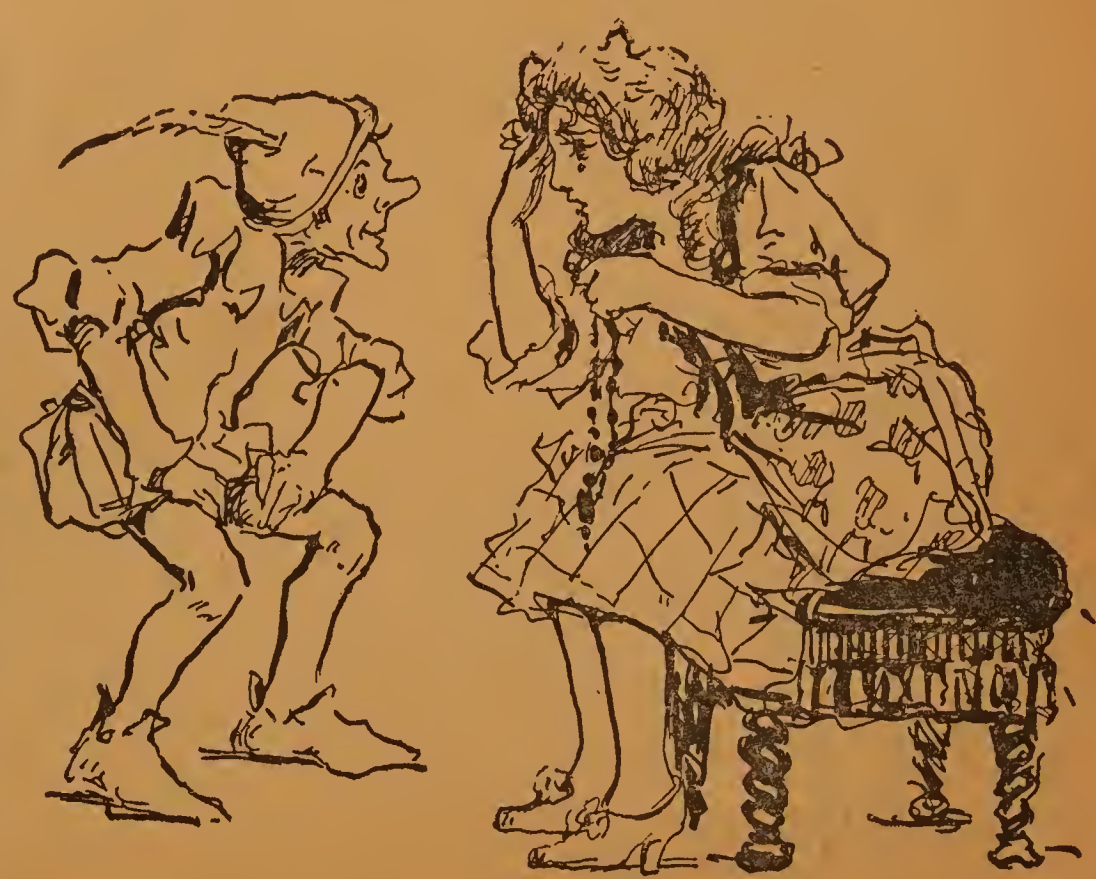
Suddenly the door opened and in stepped a tiny little man who said, "Good evening, Miss Millermaid, and why are you weeping so bitterly?"

"Oh," she answered, "I have to spin straw into gold and I haven't the first notion how it is to be done!"

"And what will you give me if I spin it for you?" he asked.

"My handsome necklace!" offered the girl quickly.

The tiny man took the necklace and sat down at the spinning-wheel. Whir! Whir! Whir! the wheel went around three times and the bobbin was full. So it went on until morning, by which time all the straw was spun and all the bobbins full of gold.



With the rising of the sun came the king to the room, and was both astonished and delighted when he saw all the gold. But his greedy heart only lusted after more of the precious stuff. He had the miller's daughter put in another room full of straw much larger than the first, and told her, if she valued her life, to spin all of it into gold before the next morning.

Again the girl did not know what to do, and she sat down and cried. Then the door opened as before, and the tiny little man was there, saying, "What will you give me if I spin this straw into gold for you?"

"The ring from my finger!" she offered quickly.

The tiny man took the ring and Whir! Whir! Whir! went the spinning-wheel again, and by morning he had spun all the straw into glittering gold.

Again the king was pleased, but his greed was still unsatisfied, and he had the miller's daughter taken into a yet larger room full of straw

and said, "You must spin all this into gold this night. If you succeed, you shall become my bride."

"She's only a miller's daughter," he thought to himself, "but if I search the world over I cannot find a richer wife."

When the girl was once again alone, the tiny little man appeared for the third time. "What will you give me if I spin this straw into gold?"

"Ah, I've nothing more to give!" she wept.

"Then promise me that when you are queen you will give me your first child," he said.

Seeing no other way to save her life, the miller's daughter promised what the tiny man asked. So he once more spun the straw into gold.

When the king came in the morning and found all as he desired he quickly made the poor miller's daughter his wife

Kasper, Melchior, Belshazzar, but after each one he cried out, "That's not my name!" and the next day when she said, "Is it Sheepshanks or Crookshanks or Spindleshanks?" he answered the same.

The third day the messenger reported: "As I came up a high hill I saw a little house. Around a fire danced a grotesque little man, crying:

"Tomorrow I brew, today I bake,
And then the child away I'll take;
For little deems my little dame
That Rumpelstiltzkin is my name!"

When the little man appeared shortly afterward and asked, "Now, lady queen, what's my name?" she asked first: "Is your name Conrad?"

"No."

"Is it Harry?"

"No."

"Is it, by chance, Rumpelstiltzkin?"

"Some demon told you!" screamed the tiny man, and in his fit of temper stamped the ground so hard his right foot sank in the earth up to his waist. Then in his rage he seized his left foot with both hands and tore himself in two.

# THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

Once upon a time there lived a shoemaker who grew so poor though through no fault of his own that he had leather enough to make only one pair of shoes.

That evening he cut out the shoes, intending to put them together the next morning, and then because he had a clear conscience he said his prayers, lay down quietly in his bed and soon was asleep.

In the morning he was ready to sit down to his toil before he noticed that the pair of shoes stood on his table all finished and ready to sell. He was so astonished at the sight that he had no words to express his surprise. He took up the shoes, turned them over and over—they were so skilfully made he could not find a stitch out of place.

A customer soon came and gladly paid more than the usual price. The shoemaker lost no time to

buy leather for two pairs of shoes. That evening he cut them out and next morning found the two pairs of shoes all finished standing on his table.

Soon two customers stepped in, paying him so well he bought leather for four pairs of shoes. The morning after he found the four pairs finished and standing on his table. So it went. What he cut out in the evening was finished next morning, and soon he was in comfortable circumstances again.

Just before Christmas the shoemaker said to his wife, "What do you think of our staying up tonight and discovering who lends us the helping hand?"

His wife agreed, and at midnight two naked little men came into the shop and stitched and sewed and hammered. Before dawn all the shoes were made and then the little men ran away.

The next day the shoemaker's wife said, "We must show the little men we are grateful. They wore no clothes and must be very cold. I'll make them each a coat, vest and trousers, a shirt apiece, and knit each a pair of stockings and you shall make each a pair of shoes." And on Christmas eve how astonished the little men were to find all the garments laid out for them!

They put on the clothes with haste and skipped about the room, singing:

"Now we are boys
too fine to see,
Why should we longer
cobblers be?"

At last they danced out at the door. And that is the last anyone has seen of the two little men, though the shoemaker prospered as long as he lived.

# THE GOLDEN GOOSE

Once upon a time a certain man had three sons. The youngest was called Dullhead because everybody thought him simple and they thoughtlessly mocked and jeered and sneered at him.

One day the eldest son wished to cut wood in the forest. Before he started out his mother gave him a fine cake and a bottle of wine to keep away both hunger and thirst.

He had just reached the forest when he met a little old gray man. "Good morning!" said he. "Please give me a portion of that cake in your basket and a little of your wine. I both hunger and thirst."

But the eldest son whom everyone thought so clever replied, "What? Give you my cake and wine? Then I shall have none for myself. Not I!" and left the little man standing there.

He went on further into the

forest and began cutting down a tree but before many minutes he made a false stroke with his ax and cut his arm so badly he had to go home to have it bound up.

Next day the second son went to the woods, and before he started out his mother gave him a good cake and a bottle of wine just as she had his elder brother. As he entered the woods the same little old gray man greeted him with "Good morning! Please give me a portion of that cake in your basket and a little of your wine. I both hunger and thirst."

But the second son replied, "What I give you I shall have to do without myself. Be off!"

He left the little man standing there and walked into the forest. But punishment came soon for he had given but two strokes with his ax when he cut his leg so badly he had to limp home.

Then Dullhead said, "Let me cut the wood."

But his father replied, "Your brothers have both been hurt. You would fare worse for you do not understand wood-cutting at all."

But Dullhead begged so hard at last his father consented and his mother gave him a plain cake baked in the ashes and a bottle of sour beer.

The very same little old gray man awaited him at the forest with "Good morning! Give me a little of your cake and a drop from your bottle. I both hunger and thirst."

"Oh," answered Dullhead, "I've only a cinder cake and sour beer but you are very welcome. Come, let us sit down and eat and drink together!"

But lo, when Dullhead took out his cinder cake he found it had turned into a fine rich cake, and the sour beer had become sweet wine.

After they had finished eating and drinking, the little old gray man said, "Because you have been

kindhearted, I will bring you luck. There stands an old tree. Cut it down and you will find something good." And the old man left him.

Dullhead set to work and when the tree was felled was surprised to find at its roots a goose whose feathers were of pure gold. He carried it to an inn near by and each of the landlord's three daughters longed to have its beautiful feathers.

The eldest thought, "Somehow I shall find a way to pluck at least one feather," and when Dull-

head left the room she caught the goose by its wing, but she could not pull her hand away.

The second daughter came into the room, planning to secure a feather too, but when she touched her sister, she could not free herself.

Then the youngest sister came in for she also wished for a golden feather. Her sisters cried, "Keep off!" but her hand touching her second sister, she too was made prisoner. So all three had to remain by the goose all night.

Next morning Dullhead tucked the golden goose under his arm and set off, never troubling himself about the three girls following close behind.

In the middle of the field they met the parson who exclaimed, "For shame, you bold girls! What mean you to run after a young fellow like this?" He caught the youngest by the hand to draw her away, but found he must run along with them.

In a few minutes the clerk came along and cried out, "Your reverence, don't forget you have a christening," but on plucking him by the sleeve he could not let go and had to run along with the four of them.

Presently two farmers with their hoes came by. The parson begged them to rescue his clerk and himself, but when they touched the clerk, they too stuck fast. Then there were seven traveling after Dullhead and his goose.

At last they came to a city where lived a princess who never laughed. The king had promised that whoever would make her laugh should have her for his bride.

Now when Dullhead heard this, he marched before the princess holding his goose, all the seven trotting after. So ridiculous was the sight the princess burst into laughter. Then Dullhead claimed her as his bride but the king said before he could consent, Dullhead must find a man who could drink a whole cellarful of wine.

Dullhead thought of the little old gray man, so off he went to the forest and at the spot where he had cut down the tree he saw a man with a wry face.

"What ever is the trouble?" asked Dullhead.

"Oh," said the fellow, "I am suffering with such thirst! Nothing seems to quench it. Cold water I cannot endure and though I have emptied a whole barrel of wine it is but as a drop of water on a hot stove."

"I can help you then," and so Dullhead led him to the king's cellar where the man sat down and drank and drank and drank until he had quite emptied the cellar.

Then Dullhead once again claimed his bride, but the idea of a simple fellow marrying his daughter vexed the king and he said no man should have her who could not find someone who could eat a mountain of bread.

Dullhead went straight to the forest once more and there on the same spot as before found a man who was drawing his belt as tight as he could around his body and making horrible faces as he did so. "I've eaten a whole ovenful of loaves, but I am as hungry as ever. My stomach is so empty I must bind it tightly or I shall die of hunger," he said.

"Come with me," offered Dullhead. "I will give you plenty to eat," and the two went back to the king's court where they found the king had ordered all the flour in the kingdom to be made up into bread and piled up in a huge mountain. The man from the forest took his stand before the mountain and began to eat and before the sun had set all the bread had vanished.

Then Dullhead went to the king and for the third time claimed the princess. But again the king tried to make excuse and said no man should have her who could not bring him a ship which could sail on land and water.

"When you bring me that," said the king, "you may have my daughter."

Once more Dullhead went to the forest and there he found the little old gray man.

"Ah," he said as he saw Dullhead, "it was I who sent the men to eat and drink. Now I will give you a ship that can travel both by land and by sea, because when you thought I was poor you shared your food with me."

Dullhead took the ship which could travel by land and by sea, went back to the king's court and when the king saw it he gave him his daughter. The wedding was celebrated with much rejoicing and when the king died, Dullhead succeeded him as king, and lived happily with his wife for many, many years.

His mother gave him a cake made with water and baked in the ashes.

The Prince danced with Cinderella and begged to know where she came from but she would not tell him.

# CINDERELLA

Once upon a time, many years ago there lived a certain rich gentleman who lost his wife and had just one little girl. After a long time he married again because he thought it would be better for his little girl as he had to be away from home so much.

This second wife had two daughters of her own and she was very proud of them but they were very selfish and disagreeable girls. In fact, as soon as the father would be away on a journey, mother and daughters too would be unkind to little Ella or Cinderella as they called her. You see they made her stay by the great open fireplace and tend the fire until she was all covered with ashes. She was compelled to do all the hard work in the household. She scoured the dishes, scrubbed the floors and gathered faggots to burn in the great open fire. She liked to do this, however, for it took her to the forest and she loved to listen to the wind whispering in the tops of the tall pine trees. She used to think it sounded like fairies playing on little harps.

And once in the forest she found a little lost kitten and brought it home and it lived with her in the big fireplace, and they would both sit and watch the fire. The cat was company for Cinderella though she could not understand anything the cat told her. It sounded just like purring, but if she had understood the cat language she would have known how much the cat loved her.

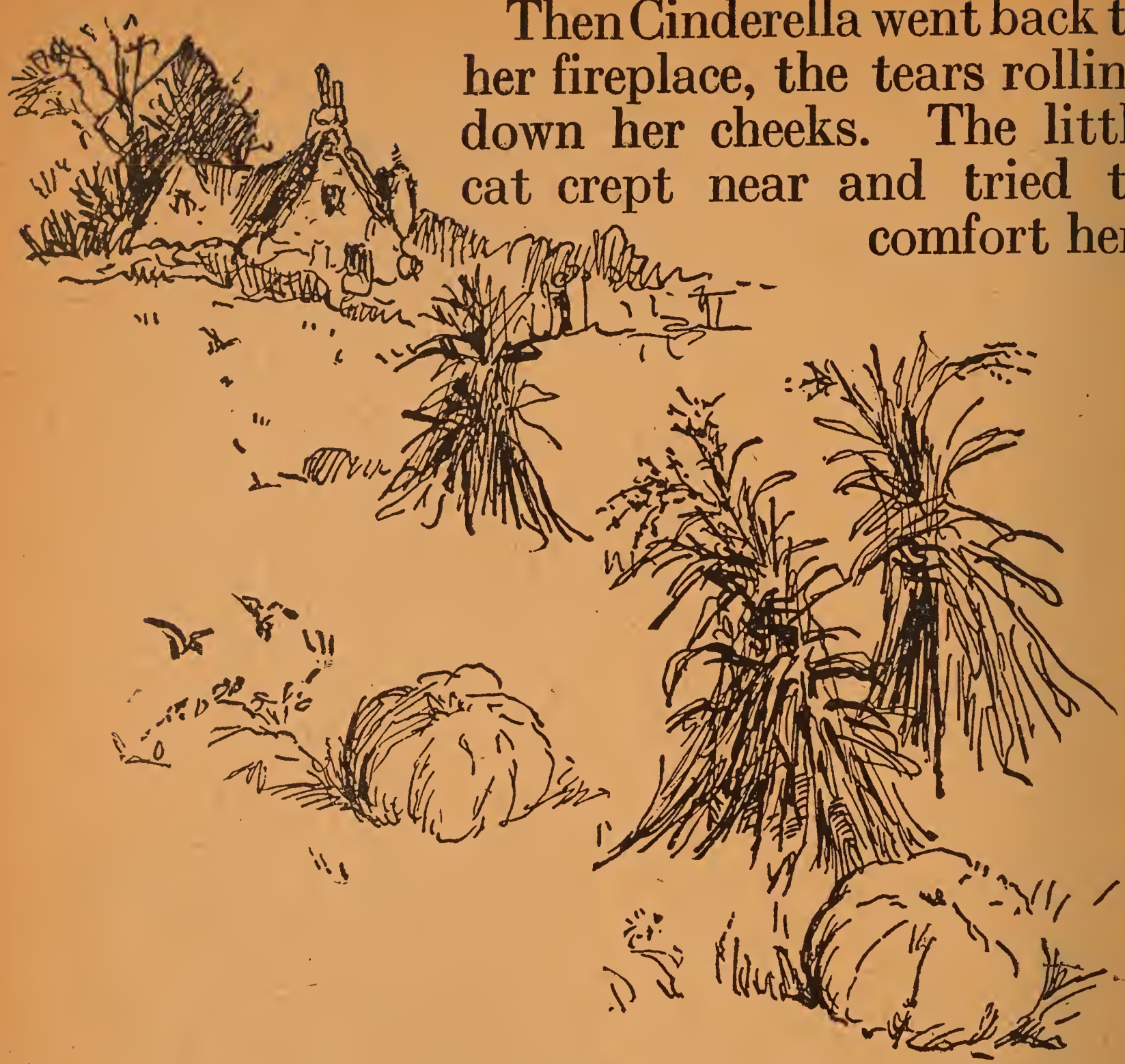
As time went on, Cinderella grew more ragged and her long golden hair more tangled, but her little face grew more beautiful because she was both kind and patient.

Then one day it became known that the King of that country had ordered a great ball. It was to be held three nights and all the girls of that kingdom were to attend, for the most beautiful was to be chosen as the betrothed of the young Prince.

So everyone, young and old, was talking about the Grand Ball, and how they were going to attend and how beautiful their dresses were going to be. Cinderella heard about it too, and wanted to go. She begged and pleaded, but the stepmother and the two proud sisters laughed her to scorn and said,

"How would you look at the King's ball in your rags and your wooden shoes and all covered with cinders?"

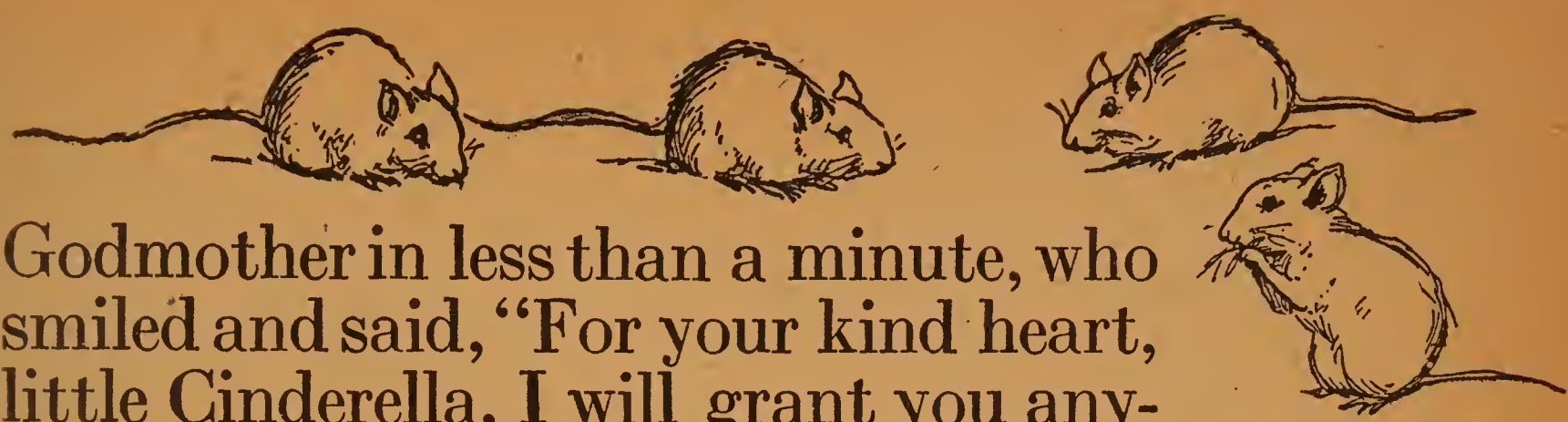
Cinderella begged them to loan her one of their very oldest party dresses—any one would do. But they just laughed on and turned up their noses at her.



Then Cinderella went back to her fireplace, the tears rolling down her cheeks. The little cat crept near and tried to comfort her.

But it was hard indeed to see the stepmother and the two proud sisters start for the ball and to be left behind.

Just then a poor old woman came to the door and begged for something to eat. Cinderella was so sorry for her that she gave the old woman all her own supper. Then a most wonderful thing happened—the old woman turned into a little Fairy



Godmother in less than a minute, who smiled and said, "For your kind heart, little Cinderella, I will grant you anything you wish."

Cinderella could scarce believe her ears, but she said, "Oh, Fairy Godmother, I wish I could go to the King's ball!"

"Nothing easier!" answered the fairy. "But bring me the biggest pumpkin, for you will need a coach."

Cinderella remembered seeing a huge one in the garden, and truly it was so big she found she could hardly carry it into the house.

"Now I shall need some rats and some mice," said the fairy, and as Cinderella remembered where the traps were, she managed to bring them in, though she disliked touching the creatures. But the Fairy Godmother just touched them with her wand and the pumpkin turned into a great golden coach and the rats into six lovely white prancing ponies with long flowing manes and wavy tails, and the mice became coachmen all in fine livery. You never saw anything quite so fine. Cinderella was so surprised and delighted she could not speak. Looking at the coach, then at herself, she asked, "But how can I go to the ball in these rags?"

She had no more than uttered the words before the Fairy touched her with her wand and lo! Cin-

derella's clothes were changed in a twinkling. From the little golden crown on her head to the dear little golden glass slippers on her tiny feet everything she wore was lovely. She tried to thank

the Fairy Godmother, but instead the Fairy hurried her into the great coach, warning her to remember one thing: she must leave the ball at twelve o'clock or all her fine things would turn back to rags and the coach disappear. Cinderella promised—and the coachmen cracked their whips and off the ponies galloped to the King's ball.

When Cinderella appeared in the palace everyone wondered who this beautiful princess could be. Her clothes were handsomer and her jewels were

brighter than any others there. When the Prince led her out to dance, even the stepmother and her two proud daughters looked on in envy, exclaiming over her loveliness.

Right in the midst of her happiness, while she was dancing with the Prince, Cinderella remembered her promise about twelve o'clock, and as she looked at the big clock saw it was only a minute of the hour. She had to hurry, but managed to get off just in time.

The next night Cinderella came dressed finer than before, and again astonished everyone by her beauty and wonderful clothes. The Prince danced with her more than ever, and begged her to tell him where she came from but she would not.

She had so very much to think about during the evening, she very nearly forgot all about the hour she must leave. Indeed, the clock began to strike —but she got away in time.

But oh, the last night—that was the best of all! Cinderella had never looked so lovely, the Prince vowed he would marry no one but her, and in the midst of it all the clock struck twelve.

Cinderella had to run for her life—and dropped one of her golden glass slippers as she rushed outdoors. As she ran her clothes all changed back to rags. Her coach had disappeared and she saw the last rat scurry away under the bushes. She had to run all the way home, and at last she sank down in the ashes by the fireplace all out of breath.

As the stepmother and the proud sisters reached home after the ball, Cinderella heard them talking about the wonderful mysterious princess, how she had suddenly disappeared, how the Prince searched everywhere for her, how he had found one of her tiny glass slippers and how he was going to have the whole kingdom searched until he found her. Indeed, he declared he would marry no one but this beautiful princess.

The very next day criers were dispatched far and near through the kingdom reading a proclamation from the King, saying that the lady who could

wear the tiny glass slipper was to wed the prince.

The very next day two of the Royal Courtiers of the King went to every house with the little glass slipper to find its owner, but no foot was small

enough though it was said some cut off their toes trying to get it on. At last they came to the house of the proud stepmother. She tried to put it on but her foot was much too wide and much too fat. Then the elder daughter tried, but she couldn't even get her toe in it. And the younger tried very, very hard, but could not get it on at all. Then the Royal Courtiers demanded to know if there was no one else in the house, and they said, "No—no one but Cinderella with her rags and old wooden shoes."

But the Courtiers said, "Bring her to us," and so Cinderella had to come out of the chimney corner and try on the slipper. She sat down on a little bench—and on went the slipper just as easy—and in that moment she was changed to the lovely being that she had been at the King's ball. While every-

one stood astonished, the Fairy Godmother appeared and pointed her wand at the stepmother and her daughters, and said:

"It was your own evil thoughts and selfish natures that made you ugly and unloved."

When the Prince heard the good news that the beautiful maiden had been found, he came himself in the royal coach to escort her back to the palace.

And they were married at once with great pomp and ceremony and lived happily ever after.

You may be sure too that Cinderella did not forget to bring her little

cat to the palace. There she learned to carry Cinderella's train and was a great pet with everyone—and wore a gold collar all set with diamonds.

# THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF

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Once upon a time there were three Billy Goats who went up the hillside to make themselves fat.

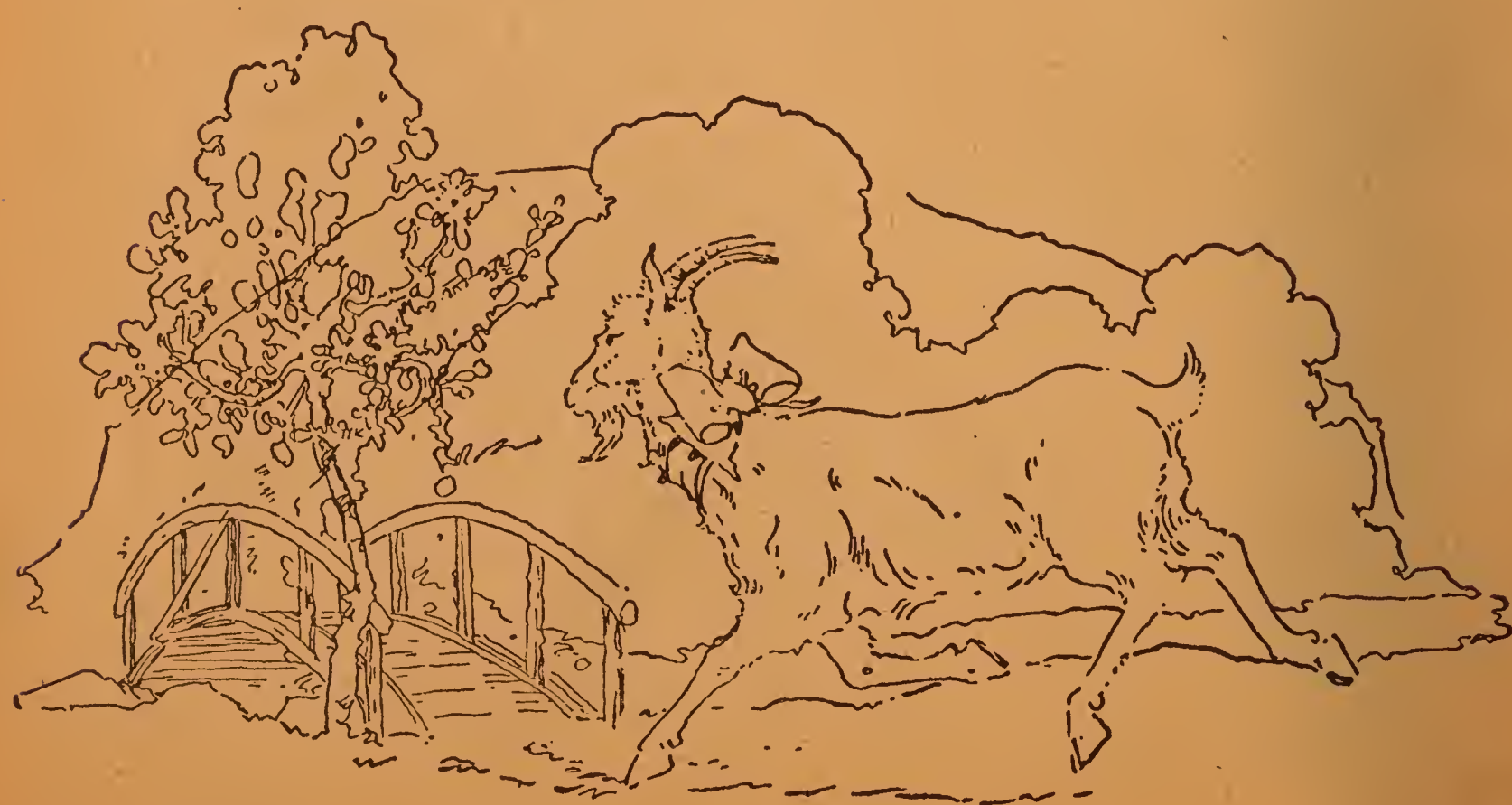
The name of all three was "Gruff."

On the way up there was a bridge over a brook. And under that bridge there lived a great ugly Troll. His eyes were as big as saucers, and his nose was as long as your arm.

First of all came the youngest Billy Goat Gruff to cross the bridge.

Trip Trap! Trip Trap! went the bridge as he passed over.

"Who's that tripping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.



"Oh, it is only I, the tiniest Billy Goat Gruff and I am going up the hillside to make myself fat," said the Billy Goat in such a very small voice.

"Ho, I am coming to gobble you up!" said the Troll.

"Oh, no, pray do not take me! I am too little," said the Billy Goat. "Wait a bit until the next Billy Goat Gruff comes. He's much bigger!"

"Well, be off with you!" said the Troll.

A little while after came the second Billy Goat Gruff to cross the bridge.

Trip Trap! Trip Trap! Trip Trap! went the bridge.

"Who's that tripping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"Oh, it is only I, the second Billy Goat Gruff, and I am going up the hillside to make myself fat," said the Billy Goat, who hadn't such a very small voice.

"Ho, I am coming to gobble you up!" said the Troll.

"Oh, no. Pray do not take me! Wait a bit until the big Billy Goat comes. He's much bigger."

"Very well. Be off with you!" said the Troll.

But just then came the big Billy Goat Gruff.

Trip Trap! Trip Trap! Trip Trap! went the bridge, for this Billy Goat was so heavy the bridge cracked under him.

"Who's that tripping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"It is I, the big Billy Goat Gruff!" said the Billy Goat, who had a big hoarse voice all his own.

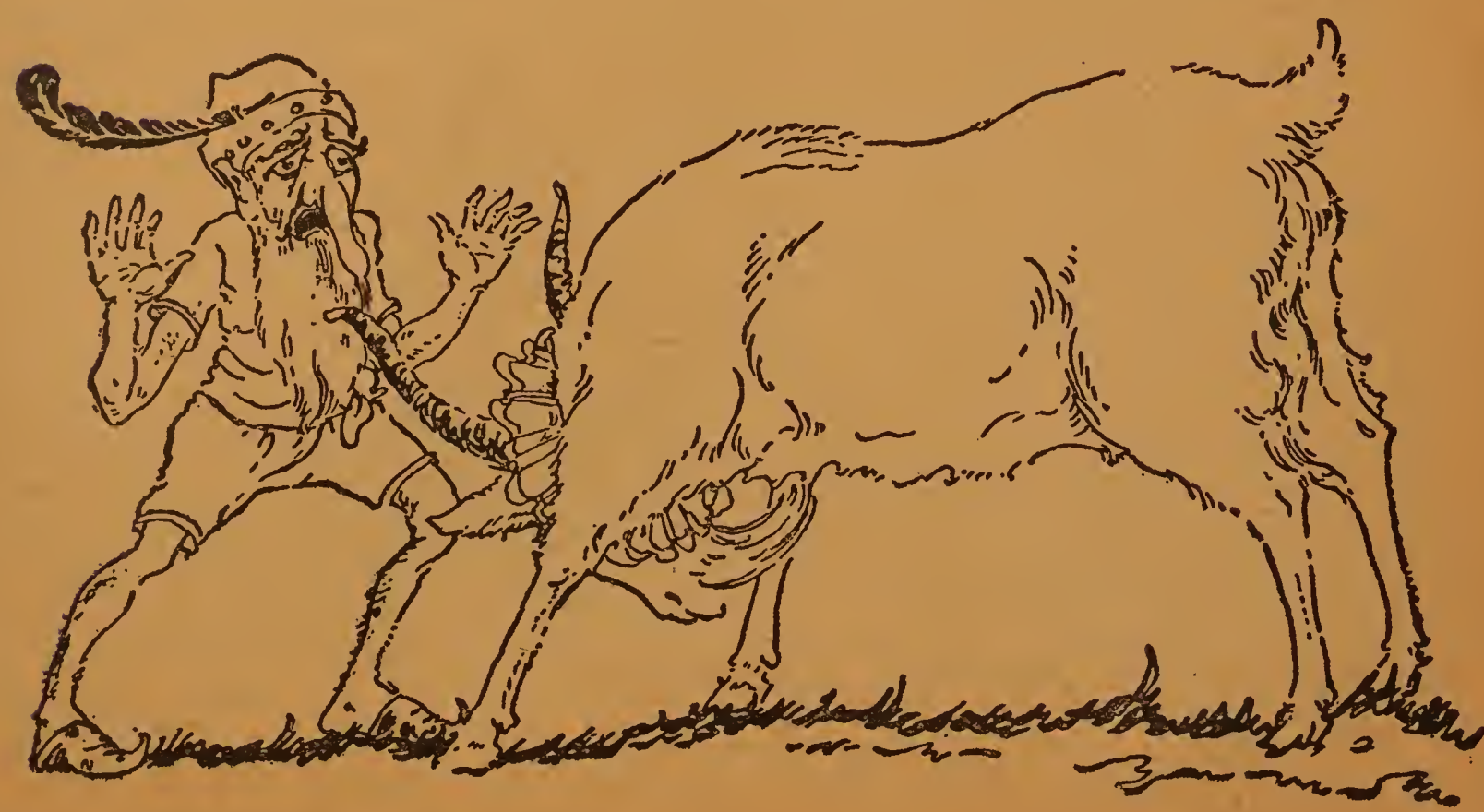
"Ho, now I am coming to gobble you up!" roared the Troll.

"Well, come along! I've got two spears,
And I'll poke your eyeballs out at your ears;
I've got besides two curling-stones,
And I'll crush you to bits, body and bones."

That was what the big Billy Goat said. He flew at the Troll, poked his eyes out with his horns, crushed him to bits, body and bones, and tossed him into the brook. After that he went on up the hillside.

There the three Billy Goats grew so fat they were scarce able to walk home again; and if the fat hasn't fallen off them, why, they're fat still; and so—

Snip, snap, snout,
This tale's told out.



# The GINGERBREAD BOY

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Once upon a time a little old woman and a little old man lived in a little old house. You will know they were lonely when I tell you there was no little boy, no little girl in that little old house.

One day the little old woman said to herself, "I am going to make a gingerbread boy. Then we'll not be so lonely."

That is how it came that she mixed some gingerbread dough and rolled it out with unusual care. She took her round cooky cutter and cut out a head. Then she took a larger, oval cooky cutter and cut out the body. Two long pieces of dough made a fine pair of arms, and two sturdy legs were added too.

"He must have some clothes," thought the little old woman, and she put six round, flat black currants down the front of his brown jacket.

Two tiny dots of sugar frosting just in the right places made his eyes, while a lump of sugar made his pug of a nose. Oh, the little woman used great care as she put on the narrow line of sugar frosting that made his mouth. She wanted a smiling boy in her house, you see.

At last she lifted him gently and popped him into the oven.

Now it was hot in the little old woman's oven—

much too hot for the gingerbread boy, so he called out, "Open the door! I want to get out!" But the little old woman never heard him, putting away her baking things with a great noise and clatter.

The oven grew hotter—much hotter, and the gingerbread boy called louder: "Open the door! I want to get out, I do!" But by this time the little old woman was singing happily as she went from cupboard to table, for she was thinking, "Now I shall have a little boy all my own!"

The oven grew hotter—oh, very much hotter, and the gingerbread boy beat on the door. Then the little old woman sniffed the air and ran to the oven, saying, "Dearie me! I mustn't let my gingerbread burn!" She threw open the door and the gingerbread boy jumped on to the floor and ran straight for the door. He waved his arms and called back over his shoulder:

"I am the gingerbread boy,
I am, I am;
I can run from you, I can,
I can!"

The little old woman picked up her skirts and ran after the gingerbread boy as fast as she could run, but she couldn't catch him.

The little old man was making a garden and looked up just as the gingerbread boy ran out the gate, the little old woman close behind.

The gingerbread boy waved his arms and called back over his shoulder to the little old man:

"I am the gingerbread boy, I am, I am;
I can run from you, I can, I can!
I ran away from a little old woman,
And I can run from you, I can, I can!"

The little old man dropped his rake and ran after the gingerbread boy as fast as he could run, but he couldn't catch him.

On, on ran the gingerbread boy until he came to a field where men were swinging great scythes as they cut the sweet hay. They looked up and saw the gingerbread boy, the little old woman and the little old man running across the field.

The gingerbread boy waved his arms and called back over his shoulder to the mowers:

"I am the gingerbread boy, I am, I am;
I can run from you, I can, I can!
I ran away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
And I can run from you, I can, I can!"

The mowers dropped their scythes and ran after the gingerbread boy as fast as they could run, but they couldn't catch him.

On, on ran the gingerbread boy until he came to a great barn where the men were threshing the grain. They looked up and saw the gingerbread boy, the little old woman, the little old man and the mowers all running past the barn.

The gingerbread boy waved his arms and called back over his shoulder:

"I am the gingerbread boy, I am, I am;
I can run from you, I can, I can!
I ran away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A field full of mowers,
And I can run from you, I can, I can!"

# THE GINGERBREAD BOY

The threshers dropped their flails and ran after the gingerbread boy as fast as they could but they couldn't catch him.

On, on ran the gingerbread boy until he came to a pasture where an old red cow was chewing her cud.

The gingerbread boy waved his arms and called back over his shoulder to the old red cow:

"I am the gingerbread boy, I am, I am;
And I can run from you, I can, I can!
I ran away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A field full of mowers,
A barn full of threshers,
And I can run from you, I can, I can!"

The old red cow rolled her big, soft eyes and said, "Moo! Moo!" (which meant "No! No!") and ran after the gingerbread boy as fast as she could, but she couldn't catch him.

On, on ran the gingerbread boy until he met a big, fat pig.

The gingerbread boy waved his arms and called back over his shoulder to the pig:

"I am the gingerbread boy, I am, I am;
I can run from you, I can, I can!
I ran away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A field full of mowers,
A barn full of threshers,
An old red cow,
And I can run from you, I can, I can!"

The pig went "Ouf! Ouf!" (which meant "No! No!") and ran after the gingerbread boy as fast as he could run but he couldn't catch him.

On, on ran the gingerbread boy far, far into the woods until he saw a sly old fox under the tree. As the fox had his eyes half closed, the gingerbread boy thought he was asleep, so he ran close to him, waved his arms just as he had to the pig, and called out:

"I am the gingerbread boy, I am, I am;
I can run from you, I can, I can!
I ran away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A field full of mowers,
A barn full of threshers,
An old red cow,
A big fat pig,
And I can run from you, I can, I can!"

Then the sly old fox opened his eyes, and he opened his mouth, too—and grabbed the gingerbread boy by the leg.

One bite, and the fox found he liked the gingerbread boy very well. He ate all the leg, smacking his lips and saying, "Um!" as he licked his chops.

The gingerbread boy wiped a tear away as he wailed:

"One leg all gone!"

Then the fox ate the other leg, smacking his lips and saying, "Um-m!" as he licked his chops.

The gingerbread boy wiped a tear away as he wailed:

"Two legs all gone!"

Then the fox began to eat the gingerbread boy's body, smacking his lips and saying, "Um-m-m!" as he licked his chops.

The gingerbread boy wiped a tear away as he wailed:

"Half gone!"

Then the fox ate one of the gingerbread boy's arms, smacking his lips and saying, "Um-m-m-m!" as he licked his chops.

The gingerbread boy wiped a tear away as he wailed:

"One arm all gone!"

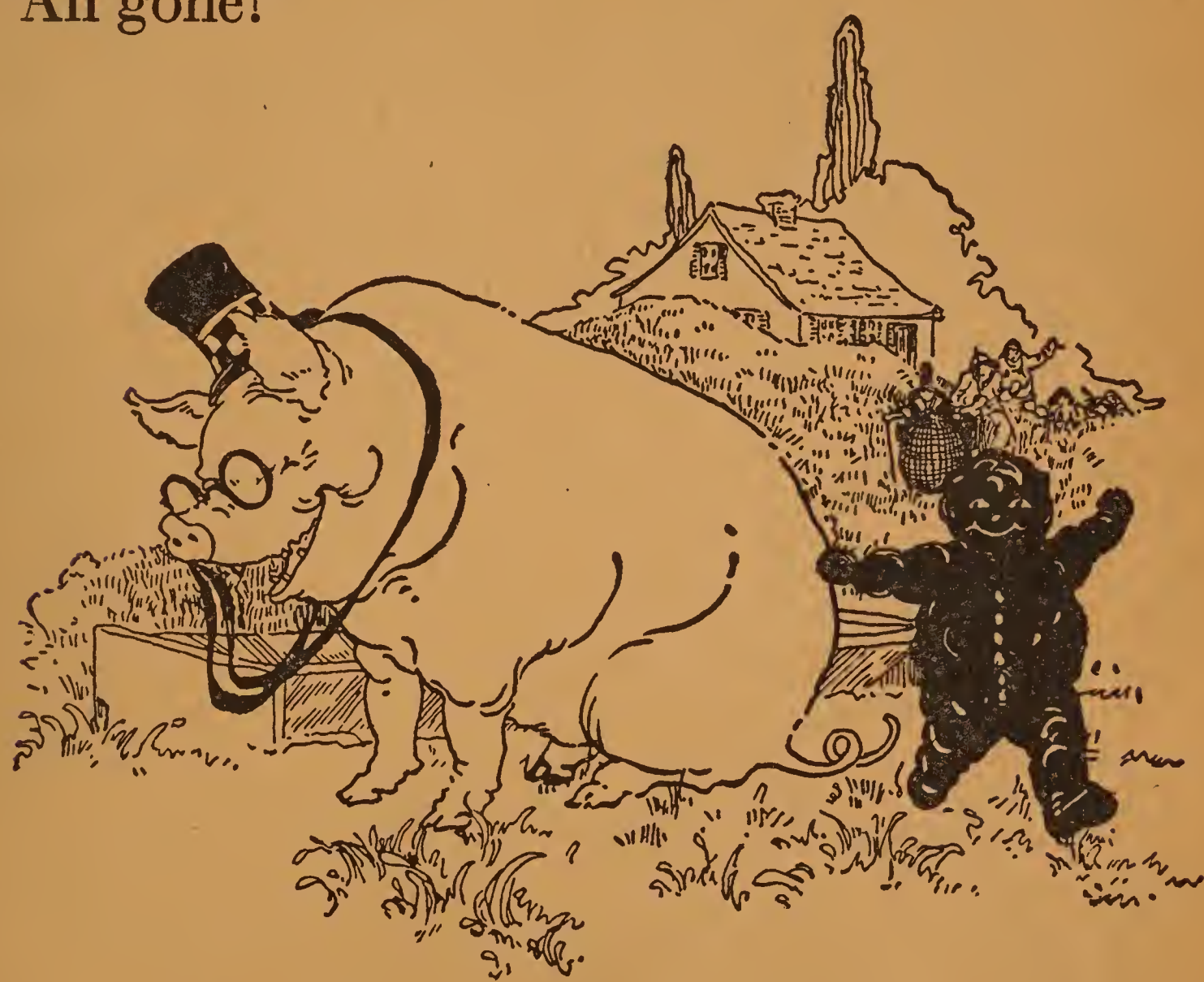
Then the fox ate the other arm, smacking his lips and saying, "Um-m-m-m-m!" as he licked his chops.

The gingerbread boy let the tears roll down his face—you see he could do nothing else as he weakly wailed:

"Two arms all gone!"

Then the fox ate the gingerbread boy's head with a great gulp, while a far-away voice wailed:

"All gone!"



And that
was the
last of
the
Gingerbread
Boy!

THE GINGERBREAD BOY

With Santa in his toy shop

long before

"The
Night
Before
Christmas"

# THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

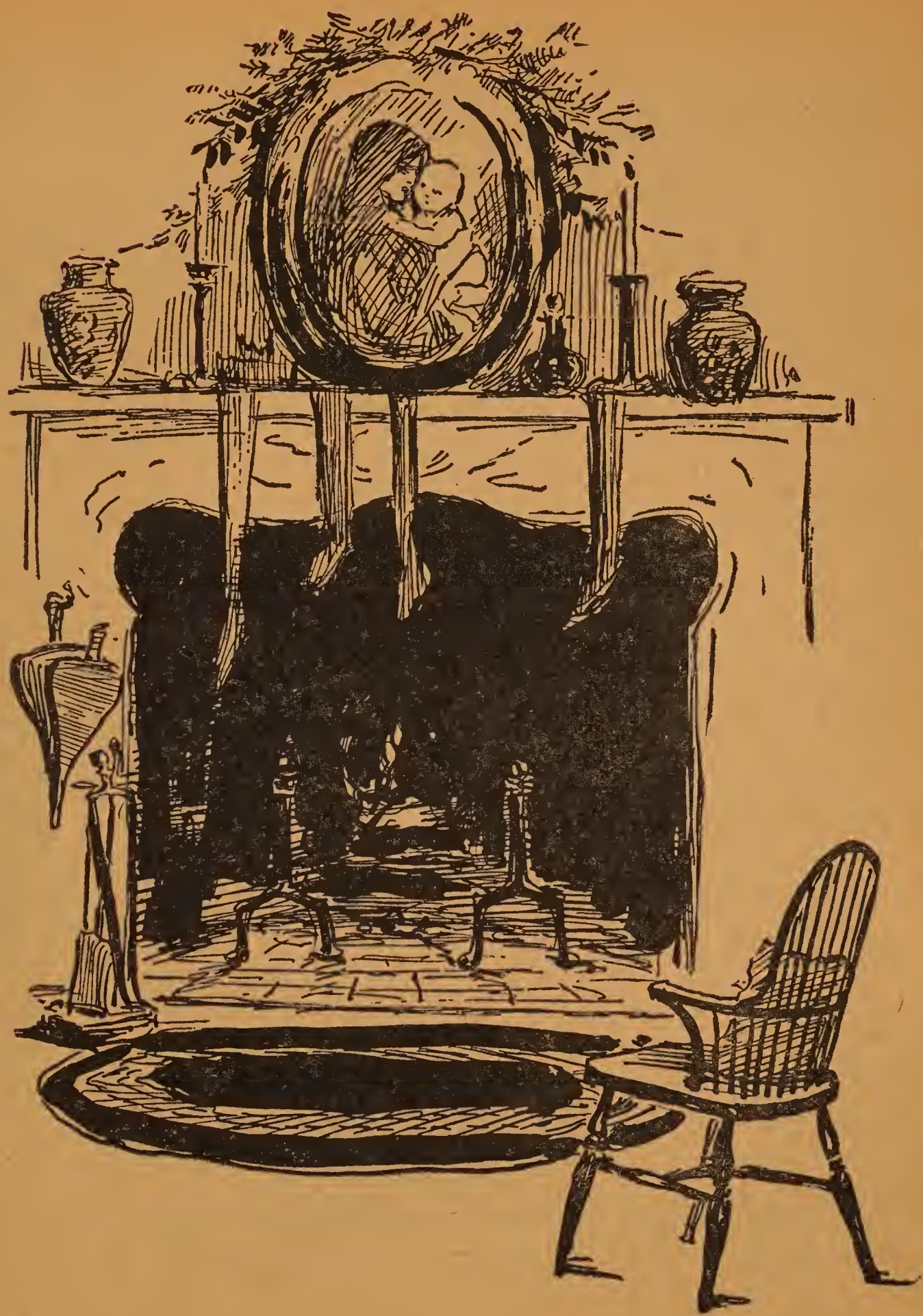
# THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;

The stockings were hung

by the chimney with care,



In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

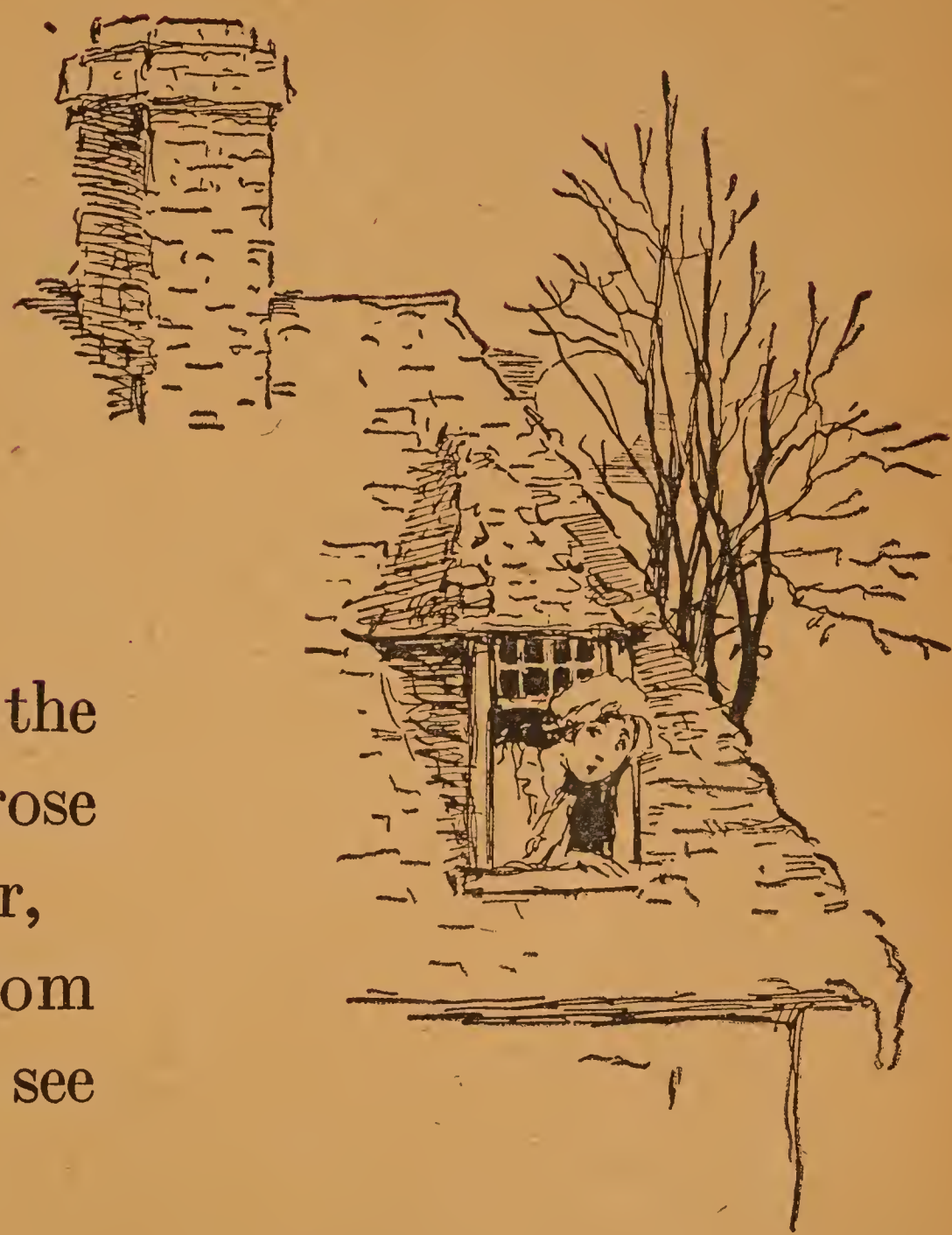
The children were nestled

all
snug
in
their
beds,

While visions of sugar-plums

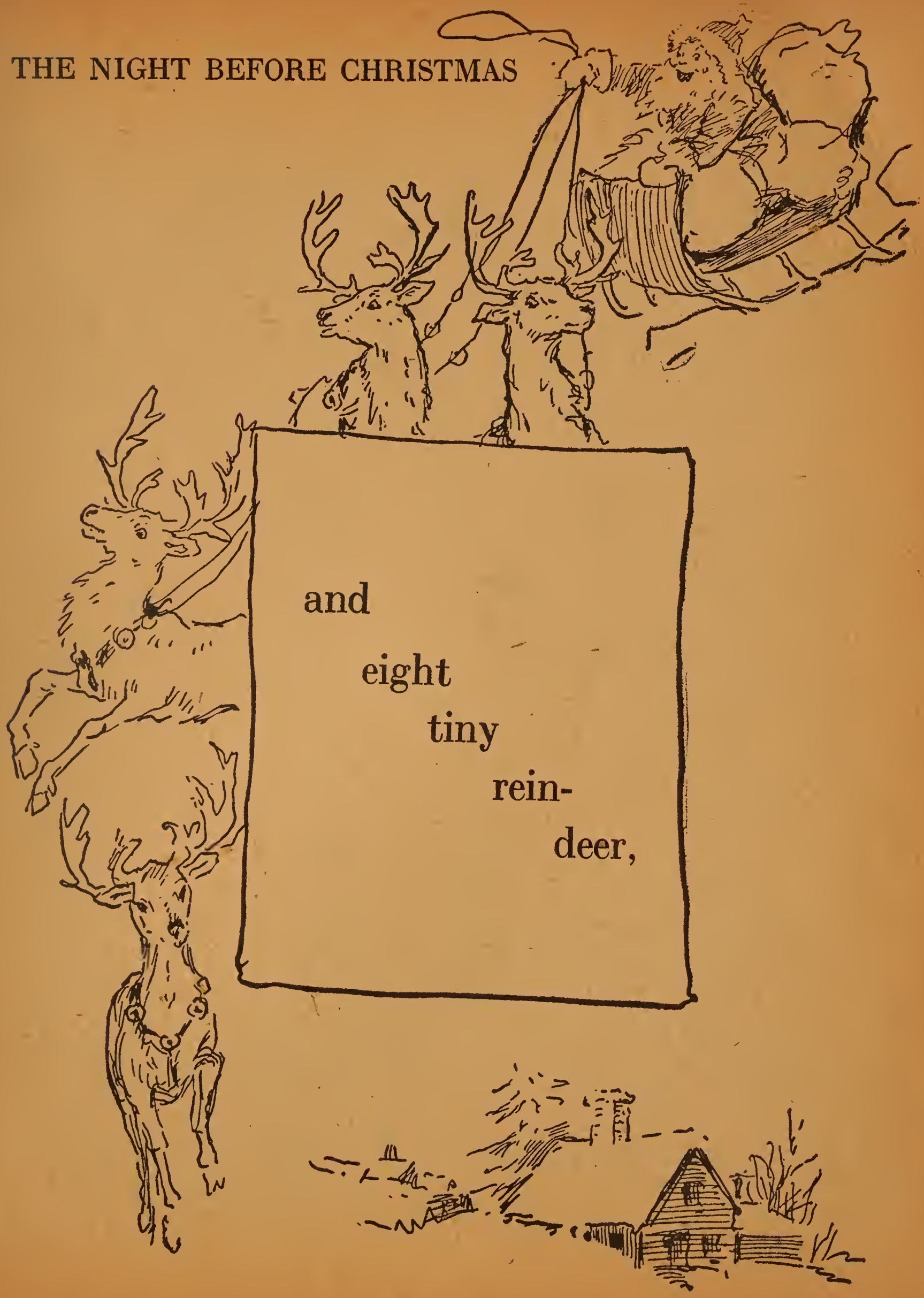
danced through their heads;

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,



When out on the
lawn there arose
such a clatter,
I sprang from
my bed to see
what
was
the
matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh—

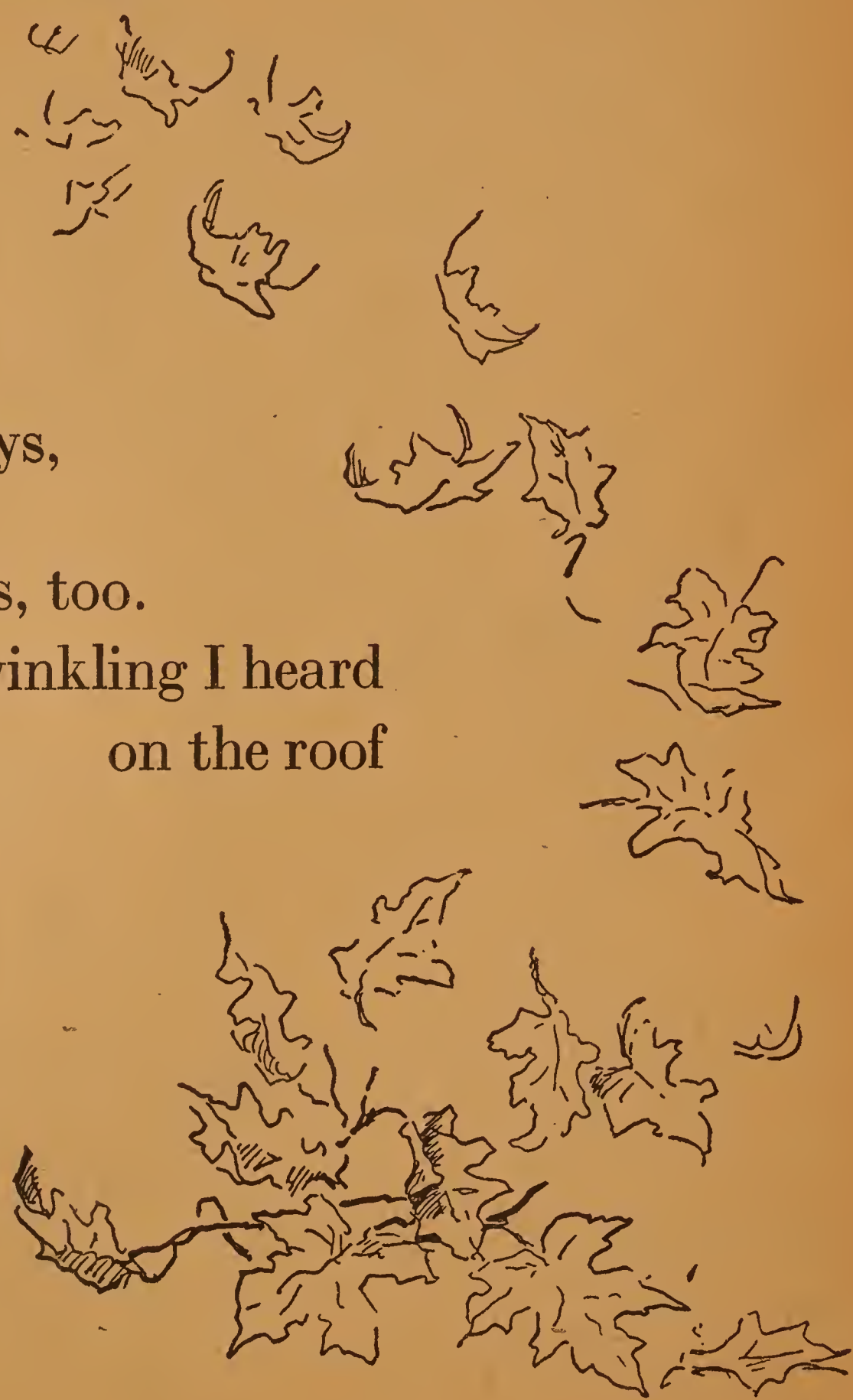

and
eight
tiny
rein-
deer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by
name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now,
Vixen!

On, Comet!
On, Cupid!
On, Donder
and Blitzen!—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top
the coursers
they flew,
With the
sleigh
full of
toys,
and
St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard
on the roof
The prancing
and pawing
of each
little
hoof.



As I drew in my head, and was turning around
Down the chimney St. Nicholas
came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur
from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished
with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!

His cheeks
were like
roses,
his nose
like a
cherry.

His droll
little mouth
was drawn
up like
a bow,

And the beard
on his chin
was as white
as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath,

He had a broad face and a round little belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of
jelly.

He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And I laughed when I saw him,
in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye,
and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know
I had nothing to dread.

He spake not a word,

but went straight to his work,

And
filled
all
the
stockings;
then
turned
with
a
jerk,
And
laying
his
finger
aside
of
his
nose,

And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh,

To his team gave a whistle,

And away
they
all
flew
like
the
down
of
a
thistle;

But I heard him exclaim,

ere he drove out of sight,

"Happy
Christmas
to
all,
and
to
all
a
good-night!"

# BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night,
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping in the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

Eugene Field.

"I would dream of ships and the sea."

—Robinson Crusoe

I could see the ship as it lay one end up out of the sea, not quite a mile off.

# ROBINSON CRUSOE

I was born in the town of York, in the spring of 1623. When I was but a small boy I would sit for hours at a time on the banks of a small stream near our house and dream of ships and the sea. My friends did all they could to keep me at home, but when I grew to young manhood I ran off and found my way on board a ship.

One day there blew up a great gale and for three days we could not steer the ship, and the high seas that came on us took off a man and a boy. In the midst of this one of the men said he saw land, and we thought we would try to reach it but it was of no use, and though we did all we could, the boat struck on a sand bar. There was a small boat

on the ship which we all got in, but did not have much hope as the sea was so wild and rough. We felt that naught but God's care could save us. We had gone but a short way when there rose a great wave that swept us all into the sea.

With the aid of the waves I swam for land which I saw quite a way off and when I reached shore the first thing I did was to thank God for my life and then to look for the rest of the men, but they must have all gone down for I saw them no more.

Not far off I saw a thick fir tree, full of thorns. I thought I would sleep in it for though I saw no signs of them I feared both wild men and beasts. I took my knife and cut a sharp stick and when it was dark got up in my tree where I slept very well.

The next morning the sun shone bright and I could see the ship as it lay one end up out of the sea, not quite a mile off. At noon the sea was calm and the tide low so I swam out to her. I spied a small piece of strong rope that hung down on one side of the ship and by the aid of that and hard work I reached the deck.

You may be sure my first work was to search for bread. When I found it I made a good meal. Then I went to see what there was I could take on shore. But how to get anything to land? I must make a raft, I decided, so I took some spare yards, a mast or two, some large spars of wood and planks. With some strong rope I made a rough raft which was quite large and strong. This required much time and toil, but the fear of starvation urged me on.

My raft ready, my next care was what to take. I first laid on some loose planks, then three chests, in one of which I put my food to keep it dry—bread, rice, cheese, dry meat and some corn. I took all the clothes I thought I would need for

some time, and a chest of tools which was my greatest prize. Last of all I took three good guns, a bag of shot, two old swords, an old horn and three kegs of gun dust. I thought I had chosen wisely.

## CHAPTER II

I put all these things on my raft and set off for land. When I had at last brought my goods up on the shore, I sat down to smoke. I thought of my friends at home; I knew they would think me dead, but I did not see how I could send them word or get off this isle which did not seem to have a soul on it. It was out of the course of ships and I felt I was lost to the world. I made a rude hut with the boards and chests for I knew I must stay near my goods to watch them. But

I did not sleep well for the boards were hard and I was in fear of wild beasts. The next morning I swam to the ship when the tide was out, made a much smaller raft and took off some nails and spikes, saws and knives, a grindstone on which to sharpen my tools, a spare top sail and a bed.

Reaching land in safety with my treasure, I went to work to make a small tent in which I could sleep as well as store my goods. I put up one with the sail and some poles I cut and brought in all the things I thought sun or rain would spoil. Then I stood all the chests and casks around it and made a door of some boards and a chest. When this was done I spread out my bed, put my guns close by and for the first time since I had left the ship I laid down and slept well.

For the next six days I went out to the ship when

the tide was low and thought I had found all I would need, but as long as the ship was there I felt I must take off all I could get.

The seventh night the wind blew hard and next morning I found the ship was gone. I felt as though I had lost a friend.

As the ground on which my tent stood was low and wet, I now found a plain on the side of a hill with a large rock near by. A hole was worn in this rock like a door to a cave, and there was a flat green in front of this hole. I fixed the hole to put my food in and built my tent in front of it on the green. When it was all done, I brought my goods and stores here.

As the days went by I found I must make a note of time or I should lose sight of the days and years. So with my knife I made a great cross out of some posts and set it up near the shore. I put on it, "I came here the first of September, 1659" and each day I cut a notch so I could tell the days of the week, the month, and the year.

I did not tell you of the two cats that I brought in my arms from the ship, or of the dog who swam ashore with me at the same time. The dog was a great pet and a true friend for years. I thought if he could but speak to me and tell me his thoughts and I could tell him mine, how glad I should be!

The next thing for me to do was to make a chair on which to sit and a stand on which to eat. These I made out of the short boards I had brought on the raft from the ship. I could not build much at a time as I had so few tools. When I needed a board, I had to cut down a tree, set it on edge by me, hew it flat on both sides with my ax and then rub it down with my adze and I could make but one board from a tree. You can imagine the toil it took.

When I had wrought out some boards in this way I made some large shelves and put them all around the sides of my tent. I laid all my tools and nails and such things on them, hung up my guns, and soon had things where I could get at them and could keep them and my tent neat and clean.

Each day when I was through with my work, I would walk to the top of the hill to see if there was a ship or a sail in sight, and when I came back I would sit down and cry like a child. My dog and my cats would come up to me and lick my hands and look at me as though they would like to help me, which would soothe me a great deal.

## CHAPTER III

One day I caught some wild birds, a kind of dove, which I thought I would tame. I did so, and their flesh made very good food.

As time wore on, I found I would need more lights, for when it was dark I had to go to bed. I had some goats' fat, which I made soft by the fire, and then I made a wick to put in it from a piece of old rope, and with the aid of the sun to dry the clay I fashioned a small dish. In this way I had a lamp and quite a good light. I was proud of my success and the evenings became less tedious for I found I could do many things by the aid of the crude lamp.

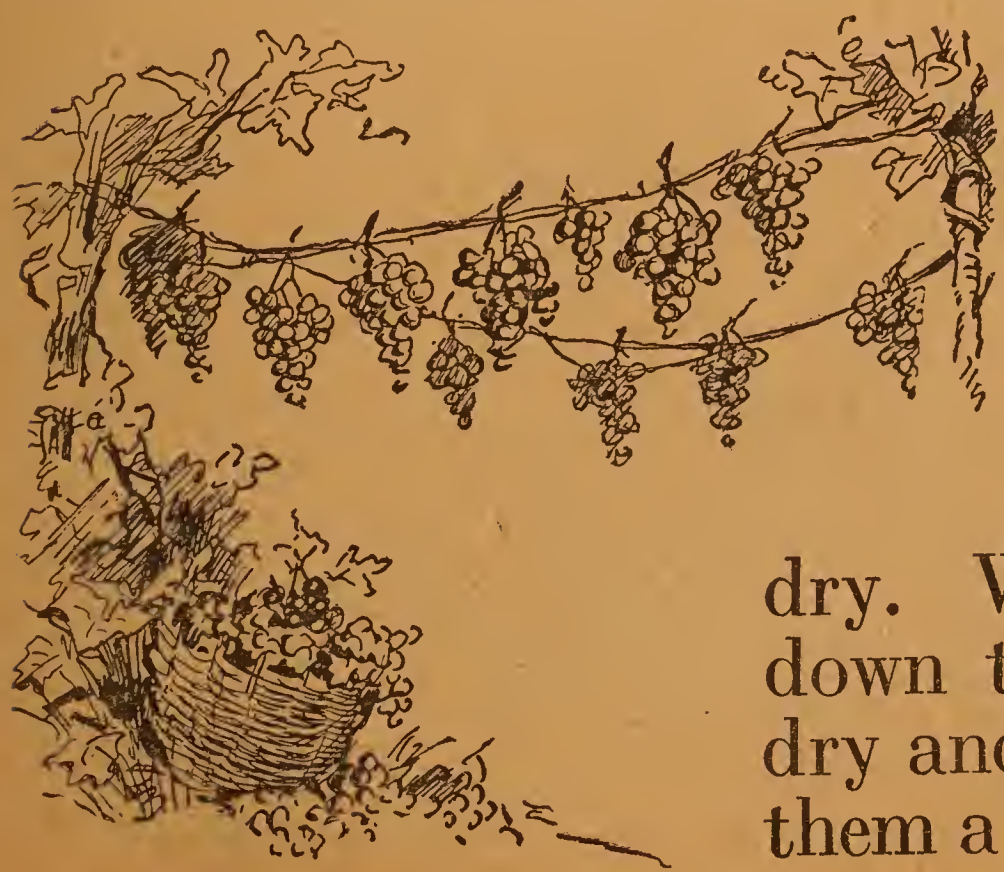
I had some corn left, which was so dry I thought I could not use it, but the bag would do to keep some of my things in, so I tossed the corn out on the ground. In a few days the rain set in for a month, and one day I saw a few green stalks. I did not know what they were, but after a week I decided the corn had sprung up. And that same day when I took my walk I found stalks of rice. I was sure of food, at any rate!

The rain continued, and I felt cold, which I thought was queer for I was sure this isle was near the Equator. The next day I had a hard chill and fever ollowed. I was very ill for two weeks. I was too sick to use my gun and almost dead with thirst. I was far too weak to go out to get a drink, and as I lay on my bed my whole thought was "What shall I do?"

One night I had a strange dream. I saw a great black cloud and a man whose face shone like fire came out of it. He held a spear in his hand and said, "Thou wilt not pray or turn and love me; now thou shalt die," and he took up the spear as if he meant to kill me. I gave a cry and woke with a start. The next day I was ill at ease

and the dream was on my mind. I searched for that best of all books, God's Word, and found it in one of the chests. The first words I read were, "Call on me, I will help thee." I knelt down to pray with a sense that God was near and would help and hear me. That night I slept well, and when I woke next morning was much better.

When the rain was over and I grew strong once more, I made up my mind to tour the isle. I went two miles up the creek and found a ridge of hills where grapes were growing and the fruit was in its prime. I took back with me all I could carry and hung the grapes in the sun to dry. When I took them down they were sweet and dry and I knew I could keep them a long time.



I found by my post I had been on the isle one year and had seen no signs of a ship yet. I decided I should have to dwell there a long time and must think how I should live and what was best for me to do.

I thought I would like some bread, but to have this I must have meal, and so I must raise the corn. I made a spade of wood and dug up the ground with it instead of a plow and used the bough of a tree for a rake. I put in some corn and some rice. It did not yield much the first year as it was sown too late, and the next year the hares would tread it down at night and the birds would eat it by day. I set my dog to catch the hares and I made a trap for the birds, and the third year I had a good crop.

You would smile were you to see me and my pets sit down to dine. First there I was, prince and lord of the whole isle, and Poll on the back of my chair, and my dog at my feet and my cats on each

side of me, all on the watch for bits I would feed them from my hands. Poll was a young bird I had caught, and I taught her to talk. The first time she spoke my name it gave me a great start, I had not heard a voice but my own for so long.

## CHAPTER IV

As I now had so much corn and rice, I thought of my bread.

I wondered and wondered how I should grind my corn and bake my bread. I must have some pots or jars to keep my meal in. I thought of my clay lamp and set to work to make a sort of paste with the clay and sand on the beach. You would laugh were I to tell you the ways I took to make this paste and what odd things I made; how some of

them fell in and some of them fell out and others would crack with the heat of the sun. But I kept on and at last I had two large pots. But I could not bake or cook in them. One day a piece fell in the fire and when I took it out it was burnt as hard as a stone and as red as a tile. I now made up my mind to burn all my pots and in a few weeks I had a nice lot of large jars, round pots and a flat dish. How glad I was, now I could bake bread, boil meat and make some broth!

I had been on the isle four years and still no ship came. I could see land some way off from the isle and each day I would look at it and long to go and see what was there, but fear of wild men I thought might live there kept me back. But I determined to make a boat. To do this I cut down a large tree and took the trunk and made it in shape with my ax and adze. I did not stop to think how I should get it to the sea.

It took me three months to do this, and I was full of hope and thought what a good time I should have and how I would sail off in it.

When it was hewn out and fit for me to launch, it was so large that do all I could, it was impossible for me to move it. I thought I would dig a trench around it and see if I could slide it down to the sea, but it was of no use. So I left it to go back to work on my farm; I felt I must make up my mind to end my days here.

I had a large flock of goats, good crops of corn and rice, and the means to cook. The most I needed now was

clothes. I had worn out all that I had carried off the ship and I was in rags. When I would kill a goat, I would save the skin and hang it in the sun to dry. In this way I had quite a large stock of nice skins.

The first thing I made of these was a great cap for my head and I made this so well I cut out a whole suit. I put the hair of the skin out, so that it would shed the rain. The coat was long and loose and made fast to the waist with a belt.

The trousers were more difficult to make, but patience conquered and a new suit was mine.

The next thing was a sort of shade, to take with me when I went out, to shield me from sun and rain. I made a frame and put a

skin on it, but though I could make it spread, I had hard work to make it let down. However, I did at last and found it of great use to me.

One more year went by and this I think was one of the best spent on the isle. I could not keep my thoughts from a boat, and went to work to make a small one. When it was done, I put a mast and a sail on it, and made a place in which to stow my arms and food. I put my shade on one end to shield me from the hot sun and, with gun and food aboard, set out to view my isle.

This was in the sixth year of my reign. Was I destined to end my days thus?

## CHAPTER V

When I had been out three days a great gale came up and drove me out to sea. The fourth day the wind went down and I put on all my sail and wind and tide carried me up on the end of the isle a great way from home. Here I left the boat

and walked home, and when I came to my place I was so worn out that I threw myself on the ground in the shade of one of my trees and fell in a deep sleep.

For some time I kept at home, but one day I thought I would walk down and look at my boat. When quite near it I saw the print of a man's foot in the sand—toes, heel and all parts of a foot. I went up and down the shore, my dog following me but saw no one. I went back to my tent as fast as ever I could. I could not sleep at all that night and for three days kept very close indoors, but the want of food finally drove me out. I looked all around, and as I saw no one, concluded the mark I had seen might have been the print of my own foot—but still fear held me tight in its grip. Two or three more years

went by and I saw no signs of the men and thought that after all the print of a man's foot was not so great a thing to fear. I now felt at ease, and could take short sails in my boat and take walks along the shore of the isle.

One day I went to the top of the hill to look out at the sea. I thought I saw a boat but it was so far off it did not look more than a speck, and as I did not have a glass with me I could not make it out. I went on down the hill to a part of the isle never visited by me before, when I saw close to the shore a pit where a fire had been made, and all around were strewn the burnt bones of men. At the sight of these I grew sick, and went up the hill with all the speed I could and when I reached my tent burst into a flood of tears.

I took my boat up in a safe place and brought all the things in her to my tent. I kept watching but did not see them for a long while.

One morn I went out to look at my boat and there I discovered five small boats drawn up on the shore quite close by and near them fully three score of black men. I ran home with all possible speed and put up all my belongings as safely as I could, stuck my ax and sword in my belt, took my gun and my glass and climbed to the top of the hill to watch them.

## CHAPTER VI

I saw some of them dance around the fire while others went off. They soon came back, bringing two slaves bound hand and foot. They cut their bonds and left one to stand while they went to work to cut the other one up.

When the first found he was free, he bounded off and straight to the road that led to my house. When the rest saw him run, they gave full chase.

I hurried to my tent with all the speed I could and got one more gun, thinking, "I will save the poor fellow if I can." On coming out I found that all but two of the pursuers had turned back, and that the poor slave was quite close to me. I made a sign for him to come closer, and then I went up to the men. The first I gave a hard blow with the butt of my gun. He dropped as though dead. The second took quick aim at me with his bow and to save my own life I fired. He fell like a stone.

The fire and the noise of my gun gave the poor slave such a fright he could not move, so I made signs to him to come to me and that I would not harm him. He made all sorts of signs that he would like to wait on me and serve me and at last lay his head on the ground close to my feet and took one of them in his hand and laid it on his head, meaning he would serve me as long as he should live. I let him know that I was glad. I soon taught him a few words and my name. I named him from

the day on which I found him, which was Friday.

I went to work to see if I could make him some clothes. I found some things in one of the chests and I made him a goatskin coat and a hareskin cap. At first he said they hurt him and that he could not walk in the suit, but in a few days he said they were nice and all right and was quite proud to think his clothes were as good as my own.

I now had two mouths to feed and knew I must raise more grain. This would mean more work on my farm. I told Friday he must help which he was glad to do, to show his love for me. I taught him how to beat and sift the corn. Then I let him see me mix and bake bread, and soon Friday could do all my work as well as I myself.

# CHAPTER VII

One day I sent Friday to the shore to see if he could find one of those large crabs we used for food. He had not been gone long when I saw him on the run, crying, "Oh, sir, they are come, they are come!"

I thought he meant the black men had returned and ran out to see but found it was a strange ship. I saw them put out a long boat and three men securely bound were lowered into it, and then five men rowed it to the shore.

When they reached land I saw one of the men raise his sword to strike one of the bound men, who hung his head as if he would let him do what he would. Then he did the same to the other two and set them free. The five men stepped into the boat but as the tide was low they could

not get her off the sand. The five men sat down near by while the three who had been bound went off a short way and sat down in the shade of a tree.

Taking all the arms I thought Friday and I could use, I went to the men and said, "Sirs, who are you and why are you here?"

One man acted as spokesman, saying, "My name is John Smith. We are from Hull and that is my ship out there. We were bound to the South Sea Isles, but my crew has mutinied and now they have thrust me, with my mate and one other, out on this isle to die. Those five mean to go back to my ship and make the rest of the crew go with them where they please."

"Have they fire-arms?" I asked them next.

"Two guns which they left on board the ship."

"Well, leave the matter in my hands," suggested I. "They are asleep now. We will make the attack."

I saw I could trust them and so gave them each a gun, and owing to the suddenness of our attack the struggle was brief and victory rested with us.

# CHAPTER VIII

We knew those on the ship would come to find the three mutiny leaders, and we must get the best of them.

We all went down to the shore and broke a large hole in the boat and drew it up quite high on the sand. What few things there were in the boat I commanded Friday to take back to my tent. While we were at work we heard the boom of a gun. It came from the ship and was a signal for the men on shore to return. But when the men out on the ship found the row boat did not move they let down another which was manned by ten sailors and rowed to shore. When they came up to where the boat lay and they saw no one in it, three of them patrolled the shore, sending up loud yells to make their friends hear. But as this effort brought no response, all but one came ashore and went off to the south side of the isle for a consultation. They at last returned and we thought would row back to the ship and we would lose them and the ship too. So I sent Friday and the mate down a short way and told them to call.

When the men heard their shout, they ran up and down the shore, and when three of them approached near enough at a sign from me Friday and the mate shot them. One fell dead, a second was severely wounded while the third cried out, "Who are you?"

The mate answered, "The mate! Yield, or you are all dead men!"

He said, "To whom do we surrender?"

"John Smith! He is here with the king and five score of men. If you do not yield, you are all lost." At which they laid down their arms and in a short time we had them bound hand and foot.

John Smith and the mate went out to the ship and found the three men now manning her glad indeed to be free of the mutineers and ready to serve John Smith loyally and faithfully. When they had put things to rights on board the ship, they brought her up to the isle. I was on the top of the hill when she swung in close to the shore, and John Smith came up to me and said, "My dear friend, there is your ship, for she is yours and we are yours, and all that is in her is yours."

This was too much for me, and I was like one that is dumb. I threw myself into the open arms of John Smith and shed tears of joy.

There was the ship, her sails all set, and her flags thrown out to the breeze and I could now go home! So I embraced good John Smith and told him I would go with him for I felt he had been sent to me from God.

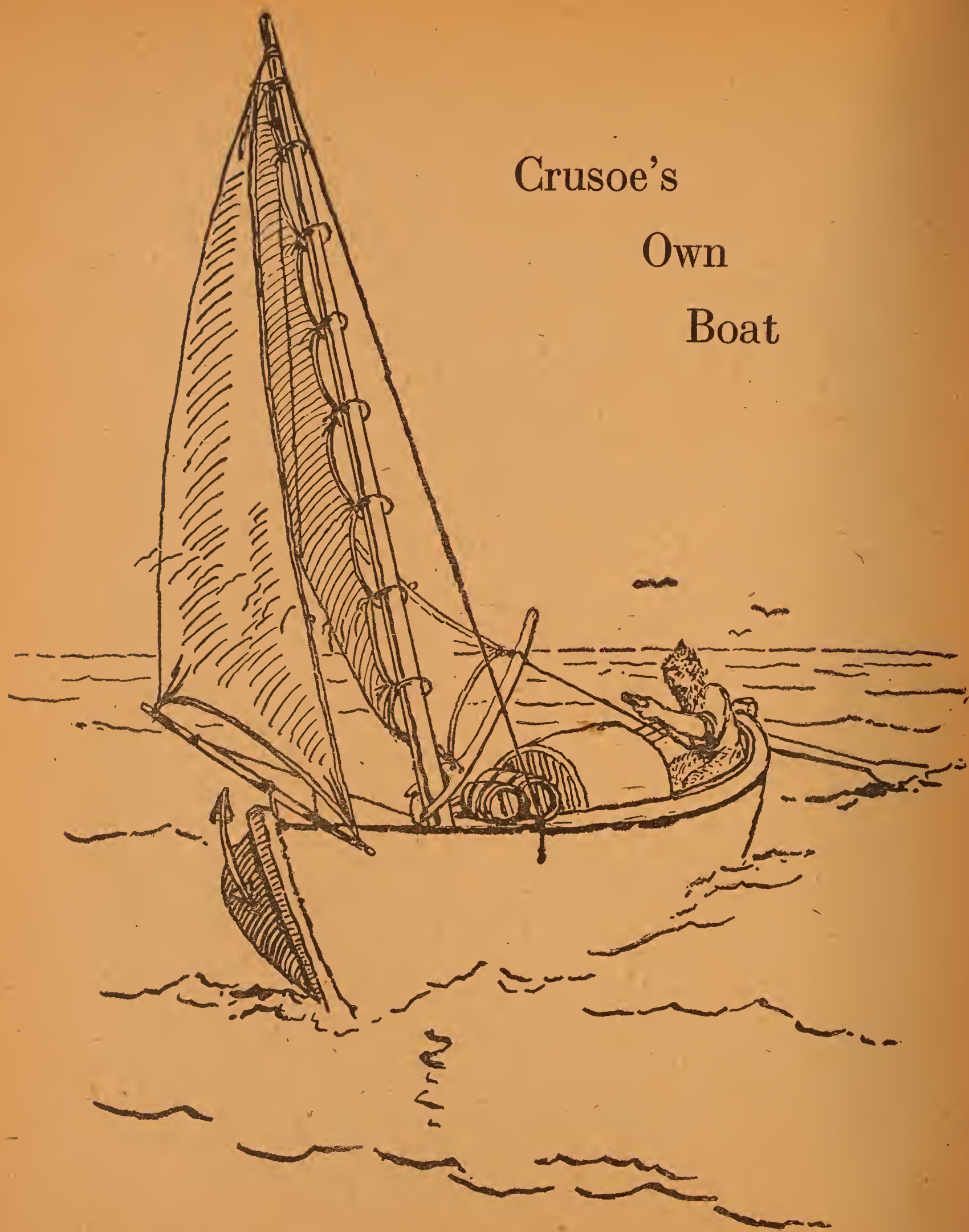
We went down on board of the ship and John Smith gave me a whole suit of clothes, which I put on. I felt strange, and could scarcely get around in them. I thought of poor Friday the first time he had his clothes on.

John Smith thought we ought to go right off, but I told him we ought to see to the men we had left bound on the isle. So I went to them and told them I had come from the king and that he had said I might set them free if they would swear

they would stay on the isle and work the land, for if they went back with us they would all be hung for having mutinied on board the ship.

I took Friday, one of my Polls, my goatskin cap and coat, and went on board the ship, and the next day dawning bright and clear, we set sail for home.

I had been on the isle a score and eight years, and to whose love and care did I owe all—my life, my health, these friends, with the ways and means to get home to my own dear land? It was on this isle that I had been brought to know God, and my heart rose in praise to Him, and I knelt down to thank Him for all He had done for me.



Crusoe's Own Boat

# ALADDIN OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP

Aladdin went into the garden and there he found the lamp in the niche, as the Magician had told him.

# ALADDIN
# OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP

Aladdin was the son of Mustapha, a poor tailor in a province of China. When the boy was old enough, his father tried to teach him his own trade. But Aladdin being but an idle lad, loved to play rather than to work.

He was very young when his father died, but still continued his idle ways and his mother was compelled to spin cotton night and day to earn a living for herself and Aladdin.

One day when he was about fifteen years old, he was playing in the street. A stranger stopped and looked at him. Now this stranger was a famous magician just back from Africa. He needed the help of an ignorant person and decided Aladdin was the very one. Clapping his hand on Aladdin's shoulder, he said, "My good lad, art thou the son of

Mustapha, the tailor?"

"Yes, sir," said Aladdin, "but my father died these many years ago."

"Alas!" cried the Magician. "Unhappy news! I am thy father's brother. I have been abroad many years and now as I return to see him you tell me he is dead!"

He pulled out his purse and gave Aladdin two gold pieces. "Give these to your mother, and say that her husband's brother will sup with her tonight."

Immensely pleased, Aladdin ran home. "Mother," he asked, "have I an uncle?"

His mother told him he had not, whereupon he showed her the gold pieces. Full of wonder, the woman set out for market, bought her provisions and was busy with the meal when the Magician

knocked. He entered with a porter bearing fruits and wine. After saluting Aladdin and his mother, the Magician asked to be shown where Mustapha had been wont to sit. He kissed it several times, tears rolling down his face as he exclaimed, "My poor brother! Unhappy am I that I did not come soon enough to give you a last embrace!"

While at supper, he recounted his travels, saying he had been absent forty years seeing the wonders of the world. Turning at last to the boy, he said "Well, Aladdin, what business do you follow? Have you a trade?"

At this Aladdin hung his head and his mother replied: "Aladdin is an idle fellow and would not learn his father's trade. In spite of all I say he spends his time playing in the streets as you found him."

"This is far from

well, nephew. You must earn your own livelihood. I will help you. Would you like me to take a shop for you and help you furnish it?"

Aladdin said that would suit him better than anything else he could think of.

"Very well. I will take you with me tomorrow," said the Magician. "You shall have as handsome clothes as any merchant in the city and then we'll open a shop."

The next day the stranger called for Aladdin as he had promised and they went to a merchant's where the uncle bought and paid for a handsome suit for Aladdin. They then visited the bazaars, and followed it with a feast in the evening.

When Aladdin returned home so handsomely dressed his mother said, "Generous brother, I do not know how to thank you. May you live many happy years to see my son's gratitude!"

"Aladdin is a good lad," he replied, "and I think we shall make of him what we wish. Saturday we'll hire a shop. Tomorrow I will take Aladdin to the public gardens outside the city."

The next morning Aladdin was up very early, impatient for his uncle's arrival. When he saw him coming, he ran to meet him and the uncle greeted him with a smile. "Come, my good boy, to-day we shall see some very fine things together."

He led him past some fine houses with wide gardens. Aladdin was amazed and so his uncle was able to lead him gradually farther and farther into the country. Presently, seeing that the boy was tired, they rested by a great fountain where they ate some cake and fruits. Then beguiling the way with pleasant talk, he induced the boy to go further with him and they walked on until they came to a narrow valley with mountains rising steeply on all sides. This was the spot the Magician had all along wanted to reach, and to which he had brought Aladdin for a secret purpose.

"We shall go no further," he said, "and here I shall show you some extraordinary wonders that no one except you has ever seen. I am going to strike a light and you will gather all the dry sticks and leaves you can find, and we will build a fire."

It was not long until Aladdin had more than enough for the fire, and as soon as they were blazing the magician threw a perfume on them.

A dense smoke arose, and the Magician spoke some mysterious words. At the same moment the ground trembled and opened at their feet, showing a square stone about a foot and a half across, a

brass ring fastened in the center.

Aladdin was frightened out of his wits and was ready to run when the Magician suddenly boxed him on the ear and the boy fell. Tears in his eyes and trembling violently, Aladdin got up, saying, "My dear uncle, what have I done to deserve such a blow?"

"I have good reasons," answered the Magician. "If you obey me, you will not be sorry. Beneath that stone is a great hidden treasure. It will make you richer than many kings if you will pay attention to all I shall say to you."

Aladdin conquered his fear and re-

plied, "I am ready to obey you in everything."

"Well said!" commended the Magician. "Take hold of this ring and lift up the stone."

The boy raised the stone without difficulty and saw a small opening between three and four feet deep, where there was a little door and steps leading further down.

"Now you must go down into this cavern. At the bottom of the steps you will see an open door which leads into three large halls. In each of these you will see four bronze vases as large as tubs. They are full of gold and silver. But you must not touch any of it. When you get into the first hall, take up your robe and bind it closely around you. Then go through this hall to the second and third. Above everything, be very particular not to go near the walls. Do not even touch them with any part of your robe. Instant death will follow if you do. At the far end of the third hall is a door leading to a garden. There grow beautiful trees, heavy with fruit. Go straight forward, following a path you will see. It will bring you to a flight of fifty steps, at the top of which is a terrace.

When you reach this terrace you will see a niche in which is a lighted lamp. Take the lamp. Extinguish it. Throw out the wick and the liquid, and put the lamp in your bosom. When you have done this, bring it back to me. Do not be afraid of staining your robe. It is not oil that is in the lamp and when you have thrown it out the lamp will dry quickly. If you wish to gather some of the fruit in the garden, you may do so. You may take as much or as little as you please."

Then the Magician took off a ring he wore and put it on his pretended nephew. "It will protect you from every evil," he said.

Aladdin gave a spring and hurried down to the bottom of the steps. He found the three halls exactly as the Magician had told him. He passed through each with the greatest care for he feared

he might die if he were careless. On to the terrace, where he found the lamp in the niche, lighted as the Magician had said. He threw out the contents and seeing it was quite dry, put it into his bosom. As he came down the terrace he stopped to look at the wonderful colored fruit. Each tree bore a different color. The white fruits were pearls; the crystal diamonds, the red rubies, the green emeralds, the blue turquoises, the violet amethysts. Aladdin filled his pockets.

Passing through the halls with the same caution as before, he climbed the steps and called out, "Give me your hand, uncle, to help me out!"

"My dear boy, you had better first give me the

lamp, as that will only hinder you."

"Oh, it's not at all in my way," replied Aladdin. "I will give it to you when I am out."

The Magician still persisted in getting the lamp before he helped Aladdin out of the cave, but the boy absolutely refused to hand it over until he was out of the cave.

The Magician grew desperate and finally flew into a rage. At last he scattered a little perfume on the fire, and he had scarcely uttered two magic words before the stone which closed the entrance to the cave slipped back into place exactly as it had been when the two had arrived at the place.

Aladdin was more horrified than you can imagine. There he found himself buried alive, as it were. He called loudly to his uncle time and time again, saying he would give him the lamp. But

his cries availed nothing. Becoming exhausted with shouting and with crying, he crept through the darkness to the bottom of the stairs. He intended to go to the garden, but alas! the walls which had opened by enchantment had now closed the same way. At last, he sat down on the lowest step, and there he remained for two days, without sleeping or eating.

The third day, feeling death was near, he lifted up his hands, saying, "There is no strength or power but in the high and great God."

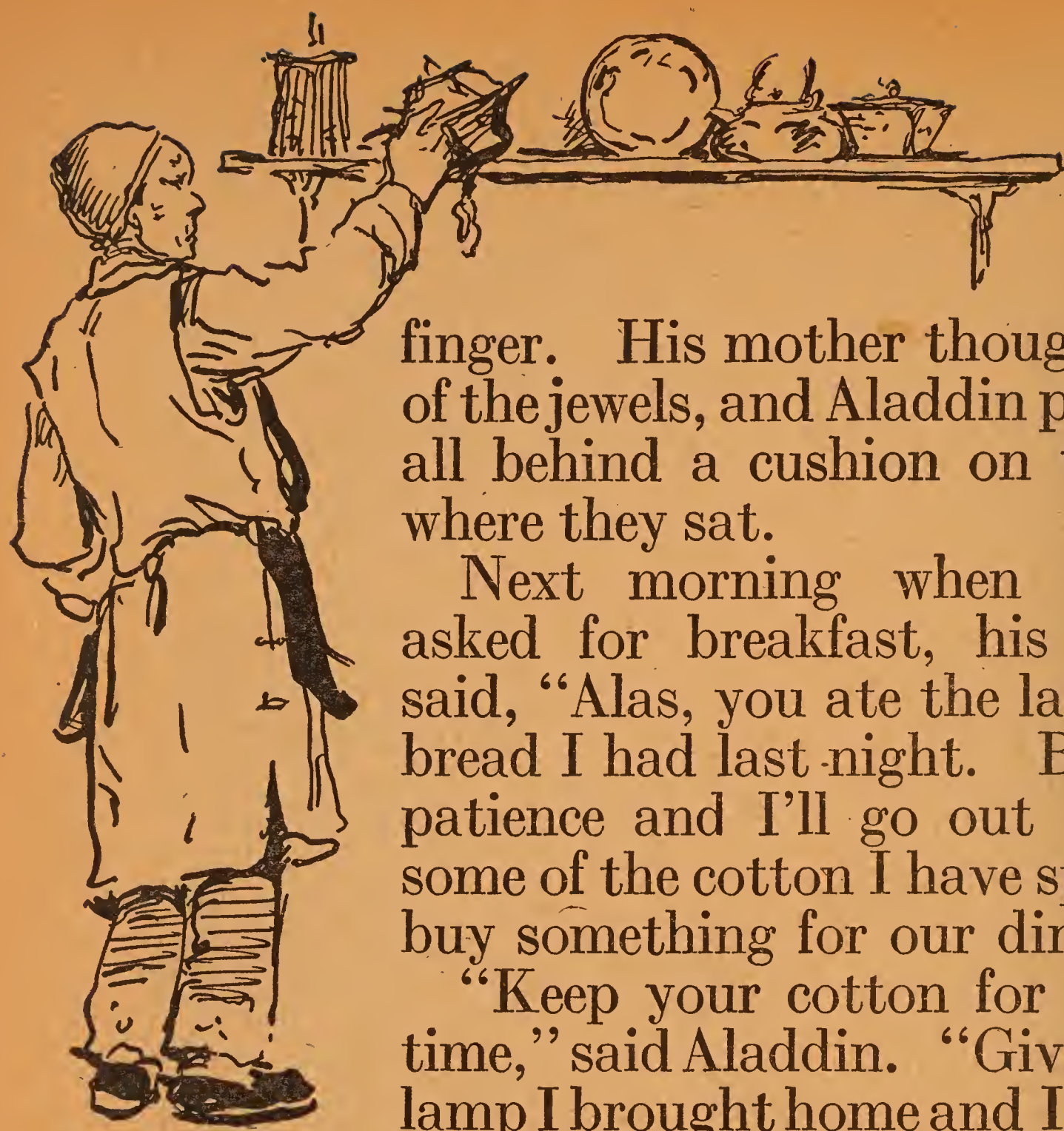
As he joined his hands, he happened to rub the ring which the Magician had given him. A Genius with a horrid face and of immense size instantly rose out of the earth before him.

"What do you wish?" asked the Genius. "I am ready to obey you as your slave, as the slave of him who has the ring on his finger, both I and the other slaves of the ring."

Aladdin was terrified but managed to say, "Who-

ever you are, take me out of this place if you can."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth than Aladdin found himself outside the cave. He stood up trembling, and seeing a city some distance away made his way to it. He traveled a long, weary road until he reached his mother's door. Quick to see his hunger and fatigue, she received him kindly and set food before him. He told her his adventure and showed her the lamp and the colored fruits and the ring on his



finger. His mother thought little of the jewels, and Aladdin put them all behind a cushion on the sofa where they sat.

Next morning when Aladdin asked for breakfast, his mother said, "Alas, you ate the last bit of bread I had last night. But have patience and I'll go out and sell some of the cotton I have spun and buy something for our dinner."

"Keep your cotton for another time," said Aladdin. "Give me the lamp I brought home and I will sell that."

Aladdin's mother took the lamp down from the shelf but as she held it she said, "Here it is but it is very dirty. I will clean it and perhaps then it will bring a little more."

She began to rub it with fine sand and water when instantly the hideous Genius again rose out of the ground and cried in a loud voice, "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you as your slave

and the slave of those who have the lamp in their hands, both I and the other slaves of the lamp."

Aladdin's mother was much too terrified to speak, but the boy seized the lamp and said, "I am hungry. Bring me something to eat."

The Genius disappeared, returning in just a moment with a large silver tray on his head, on which were twelve covered dishes filled with the finest meats, six loaves of bread on as many silver plates, two bottles of wine, and in his hand two silver cups. Placing this on the table, he vanished.

The two sat down and enjoyed their meal, for never before had they been served in such splendor. This food lasted for several days and when it was gone, Aladdin sold one silver dish after another with which to buy what they needed. They lived this way for several years, for his adventure had taught Aladdin a lesson and he grew to be a courteous lad.

One day as he was walking through the city, Aladdin heard a proclamation of the Sultan, ordering all persons to retire into their houses until the Princess Badroulbadour had passed by on her way to the bath and had again returned.

Hurrying along with the people, Aladdin found himself standing in the doorway of a large building which he guessed to be the baths. He placed himself behind the door, for he determined to see the Princess as she passed. Finally she came, surrounded by many attendants. As she passed she threw aside her veil. Aladdin, dazzled by her beauty, fell in love with her at first sight.

After much thinking, Aladdin told his mother of his love for the Princess, but she laughed him to scorn, saying, "My son, what are you thinking of? Surely you have lost your senses!"

ted. They entered in regular order, half going to the right and half to the left. They formed a great semicircle before the Sultan's throne and each black slave put his basin on the carpet in front of him, after which they prostrated themselves in homage before the ruler, as did the white slaves also. As they arose, the black slaves uncovered the basins, and then stood with arms crossed on their breasts.

The sight of all this untold wealth astonished the Sultan, but at last he turned and spoke to Aladdin's mother. "My good woman, go and tell your son I am waiting with open arms to receive him!"

Of course Aladdin was delighted with this news, and hurried to his chamber. Shutting the door, he summoned the Genius as before, and when he appeared commanded him to take him quickly to a bath. When he had been bathed and perfumed

and dressed in rich robes, the Genius brought a splendid charger and twenty slaves. Aladdin mounted and with ten slaves on either side of him, this procession moved to the Sultan's palace, the slaves scattering pieces of gold right and left among the people along the way.

If a crowd had greeted the first procession, it was ten times as great now that Aladdin marched through the city streets. The Sultan came down from his throne to greet him and great feasting and rejoicing was in the palace all that day.

After supper when the Sultan asked Aladdin if he wished to remain in the palace and conclude all the ceremony that very day, Aladdin answered:

"I beg you permit me to wait until I shall have built a palace in which to receive the Princess. For this purpose I beg you will select a suitable place for it near your own palace. Then I will make haste to have it finished.'

"My son, take whatever spot you choose," answered the Sultan. "There is a large plaza in front of my palace. But remember, my happiness will not be complete until I see you married to my daughter."

Then Aladdin took leave of the Sultan in as polished a manner as any gentleman of the court could have done.

Reaching his home, he once more summoned the Genius and commanded him to build the most gorgeous palace ever seen, choosing the spot given by the Sultan.

Early the next morning the Genius reported, "Sir, the palace is finished.

Come and see if it is as you wish."

In a moment Aladdin found himself in the palace which was perfect in every detail. Aladdin said, "Genius, just one thing is left to be wished for. A carpet of the finest velvet from the Sultan's door to this palace, upon which the Princess may walk."

And in that moment it was done.

The astonishment of the Sultan and all his court was too great to describe. The Princess was overjoyed at the sight and that very day the wedding was held, and their happiness was complete.

They lived thus for some months, Aladdin winning the love of all the city by his kindness to the poor.

"Indeed, mother, I have not," he replied. "I have decided to ask the Sultan for the hand of Princess Badroulbadour in marriage."

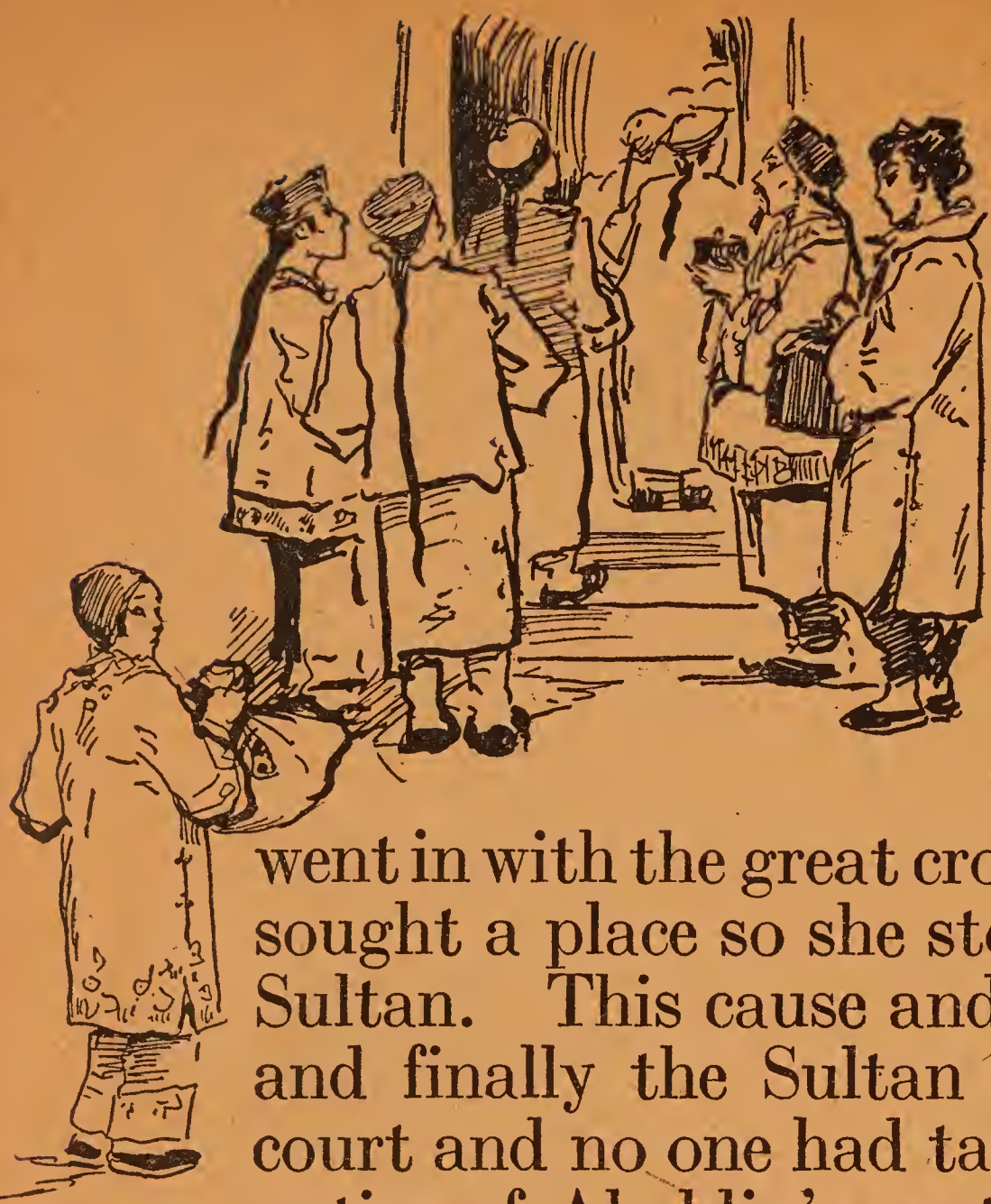
"My son, have you forgotten your father was only a poor tailor? Who will dare speak to the Sultan about it?"

"You yourself must," he answered.

"I?" she cried in surprise. "You know very well no one can make request of the Sultan without offering a present of great value. I have nothing to carry to him."

Now Aladdin told his mother how through talking with the merchants in the city he had learned of the value of the gems he had brought back from the cavern. Indeed, he had known for a long time nothing in the shops was half so fine.

Fetching them from the drawer where they had long been hidden, they arranged them in a fine dish. Their brilliancy dazzled both, and Aladdin's mother at last agreed to do all her son wished.



She wrapped the dish in a cloth, tying the four corners together so she could carry it easily, and set out for the palace. When the doors were opened, she went in with the great crowd and carefully sought a place so she stood opposite the Sultan. This cause and that was heard and finally the Sultan retired with his court and no one had taken the slightest notice of Aladdin's mother. Day after day she went back until the Sultan, noticing her patience, asked her business.

Tremblingly Aladdin's mother told of her son's boldness and begged the Sultan's mercy for both her son and herself. Before answering, he asked what she carried in her hand with such care. Then she unfolded the cloths and humbly spread the jewels before him. He gazed at the perfect jewels in amazement, then took the gift she offered and said, "How very beautiful! How extremely rare!" as he turned the gems this way and that.

After a moment of thought the Sultan said to Aladdin's mother, "Good woman, say to your son I will give him the Princess Badroulbadour in marriage on one condition: He shall first send me forty large basins of gold, each filled with the same sort of things you brought today, carried by forty black slaves, each led by a white slave, young, handsome and richly dressed."

When Aladdin's mother told her son all the Sultan had said, he only smiled. As soon as his mother went out of the room he took up the lamp and rubbed it. The Genius instantly appeared, whereupon Aladdin commanded him to bring the gift the Sultan described. Declaring that Aladdin's orders should be obeyed, the Genius disappeared.

He quickly returned bringing with him forty black slaves, each one carrying on his head a large golden basin filled with pearls, diamonds, rubies and emeralds quite as fine as those Aladdin's

mother had carried to the Sultan. Each black slave was led by a white slave.

When Aladdin's mother came back the magnificence of all this company almost overcame her, but Aladdin told her to follow the procession of slaves to the palace and to present the gift to the princess.

The procession attracted a great crowd as it passed through the streets of the city for everyone stopped to see it. When the first of the eighty slaves reached the gate of the court of the palace, the porters hastened to open, for so magnificent was the first slave that they took him for a king.

The Sultan had been told of the arrival of the slaves and ordered them admit-

But Aladdin had grown fond of hunting, and sometimes went a long distance from the city.

About this time his old enemy, the Magician, found out by some of his magic arts that Aladdin was enormously wealthy and greatly beloved by all the city. He was filled with anger for he had thought Aladdin dead these many years in the enchanted cave. Vowing to destroy him, he set out for China. Arriving there he went to one of the principal Khans and began to talk about Aladdin and his wonderful palace. It was in this way he learned that Aladdin had gone hunting and was not expected home for two or three days.

The Magician made his plans accordingly. He bought a dozen new shining lamps, put them in a basket and set out for Aladdin's palace. As he approached, he cried out,

"Who will change old lamps for new?" until the Princess's slaves ran into the street to see the simple fellow. "Oh," said one, "let us see if the old fool means what he says. We will exchange the ugly old lamp lying on the cornice for a new one if the old fellow is really in earnest."

The Princess giving permission, one of her slaves carried the old lamp to the Magician, who very willingly gave her a new one in exchange and quickly retired to gloat over his triumph.

When night came, the Magician summoned the Genius of the lamp, commanding him to carry him, palace and Princess to the farthest corner of Africa. And instantly that was done.

Next morning confusion and grief reigned in the Sultan's palace when they found Aladdin's palace had vanished and the Princess gone. Soldiers started to search for Aladdin and soon he was

dragged before the Sultan like a criminal. But for fear the people would rise in wrath, the Sultan would have had him beheaded.

"Go, wretch!" he said. "Thy life is spared, but unless thou bringest me tidings of my daughter in forty days, death shall be thy portion if ever thou appearest before me."

Heartbroken, Aladdin left the Sultan's palace, knowing not where to turn. In his wanderings he came to a brook and stooped to bathe his eyes. His foot slipped and he caught at a rock to keep from falling. In doing so he pressed the Magician's ring he always wore, and the Genius appeared.

"Oh, powerful Genius," exclaimed Aladdin, "bring my palace back to the place where it stood yesterday!"

"That is out of my power," replied the Genius. "You must ask the Genius of the lamp for that."

"Then I command you to transport me to the place where the palace now stands," and instantly

Aladdin found himself beside his own palace. And in her chamber Princess Badroulbadour was walking back and forth, weeping over the loss of her husband.

Happening to come to her window, she saw Aladdin under it and sent a slave to bring him in by a private door.

Then the Princess told him how the tyrant who held her in his power always carried in his bosom the old lamp her slave had exchanged for the new.

Then Aladdin was sure it was his enemy, the Magician, and they planned that Aladdin should buy a poison powder, which he did. The Princess asked the Magician to dine, and when she offered him her own cup of wine, which contained the powder, he drank it at one gulp and fell senseless to the floor.

Aladdin was hidden close at hand and snatched the lamp from his bosom. Hastily rubbing it, the Genius appeared and transported palace and all back to the place whence they had come.

Some time after this the Sultan died, and Aladdin and the Princess reigned for many happy years.

And so ends the story of ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP.

Finally the Princess came, surrounded by many attendants. As she passed she threw aside her veil. Aladdin, dazzled by her beauty, fell in love with her at first sight.

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